

THE
CHRISTIAD,
A
POEM
IN SIX BOOKS;

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF
MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA

BY
J. CRANWELL, M.A.
RECTOR OF ABBOTS RIFTON IN HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

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M,DCC,LXVIII.

THE

CHRISTIAN

OF



MARSHALL

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JOHN MARSHALL

1840-1841

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JOHN MARSHALL

1842-1843

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JOHN MARSHALL

1844-1845

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TO THE RIGHT REVEREND
FATHER IN GOD,
J O H N,
LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN,
THE FOLLOWING
TRANSLATION
OF
VIDA'S CHRISTIADOS,

IS INSCRIBED,
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT,
BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT
AND
MOST DUTIFUL SERVANT,

J. C.

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P R E F A C E.

THE original Poem, of which a Translation is here offer'd to the Public, is of the heroic kind; its subject is the Life and Actions of JESUS CHRIST; a subject in its own nature of the highest importance, and happily made by the Poet's art, as entertaining as it is profitable.

I have often wonder'd, and thought it great pity, that a Poet, so highly valued by persons of the finest taste, and consummate judgement, in all times; as appears from the innumerable elogiums of him, shou'd never, in this noblest of all his works, have had the good fortune to be communicated to the English in their mother tongue. But whether our Poets have had little inclination themselves; or whether they apprehended the Public wou'd but ill relish a work of this sort; or whether they judg'd it unworthy their labours, as having a few errors of the Romish Church scatter'd in it

P R E F A C E.

—so it is, that this excellent and masterly Performance, when many foreign Pieces of less consequence and less entertainment, have been successfully translated into our language; has lain for two hundred years, quite overlooked and neglected.

Certain it is, that a work of this nature, if *properly executed*, cou'd not fail to meet with encouragement, and be well receiv'd, by numbers of serious and sincere Christians: Whether the following Translation can lay claim to that Character, is submitted to the decision of the candid and judicious Reader. What I can truly affirm, is, that it was undertaken at first with a good intention, and is now made public with the same view, *viz.* to bring those, who are not qualify'd to understand the Original in its Latin dress, acquainted with a Work; wherein the Life and Actions of our SAVIOUR are set in a most beautiful and striking Light—by which means a peculiar pleasure is added to the conviction of the heart, resulting from a plain and historical narration.

But to obviate any objection that may arise against this Poem, as being written by

P R E F A C E.

a Member of the Romish Communion; it may not be improper to observe, that excepting a few passages (such as the bodily presence of Christ in the Eucharist, the Pope's Supremacy, the worship of the Cross, our Saviour's descent into purgatory to redeem and bring back the souls of sinners) which a Translator cou'd not omit, without mangling the body of the work, and doing an injury to his Author; there is nothing, I may venture to say, in the other parts of the Poem, that is at all repugnant to the doctrines of the Church of England; nor any thing advanc'd that can reasonably give offence to the strictest and most scrupulous Protestant: A circumstance rather to be wonder'd at; as the Poem was written by an Italian Bishop, under the command and encouragement of a Roman Pontiff.

I will not pretend to trouble the Reader with excuses, concerning the difficulty of this undertaking, and the great hazard there is of sometimes mistaking an Author's sense, where there is no previous clue to guide and direct a Translator: such as it is, I offer it to the Public; and fairly own I have us'd

P R E F A C E.

my best endeavours to do the Author justice. If there be any merit in the Performance, the Public will easily discern, and I dare say readily allow it; if there be none, and it is not worthy their attention, no apology of mine can make it so.

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T H E

THE
CHRISTIAN
OF
VIDA

TRANSLATED BY
Mr. CRANWELL.

With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung,
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vidal on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

POPE.

A

MARCI

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER PRIMUS.

QUI mare, qui terras, qui cœlum numine com-
ples,

Spiritus alme, tuo liceat mihi munere regem
Bis genitum canere; è superi qui sede Parentis
Virginis intactæ gravidam descendit in alvum,
Mortalesque auras hausit puer; ut genus ultus
Humanum eriperet tenebris et carcere iniquo,
Morte suâ, manesque pios inferret Olympo.
Illum sponte hominum morientem ob crimina
Tellus

Ægra tulit; puduitque poli de vertice Solem
Aspicere, et tenebris infuetis terruit orbem.
Fas mihi, te duce, mortali immortalia digno
Ore loqui; interdumque oculos attollere cœlo,
Et lucem accipere ætheream; summique Parentis
Consilia, atque necis tam diræ evolvere causas.

Jam prope mortis erant metæ, finisque labo-
rum
Christo aderat; Solymûmque ideo haud ignarus ad
urbem

Phœnicum extremis remeans de finibus, ibat.
Illum ingens comitum numerus, juvenesque senes-
que

Spontè sequebantur, rerum quos fama trahebat
Undique collectos: nam magnas sive per urbes
Ferret

V I D A's
C H R I S T I A D.
B O O K. I.

O Thou! that spread'st thy universal reign
O'er earth, o'er air, and Ocean's wide domain,
Indulgent Spirit! aid me while I sing
Of that eternal, twice begotten King;
Who from his Father's awful Throne on high
Descending, deign'd within the womb to lie
Of spotless Virgin; and content to share
Our earthly Nature, breath'd this vital air:
By Death to vindicate man's injur'd Right,
And rescue Millions from the Realms of Night.
Indignant Earth with sympathetic pain
Beheld him dying for the sins of man;
And the Sun blushing veil'd his radiant head,
In gloomy darkness, and unusual shade.
Give me, beneath thy conduct, to rehearse
Immortal subjects in no vulgar verse;
On tow'ring wing beyond this globe aspire,
Pierce thro' the clouds, and catch th' etherial fire;
The secret counsels of high Heaven relate,
And the sad causes of so dire a fate.

Now Christ beheld the destin'd Period near,
Of all his Labours, and a Life of Care;
When from Phœnicia's coasts he bent his way,
To where Judæa's sacred city lay.
With him, a Train, invited by his fame,
Of old and young, in crowds promiscuous came.

Ferret iter, seu desertis in montibus iret,
 Olli se innumeri iungebant, usque parati
 Jussa sequi, vellet quascunque abducere in oras;
 Atque novos erat hic semper fas cernere coetus.
 Pinifero veluti Vesuli de vertice primum
 It Padus, exiguo sulcans sata pingua rivo;
 Hinc magis atque magis labendo viribus auctus
 Surgit, latifluoque sonans se gurgite pandit
 Victor; opes amnes varii auxiliariis undis
 Hinc addunt, atque inde; suo nec se capit alveo
 Turbidus, haud uno dum rumpat in æquora
 cornu.

Tum verò numero socios sejunxit ab omni
 Bis senos, sibi quos olim delegit, ut essent
 Tantorum memores operum, testesque labo-
 rum.

Atque ubi secretos nemora in seclusa vocavit,
 Procerâ innitens cedro, mœstissimus ore,
 Eque imò rumpens suspiria pectore, fatur.

Ventum ad supremum, focii; data tempora
 vitæ

Exegi in terris: lux nunc infanda propinquit;
 Meque pii manes expectant: illius ergo
 En ultro infensam Solymorum ascendimus urbem.
 Illic informis leti mihi dira parantur
 Supplicia: immeritum me nunc conjurat in unum
 Sæva sacerdotum manus, ut, non inscius, ipse
 Prædixi toties, ac vobis cuncta retexi.
 Ibo, morte meâ veterum scelus omne piabo.
 His me prime malis oneras pater, ipse tulisti
 Dulcia poma; mihi sed nunc tua furta luen-
 dum.

Cum tamen expulerit tenebras lux tertia rebus,
 Aëreas, cæde abluta, revocabor in auras.
 Vos etiam, quos non pertæsum denique nostri,
 Funera acerba manent; audete, et lucis amor
 Istius æternum vitæ immortalis honorem

Mecum

For whether he pursu'd the public road,
 Or in the pathless Mountains made abode;
 Fresh throngs of hearers glad attendance pay,
 Prepar'd to follow where he leads the way.
 Thus from the heights of Vesulus, the Po
 Winds it's small current thro' the vales below;
 Thence by degrees collecting force it spreads,
 With broader surface thro' the verdant meads;
 At length by new auxiliar streams supply'd,
 Far o'er it's limits rolls the rapid tide,
 And pour'd impetuous o'er the sounding plain,
 Sweeps thro' a hundred channels to the main.
 Now from his mixt attendants Twelve he chose,
 To future times commission'd to disclose,
 His various Wonders, and record his Woes.
 To whom, retir'd amidst the secret shade
 Sighs from his bosom bursting, thus he said:

The fatal time is come; I've liv'd on earth
 The measur'd space allotted from my birth;
 Now shortly hence from these abodes must go,
 The Saints expect me in the shades below.
 For this, my Friends, our destin'd course we bend,
 Where lofty Solyma's proud tow'rs ascend;
 There, urg'd by Malice and revengeful Hate,
 The murd'rous Priests for my Destruction wait:
 As oft ye know, in vain from me conceal'd,
 Their schemes I've noted, and their plots reveal'd.
 I go, and chearfully my Death embrace,
 To screen from Vengeance Man's devored race.
 This is the weighty burden, these the woes,
 Thou, father Adam! did'st on Me impose;
 Thyself the tempting fruit did'st bear away,
 And I the dreadful Forfeiture must pay.
 But the third orient Morn, th' Atonement made,
 I'll rise triumphant from the gloomy shade.
 Ye too, my friends, my firm associate train,
 Must taste of Death in all his shapes of pain:

Mecum omnes præferte: domus non hæc data,
non hæc

Sunt vobis propriæ sedes:

vos ætheris alti

Lucida templa vocant, stellis florentia regna;
Pax ubi secura, ac requies optata laborum.
Hic domus, hic patria: huc omnes contendite læti
Angustum per iter: vestras hic figite sedes.

Dixerat: at socii defixi lumina mœstis
Hærebant animis, ac tristitia multa putabant.
Tum senior, Petrus haud linguæ, vocive pepercit,
Et tali Divum affatus sermone precatur.

Nate Deo, quæ tanta Deum te denique cœli
Vis agit, ut libeat letum crudele pacisci
Pro quoquam, aut certis ultro te offerre periclis?
Quin age te incolumi potius (potes omnia
quando,
Nec tibi nequicquam Pater est, qui sidera torquet)
Perficias, quodcunque tibi nunc instat agendum,
Non aded exosus lucem ingratusque salutis.
Hos animos, hanc confestim, precor, exue mentem;
Ipse tui miserere, tuum miserere, nec ultro
Projice nos, qui te, tendis quocunque, sequemur.

Sic ille: increpuit dictis quem talibus heros:
Non pudet, ô nunquam sapiens, mortalia
semper

Volvere, nube oculos pressum, cœlestium inanem?
Nec potis es vanis unquam desuescere curis?
Hæcne tibi consulta mei suaserè labores?
Non hoc consilis, non hoc auctoribus istis
Tempus eget, Genitor jussu haud mollibus
urget.

At vos ô, rebus spretis mortalibus, omnes
Ferte viri, et duros animo tolerate labores;
Oblitque hominem, cœlo altas tollite mentes.

Et

BOOK. I.] THE CHRISTIAD.

7

But banish fear, and learn with Me to love
The purer pleasures of the Realms above.
This world, uncertain fear, th' eternal God
Did ne'er predestine for your fixt abode.
You the pure Regions of etherial Light,
Heav'n's starry Kingdoms, to their Thrones invite;
Where you shall reign secure, these Evils past,
And all your Labours find a Port at last.
Here fix your seats, and thro' life's thorny way
Pursue your passage to eternal day.

He said; his friends stand fix'd with downcast eyes,
And scenes of sorrow in their thoughts arise.
Peter alone nor voice nor tongue suppress'd,
And in these words the Deity address'd

Declare, Oh Son of God! what pow'r so great
Of Heav'n impells thee to this wretched state,
That thou for man should'st yield thy sacred breath,
And fall a victim to triumphant Death?
Rather what deeds must here on Earth be done,
Perform in safety, and these dangers shun.
(For Nature hears thy voice, and not in vain
Thou claim'st a Sire that rules th' etherial plain.)
This fatal courage in thy breast subdue,
Thyself, thy friends with kind Compassion view,
Nor leave us helpless to the foes a prey,
Who chearful follow thy appointed way.

He said, the Heroe thus with warmth replies;
Oh! wilt thou ne'er by discipline be wise!
But still on earth thy grov'ling thoughts employ,
Too long a stranger to celestial joy!
Did all my labours and a life of woe,
But teach thy thoughts such counsel to bestow?
Alas! these times for other lot decree,
New woes, new troubles Heav'n reserves for me.
Ye too, my friends, with noble pride disdain
Life's softer pleasures, and it's toils sustain,
And lost to human views your thoughts remove
From earth; enamour'd of the joys above.

Et cum mortales linguas in jurgia solvent
 Vos contra, falsis onerantes nomina vestra
 Criminibus, gaudete, ac firmo pectore ferte,
 Indignamque ignominiam contemnite læti.
 Hinc fortunatos vos dicite; præmia quando
 Certa manent, oriturque ingens hinc gloria vestra.

Hæc fatus, montes aditum fert tristis in altos;
 Incedunt unà socii cum rege parati
 Cuncta pati, et juvenis sortem indignantur in-
 quam,

Et jam palmosæ subit Hierichuntis ad
 urbem:
 Zacchæi excipitur testo, mensisque paratis,
 Cui quondam componere opes, per fasque ne-
 fasque.
 Immensas amor acer erat, sed luce receptâ
 Hospitis adventu, cœpit male parta luendo
 Reddere cuique suum, partiri cætera egenis,
 Tot facti infectique auri congesta talenta.
 Hic subito, non læta ferens, gravis impulit
 aures
 Nuncius, atque animum rumore momordit amaro,
 Lazarus haud procul hinc Bethanes regna tenebat,
 Dives opum, clarus genus alto à sanguine
 regum:
 Nam pater ingentes Syriæ frenaverat oras,
 Vique sibi captas quondam subjecerat urbes.
 Nemo illo hospitibus facilis magis; omnibus
 illa
 Noctes atque dies domus ultro oblata patebat.
 Huc etiam persæpe ipsum succedere Christum
 Haud piguit; creberque domûs indulxit amicæ
 Hospitio, atque Deum positâ se nube retextit.
 Hunc igitur postquam morientem accepit, et acri,
 Vix, morbo correptum, auras haurire su-
 premas,

Et

BOOK. I.] THE CHRISTIAD.

9

And when mankind your guiltless conduct blame,
With lies aspersing your unspotted name;
Rejoice in secret, and despise the shame.
These bitter hardships but prepare the way,
To endless Glories in the realms of day.

This said, our Lord the neighbouring hills ascends,
His steps attended by his faithful friends;
Prepar'd with him thro' all events to go,
Yet inly mourning at his destin'd woe.

And now with weary'd step he reach'd the † town,
Whose beauteous meadows verdant palm-trees
With joy Zacchæus, at his social board, [crown.
Receives and welcomes his illustrious Lord.
He, who before to truth and justice blind,
With lust of Lucre had debas'd his mind,
Now by the light of pure religion blest'd,
Each sordid passion banish'd from his breast;
To those he wrong'd, returns th' ill-gotten store,
The rest dividing to th' industrious poor.
Meanwhile dispatch'd with haste, an herald bears
Unwelcome tidings to his trembling ears.
Not far from hence th' extended region lay,
Where scepter'd Laz'rus held his potent sway;
In lofty Bethany who made abode,
Renown'd for wealth, and sprung from regal blood:
For erst his sire had rul'd with wide command,
And stretch'd his conquest o'er the Syrian land.
To strangers none so affable and kind,
None bore, like him, an hospitable mind;
For morn and night, with ample plenty blest'd,
His gates stood open to the casual guest.
Hither our Lord himself wou'd oft repair,
The gen'rous banquet of his friend to share;
And here, unveil'd, his heav'nly Pow'r display,
As social converse wore the hours away.
Soon as the tidings reach'd him, that his friend
Was now approaching to his destin'd end;

† Jericho,

That

Et quasi jam leti portas luctarier ante,
Demisit lacrymas, sociisque hæc edidit ore.

Cedamus, leto actutum revocandus amicus
In lucem, modò me summus Pater audiat ipse,
Atque suas velit hic, ut sæpe, ostendere vires.

Hæc ait, et gressum Bethanæ tendit ad urbem.
Prosequitur comitum manus ingens, atque videndi
Innumeri studio socios se protinus addunt.

Interea longè mundi regnator opaci,
Infelix monstrum, penitus non inscius, illam
Jam propè adesse diem, superi, quâ maximus ultor,
Imperio Patris, infernis succederet oris
Manibus auxilio, ac sedes vastaret opertas;
Sollicitus partes animum versabat in omnes,
Si qua forte potis regno hanc avertere cladem;
Molirique Deo letum meditatur, ea una
Denique cura animo sedet, hæc sæpe una resurgit.
Demens, qui, id propter tantum non viderat ipsum
Demissum coelo juvenem, quo sponte piaret
Morte obitâ, veterum culpam et scelus omne
parentum.

Protinus acciri diros ad regia fratres
Limina, concilium horrendum, et genus omne
suorum

Imperat. Ecce igitur dedit ingens buccina signum,
Quo subitò intonuit cæcis domus alta cavernis,
Undique opaca, ingens; antra intonuere profunda,
Atque procul gravido tremefacta est corpore tellus.
Continuò ruit ad portas gens omnis, et adsunt
Lucifugi cœtûs varia atque bicorpora monstra,
Pube tenus hominum facies, verùm hispida in
anguem

Definit ingenti sinuata volumine cauda.
Gorgonas hi, Sphyngasque obsceno corpore
reddunt;

BOOK. I.] THE CHRISTIAD.

77

That fainting, sick, he scarce cou'd draw his breath,
And seem'd just struggling at the gates of Death;
Some tears he shed; and then, with grief oppress'd,
His lov'd companions in these words address'd.

Hence let us go, our friend, this instant dead,
Must strait be summon'd from the dreary shade;
If, as he oft is wont, Heav'n's gracious Sire
Incline his ear, and favour my desire.
This said, to Bethany he pass'd along;
Behind him follow'd an unnumber'd throng.

Meanwhile the ruler of th' infernal shade
Detested monster! conscious and afraid,
That now at length arriv'd the fatal hour,
When the Avenger, in his father's pow'r,
Descending fierce from heav'n's ethereal height,
Shou'd spread destruction thro' the realms of night;
This way and that distorts his lab'ring mind;
Some hidden cause solicitous to find,
That haply might avert th' impending fate,
And save from ruin his devoted state.
In his dark thoughts he meditates the way,
To certain death the Godhead to betray.
Fool! not to know, that for this cause alone,
The youth descended from his heav'nly throne,
That his all-precious blood, here freely spilt,
Might make atonement for primæval guilt.
Now anxious for his reign, he bids resort
Th' infernal council to the regal court.

Soon as the brazen trumpet 'gan to blow,
With horrid thunder shook the dome below;
Huge, spacious, gloomy; groan'd the caves around,
And sudden earthquakes rock'd the trembling ground.
Strait to the gates th' assembled brethren come,
And uncouth monsters throng the Stygian Dome:
Far as the waist were human limbs express'd,
A Dragon's filthy form conceal'd the rest.
There some in shapes of Gorgons, Sphinxes; here
Like Centaurs, Hydras, other forms appear;

Figures

Centaurosque, Hydrafque illi, ignivomasque
Chimæras,

Centum alii Scyllas, ac foedificas Harpyias,
Et quæ multa homines simulacra horrentia fingunt.
At centum geminus flammanti vertice suprà est
Arbiter ipse Erebi, centenaque brachia jactat
Centimanus, totidemque eructat faucibus æstus.
Omnes luctificum fumumque, atrosque procaci
Ore, oculisque ignes, et vastis naribus effiant.
Omnibus intorti pendent pro crinibus angues,
Nexantes nodis sese, ac per colla plicantes:
In manibus rutilæque faces, uncique tridentes,
Quæis fontes animas subigunt, atque ignibus
urgent.

Nec minùs illi etiam diversis partibus orbis
Conveniunt properi, qui terris omnibus errant
Hortantes scelera; ac variis mortalia ludunt
Pectora imaginibus, rectique oblivia suadent.
Nec non ventorum, tempestatumque potentes,
Nubivagum genus, haud certà regione locati,
Nimborum in mediâ consueti nocte vagari.
Ergo animis prompti, atque opibus coiere
parati

Unà omnes: fremitu vario sonat intus opaca
Regia; rex donec nigram igne tricuspide dextram
Armatus, cœtu in medio sic farier orsus,

Tartarei procures, cœlo gens orta sereno,
(Quos olim huc mecum superi inclementia regis
Æthere dejectos flagranti fulmine adegit,
Dum regno cavet, ac sceptris multa invidus
ille

Permetuit, refugitque parem) quæ prælia toto
Egerimus cœlo, quibus olim denique utrinque.
Sit certatum odiis, notum, et meminisse neces-
se est.

Ille astris potitur, parte et plus occupat æquâ
Ætheris, ac pœnas inimicâ è gente recepit

Crudeles:

Figures obscene, foul Scyllas, Harpys dire,
And fierce Chimæras, belching liquid fire,
But Hell's grim tyrant, of terrific mien,
In ten-fold stature o'er the rest was seen;
His hundred hands he brandishes around,
Thick flames expiring from his jaws profound.
Dire monsters all, mixt smoke and flames arise
From their vast nostrils, and ensanguin'd eyes.
For hair, their heads with horrid snakes are crown'd,
That twisted curl in many a fold around.
To torture guilty souls huge prongs they rear,
And fiery torches in their hands appear.
Nor less to the imperial summons come,
Who wide o'er earth in quest of mischief roam;
With false ideas human minds molest,
And sense of Virtue banish from their breast.
Those too, who o'er the blustering clouds preside,
Direct the whirlwinds, and the tempests guide;
And unconfin'd to any destin'd place,
Still range at freedom earth's unmeasur'd space.
Thus to th' infernal hall th' Associates came,
Prompt to assist; in heart and mind the same.
The vast stupendous edifice around,
Remurm'ring echo'd to the various sound.
At length hell's monarch, grasping in his hand
The forkey lightning, thus address'd the band.

Ye Peers of Tartarus! a race of gods,
(Whom urg'd by envy, from the blest abodes,
Heav'n's awful tyrant with his thunder hurl'd
To these drear mansions in the nether world;
While to secure his throne he bends his care,
And anxious trembled at the chance of war;)
What dreadful Legions to the field we brought,
With mutual hatred how the day was fought,
Full well ye know; and how we warr'd in vain,
Repuls'd, must doubtless in your minds remain.
He rules triumphant in th' ethereal sky,
While prostrate at his feet the vanquish'd lie.

For

Crudeles: pro sideribus, pro luce serenâ,
Nobis fenta situ loca, sole carentia tecta
Reddidit, ac tenebris jussit torquere sub
imis

Immites animas hominum, illætabile regnum.
Haud superæ aspirare poli datur amplius
aulæ;

Ingens ingenti claudit nos obice tellus;
In partemque homini nostri data regia cœli est.
Nec fatis; arma iterum molitur, et altera nobis
Bella ciet, regnisque etiam nos pellit ab imis.
Id propter juvenem æthereâ demisit ab arce,
Seu natum, sive alitibus de fratribus unum.
Iamque aderit, fretusque armis cœlestibus ille
Sedibus exitium vehet his, et regna recludet
Infera, concessasque animas nostro eximet orbe.
Fors quoque nos, nisi non segnes occurrimus,
ipsos

Arcta in vincla dabit, victosque inducet Olympo
Victor, ovans; superi illudent toto æthere
captis.

Iste autem quamvis mortalia membra caducus
Induerit, tamen est nostris imperditus armis.
Nempe ego sæpe adii, coramque interritus
urgens

Tentavi insidiis nequicquam (non ea me res
Falsum habuit, neque enim nunc primum talia
cerno)

Quas non in facies, quæ non mutatus in ora
Accessi incassum? semper me reppulit ipse,
Non armis ullis fretus, non viribus usus;
Sed tantum veterum repetito carmine vatum,
Irrita tentamenta, dolos, et vim exiit omnem.
Ergo, quæ mihi nunc surgit sententia, pandam.
Ille iter antiquas Solymorum instaurat ad arces,
Sit licet invisus magnæ primoribus urbis:
Quippe sacerdotes odiis ingentibus illi
Insensu insidias, ut cuique est copia, tendunt,
Solliciti

For Suns perpetual, for Heav'n's bless'd abode,
These dark Tartarean dungeons he bestow'd;
And here employ'd us, to afflict with pain
The Souls of Sinners; an unjoyous reign!
Weak are our efforts to regain the Skies,
Heav'n's Tow'r thrice guarded all access denies;
And earth-born Man, an highly favour'd race,
Is now exalted to our vacant place.
Nor yet can conquest his resentment quell,
He means to drive us from the Throne of Hell;
And to this end from Heav'n commissions down
Some winged Angel, or his fav'rite Son.
Who soon, confiding in celestial might,
Will spread swift ruin thro' these realms of night;
Hell's dark Abyss expose to open day,
And wrest the Captives from our lawful sway.
Nay, if with speed we arm not, on his foes
Perhaps the Victor will new chains impose;
And lead us trembling to his awful reign,
The sport and pastime of th' etherial train.
Yet Him, tho' cloath'd in Human Nature frail,
Our arms and malice but in vain assail.
With guileful arts the Youth I oft pursu'd,
Th' attack, tho' vanquish'd, still as oft renew'd;
(Not by a foolish Ignorance betray'd,
Th' event was certain e'er the Plots were laid)
Vary'd my shape, and ev'ry measure press'd,
To win admittance to his cautious breast.
In vain; each art undaunted he defy'd;
Nor on the aid of Arms or Force rely'd;
With chosen maxims drawn from books of old,
My wiles he baffled, and my rage controul'd.
Then hear attentive, while my lips impart
To you, the secret counsel of my heart.
He, tho' abhorr'd by those that bear the sway,
To Salem's tow'ring city bends his way:
The Priests incens'd, with studious zeal prepare
Their foe by fraudulent cunning to ensnare,

And

Solliciti veterum pro religione parentum
 Ut ferro incautum superent, et funere mulcent :
 Quandoquidem ille novos ritus, nova sacra per urbes
 Instituit, priscaque audet rescindere leges.
 Hic opibus vestris opus : en nunc confieri rem
 Tempus adest : in eum cuncti majoribus illos
 Inflammate odiis, et vera, et prava canentes,
 Pestiferumque animis furtim inspire venenum,
 Ne victi, oblitque iras, corda aspera ponant ;
 Sed sævi magis, atque magis, stimulisque subacti
 Acribus absistant nunquam, nisi cæde peractâ.
 Si verò, si quis sociis ex ipsius unum
 Bis senis capere, atque dolis pervertere possit ;
 Res confecta, metus penitus sublatus et omnis.
 Præcipitate moras ; fluxis succurrite rebus
 Nunc tectis opus insidiis, nunc viribus usus.

Vix ea fatus : ubique ruentes jussa facessunt
 Auctores scelerum, portisque ex omnibus altè
 Diversi rumpunt ; tremit abdita murmure tellus,
 Incubuerè auris : crinitas anguibus alas
 Obscurum per inane movent, terrasque capeffunt.
 Non tam olim densâ sublimes nube per auras
 Florilegæ glomerantur apes æstate serenâ,
 Nubifugo Borea, et madidis cessantibus Austris ;
 Si quando exorta est inter discordia reges,
 Sævaque collatis invadunt prælia signis.
 Væ, quibus institerint terris quibus orbis in oris
 Dira cohors ! quantas populis feret illa ruinas !

Jamque emensus iter, multis comitantibus, heros
 Vera Dei soboles Bethanes mœnibus instat.
 Cernit ibi mœstas crinem laniare sorores,
 Munera fraterno tumulo suprema ferentes,
 Expertem thalami Marthan, atque urbis avitæ
 Magdali dictam de nomine Magdalenam.
 Progreditur, bustumque petit ; mœstissimâ Martha,
 Hunc simul ac vidit, comites, fratrisque sepulcrum
 3
 Deserit,

And plot his death ; all aid the common cause,
 Alarm'd and trembling for their ancient laws ;
 For he on Men new sacred rites has laid,
 And banish'd customs which their Sires obey'd.
 Now is the time your artful schemes to lay,
 The present season brooks no dull delay.
 Urge cruel Hatred in their breast to rise,
 And in each ear infuse pernicious Lies ;
 Thro' all their veins th' envenom'd rage inspire,
 Nor let them vanquish'd from the work retire ;
 But more inflam'd in wrath and madness grow,
 Till in successful death they crush the foe.
 And cou'd, Oh ! cou'd some Dæmon not in vain
 Seduce but one of all his social train ;
 The work were finish'd, and our point we gain. }
 No longer then the task enjoin'd delay
 By force to conquer, or by fraud betray.

Scarce had he ceas'd ; when in a moment all
 Impatient issue from th' infernal Hall ;
 Rush thro' the portals of the dark profound,
 And ride the winds ; Earth trembled at the sound.
 On snaky wings they cleave the dusky air,
 And fraught with mischief to this globe repair.
 Not bees, while tempests hush'd in silence lie,
 In swarms so num'rous wing the vernal sky ;
 When two contending kings in war engage,
 And the fierce battle glows with mutual rage.
 Alas ! What havock must on earth ensue !
 What dreadful ruin from so dire a Crew !

But now, a length of way with labour trod,
 At Bethany's high walls arrives the God ;
 There sees the mournful Sisters rend their hair,
 And to their Brother's tomb the last sad honours bear :
 Martha, whose virgin charms no husband claim'd,
 And Magdalena, from fair Magdal nam'd.
 Soon as our blessed Lord approach'd in view,
 Sad Martha weeping from the Tomb withdrew ;

Deserit, ac multo venienti occurrit honore.
 Insequitur soror inde, oculos ambæ imbrē ma-
 dentes,
 Fæminiis ambæ plangoribus indulgentes.

Ut te post cari germani funera tandem
 Accipimus venientem !

ut te sæpe ille vocabat,
 Magne hospes, gelidi perfusus frigore leti !
 Atque equidem credo, tunc fors te si qua dedisset
 Nobis, nunc etiam vitales duceret auras.
 Nunc quoque (nil quando clari tibi Rector Olympi
 Abnuī) haud penitus nobis spes omnis adempta est.

Talibus orabant : comites simul omnia luctu
 Miscebant : mœstis resonabant cuncta querelis.

Ast Heros tristes dictis solatus amicis
 Spondet opem, superas rediturum ad luminis
 auras
 Aetutum fratrem incolumem, quem faucibus haustum
 Telluris quarto jam sol non viderat ortu.
 Didit̃ur hæc totam confestim fama per urbem,
 Quæ cunctis incredibilisque et mira videtur.
 Vicinis populi passim de montibus omnes
 Concurrunt studio visendi, atque omnia complent.
 Ventum erat ad tumulum : stat circumfusa ju-
 ventus :

Ipse autem in medio duplices ad sidera palmas
 Jamdudum tendens, oculosque immobilis Heros
 Orabat, tacitusque Parentem in vota vocabat.
 Orantem observant taciti, intentique tuentur,
 Quid jubeat, quæ signa ferat, quo deinde cadat
 res.

Bis toto color ore abiit ; bis pectore anhelō
 Infremuit ; nutuque caput concussit honestum.
 Ecce autem tumuli tremere ostia visa repentē.
 Omnibus extemplo subitā formidine sanguis

In haste the train of pious Mourners leaves,
And her lov'd Lord with gratitude receives:
Her Sister follows; loud laments arise,
And the big tears gush copious from their eyes.

Do we at length, illustrious Guest! she said,
Behold thy Presence, our dear Brother dead?
How oft he call'd Thee with his latest breath,
All cold and shiv'ring on the verge of death!
And Oh! I trust had'st Thou, my Lord, been there,
His Soul ev'n now had breath'd this vital air.
Nay (since kind Heav'n rejects not thy request)
Ev'n yet some comfort dawns within our breast.

Thus they; the sad Attendants mourn'd around;
The vallies echo'd with the plaintive sound.

The Youth Divine, by kind compaffion sway'd,
Vouchsafes the Promise of his pow'rful aid;
To free their Brother from death's dark domain,
And safe restore him to their eyes again:
Tho' o'er his buried Corfe, with orient light
Four Suns had risen, and four sunk to Night.
This strange report, as wide it spreads along,
Excites th' attention of the wond'ring throng;
Eager to watch th' event, a num'rous train
Pour from the neighbouring hills, and fill the plain.
Now to the Grave they come; the crowds around
Gath'ring in troops on troops, o'erspread the ground.
Himself, as in the midst He stood, his Eyes
Fix'd and unmov'd uplifting to the skies,
And both his Hands to Heav'n devoutly spread,
In awful silence to his Father pray'd.
The crowds behold him fix'd in solemn thought,
And all his actions with attention note.
Twice from his cheeks the sanguine Colour fled,
And twice he groan'd, and bow'd his sacred Head:
When lo! the heaving ground began to rock,
And the deep Cavern from it's centre shook.
A sudden fear congeal'd their curdling blood,
And down their limbs the clammy moisture flow'd,

Diriguit, penitusque invasit pectora frigus;
Cum tandem Deus has effudit ad æthera voces.

Summe Parens, quamvis precibus nil abnuis
unquam

Ipse meis, quæcunque petam; tamen hoc tibi grates
Munere semper agam: tua quanta potentia,
vidit

Circumfusa manus, populi videre frequentes.
Vos autem famuli properate, recludite marmor,
Saxum ingens auferte, viroque exolvite vittas.
Nec mora præceptis; patuerunt claustra sepulcri:

Concursu accedunt magno, attonitique pavore
Inspectantque, videntque intus deforme cadaver,
Vixque sibi credunt, nullo cogente moveri.
Nec mora; clamantis ter voce vocatus amici
Erigitur, loquiturque, et cœli vescitur auris.
Obstupere omnes: nec sat vidisse loquentem,
Aut audisse semel, dum cuncta ex ordine
narrat

Conventu in medio, quæ funere passus in ipso est:
Quanto anima instantis vi leti exclusa dolore,
Terrenosque diu eluctata reliquerit artus;
Quas facies moriens, quàm obscœna aspexerit
ora

Terrentum juxtà furiarum, irasque, minasque:
Ut vix sidereâ volucres missi arce ministri
Auxilio possent avidas inhibere rapinis.
His addit scelerum pœnas, ac læta piorum
Præmia, quæve animas miseras subiisse necesse est
Arbitria, æternosque nigris fornacibus ignes.

His actis, Deus orantis vicina Simonis
Tecta subit, quem tota olim lacerum ulcere
membra

Eripuit morbo, atque in pristina reddidit ipse.
Dum vero mensas grati dignatus amici

Ac-

Then with the weight of human grief oppress'd,
These accents issu'd from his heav'nly breast.

Almighty Father! tho' thy gracious ear
Thou always bendeſt to my fervent pray'r;
Yet for this Pow'r thy goodneſs deigns to ſhow,
My ſoul for ever ſhall her thanks beſtow.
Th' admiring crowds that here aſſembled ſtand,
Have ſeen the wonders of thy potent hand.
And now, ye menial ſervants, haſte he ſaid,
Remove the tomb-ſtone and unbind the dead.
Swift at the word, th' obſervant train obey,
And the wide entrance of the vault diſplay.
Around, impatient numbers eager come,
And bending downwards view the hollow tomb;
There ſee within, yet ſcarce their eyes believe,
The ſhrowded Carcaſe on a ſudden heave:
Till at the pow'rful ſummons of it's Lord,
It breathes, it ſpeaks, to vital air reſtor'd.
Theſe ſtrange events the gaping crowd confound;
Eager to ſee and hear they throng around.
Whiſt he relates the woes to death decreed,
What pangs he ſuffer'd e'er his ſoul was freed;
How from the mortal limbs with pain it paſt,
And fled reluctant, when it fled at laſt.
What hideous forms he ſaw, what ſhapes obſcene;
Infernal furies with terrific mien
So fiercely threat'ning, ſcarce th' angelic bands
His ſoul cou'd reſcue from their harpy hands.
To theſe he adds, what heav'nly joys await
Heroic virtue, in an endleſs ſtate;
And in what torments guilty wretches dwell,
Condemn'd for ever to th' Abyſs of hell.

This done; the God, by kind entreaties preſs'd,
To Simon's roof repairs, a welcome gueſt;
Whom from a loath'd diſeaſe, his pow'ful word
To health and vigour had at once reſtor'd.
Here while our Lord, to ſerve ſome pious end,
Accepts the banquet of his grateful friend,

Accubat, in medio procerum urbis; protinus ecce
 Ingreditur formâ insignis cultuque Puella,
 Picta peregrinas tunicasque, sinusque crepanti
 Argento saturos, atque auro intertexto:
 Cui caput implicitum gemmis; it flexile collo
 Aurum ingens, mixtis operosa monilia baccis;
 Propexique nitent electro molle capilli,
 Nexilibus quos in nodos collegerat hamis;
 Aureaque ex humero demissam fibula vestem,
 Eois opibus gravidam, et Gangetide gaza,
 Subnectit: media micat ardens fronte pyropus;
 Crebraque consertis pendent redimicula gemmis;
 Qualis læta sinus cum tellus veris honorem
 Pandit, opesque suas gremio explicat alma
 virenti:

Hæc olim amissis utrisque parentibus orba
 Restitit, et proles in opes successit avitas
 Unica, quas pater immensas prædives habebat;
 Dumque ætas rudis, una illi super omnia cordi
 Relligio fuit, et servandi cura pudoris.
 Mox autem, paulatim annis fervente juventâ,
 Sensibus illapsa est Veneris malesuada cupido.
 Quæ mentem immutans furiis subjecit iniquis.
 Ah miseram! abjecto non obstat cura pudori;
 Non species, non fama movet; cessit timor
 omnis,

Relligioque oblita: domo jam nubilus exit;
 Jam convivia, jam spectacula læta frequentat,

Vinclaque contemptis rectoribus omnia rumpit;
 Ac veluti ratis Ægeæ sine remige in alto,
 Sublatos simpl ac fluctus inflaverit aura,
 Nunc huc incerto, deinde illuc fluctuat æstu,
 Quo ventique undæque, urgent, spoliata magistro.

Et jam freta opibus prædulces ambit amores
 Florentium juvenum, siquis, spectabilis ore
 Egregio, formæque, alios supereminet omnes.

Ergo

Nor on the social couch disdains to rest;
 Sudden appears an unexpected guest;
 A lovely Damsel, of engaging air,
 Graceful her shape, her form divinely fair.
 Rich was her dress and beauteous to behold,
 Of silver tissue, interwove with gold.
 Her head large sprigs of sparkling diamonds deck,
 And golden chains adorn her iv'ry neck:
 With polish'd amber shone her glossy hair,
 Bound in a graceful knot, and smooth'd with care.
 A golden buckle clasps her shining vest,
 Charg'd with the treasures of the gorgeous East:
 A ruby on her forehead blaz'd like fire,
 And gems unnumber'd grac'd her rich attire.
 Such as when genial spring unlocks her stores,
 And various bounties from her bosom pours.
 She, by an early fate her Parents goe,
 Of all their fortune was the heir alone.
 At first to modesty her infant mind,
 And pure Religion's sacred laws inclin'd;
 But as her years encreas'd, unchaste desires
 Possess'd her heart, that burn'd with Venus's fires.
 Estrang'd from virtue which she lov'd before,
 The paths of honour she regards no more.
 Deaf to Religion's call, the voice of fame,
 Of fear regardless, and unaw'd by shame;
 In the full blaze of beauty, from her home
 In quest of lovers she delights to roam:
 Sports, banquets charm her unexperienc'd soul,
 On pleasure bent, impatient of controul.
 Thus the gay ship, her tackle torn away,
 Toss'd by fierce tempests on th' Egean sea,
 This way and that inclines, without her guide,
 An easy conquest to the winds and tide.
 Now trusting in her wealth success to gain,
 She courts th' affections of the youthful train;
 And him, who foremost boasts unrivall'd charms,
 With wily arts solicits to her arms.

Ergo læta virum præstanti corpore postquam
 Accepit venisse, Deum quem fama ferebat;
 Nullam passa moram, studio correpta vi-
 dendi

Venerat. Ast ubi conspicuos deperdita vultus,
 Haussit, et egregiæ divinum frontis honorem,
 Divinosque oculos, ardentis pabula amoris;
 Diriguit, penitusque animo sententia versa est;
 Atque alias longè concepit pectore flammæ.
 Ecce autem subito visæ spirantis ab ore
 Septem adæd circum offusâ caligine, et atrâ
 Nube exire faces; veluti cum torris obusti
 Ultima fursum flamma fugit, fumumque re-
 linquit.

Hæc, Deus, hæc inquit, capitum fœdissima septem,
 Corruptam miseræ mentem vexabat, Erinnyes.
 Tum Maria (hoc illi nomen) mutata, nec illa
 Argento quæ illusa sinus modo venerat aureos,
 Jam capiti crinale aurum, colloque monile
 Detrahit, et tunicas squalentes exuit auro.
 Jamque sui piget, et curis mordetur honestis.
 Inde Deum orabat veniam, genibusque vo-
 lutans,

(Ut canis ad mensam procumbere suetus herilem)
 Lambebatque pedes nudos, lacrymisque rigabat,
 Veste fovens, alios tulerat quam nuper in
 usus.

Tum de marmoreis varios deprompsit odores
 Thesauris, cassas, et nardi mollis aristas,
 Aut thuris lacrymam, atque auram fragrantis
 amomi,

Pronaque permulsi nudas liquido unguine plantas:
 Suavis in aëreas diffugit spiritus auras.
 Cuncta Deus placidâ quæ mente accepit, et illam
 Dignatus veniâ, monitis implevit amicis.

Interea circumpositis ex urbibus ægrum
 Cernere vulgus erat conveni accedere magno:

Multi

Soon as report had newly spread abroad
 A youth's approach, whom fame pronounc'd a God;
 She flies; the truth impatient to enquire,
 Eager to gaze, and burning with desire.
 But when his form majestic she survey'd,
 In awful splendor to her view display'd;
 His front sublime; his eyes that sparkling shine;
 Bright kindling fuel of her love divine:
 At once forsaking all her arts, the dame
 In holy rapture glows with other flame.
 Lo! from her trembling lips, in open view,
 Wrapt in surrounding clouds, sev'n torches flew;
 As from a smoking fire-brand upward flies
 The quiv'ring blaze, and shoots into the skies.
 Behold the fury! said the God; the pest,
 Of sev'n the foulest that inflam'd her breast.
 At this Maria (such the damsel's name)
 From sin converted, now no more the same,
 Steals from her head the gaudy dress of pride,
 And lays each glitt'ring ornament aside. [shame,
 Now for her former crimes o'erwhelm'd with
 Within her breast she feeds a virtuous flame;
 Repentant haltes full pardon to entreat,
 And bending down submissive at his feet,
 (Like spaniel, wont beneath the genial board
 To fawn in suppliant posture on his lord)
 Bathes them in tears, and gently wipes them o'er
 With robes, which late for other use she wore.
 Then with a lib'ral hand, to public view
 Rich odours from a golden cask she drew;
 Amomum, cassia, nard with spikey ear,
 And incense, dropping the soft balmy tear.
 Strait o'er his feet she pour'd the precious gum,
 The costly ointment breath'd a rich perfume.
 The God accepts the gift, her pardon seals,
 And heav'nly counsel to her mind reveals.
 Meanwhile from Juda's cities far and near,
 In wretched troops sad multitudes appear,

To

Multi ibant oculis clausis, multi auribus orti
 Indociles, fandi ignari; quique ægra trahebant
 Membra, ferebantur; quosve exagitabat Erinays
 Captos mente, sui immemores, Deus ipse ju-
 vabat
 Auxilio; validique omnes lætique redibant.

Tandem hinc digrediens Solymorum tendit ad
 arces:

Hanc fundasse, Seme, soboles tua dicitur urbem,
 Vitifator patet, exactis simul imbris ingens
 Cessavit vastis stagnare paludibus orbis,
 Plurimaque immensi compressa licentia ponti:
 Tum venere, suo bellis qui gente subacta
 Urbem appellarunt de nomine Jebusæi.
 Protinus hinc reges, à prisco sanguis Iuda,
 Finitimis late dominam coluere subactis.
 Hic templum Solomon, per terras omnibus
 aris

Everfis, ope barbaricâ rex condidit olim,
 Templum, opulentum, ingens, eductam ad sidera
 molem.

Huc mensas, arasque sacras, et ahenæ labra
 Transtulit, et veteris vestes ac mûnera templi,
 Ostro perfusas vestes, auroque rigentes;
 Tum lychnos, lanceisque, cavaque invexit acerras,
 Cymbiaque, et tripodas, fulvoque ex ære lebetas;
 Inclusasque sacro leges ac fœdera ligno,
 Quæ gemina in silice omnipotens Pater ipse no-
 tarat:

Hic gentis rex, atque omni cum gente sacerdos,
 Sacra ferens poculum fundebat rite cruorem:
 Victima non alias maculabat sanguine sedes.
 Undique mos erat huc populos ter adire quot-
 annis;

Et proprios genus Ilacidum instaurabat honores;
 Ipse etiam huc Heros crebro se ferre solebat.

Jamque

To various maladies by fate consign'd,
 The deaf, the dumb, lame, lunatic, and blind:
 All these the God with kind compassion view'd,
 And their disabled pow'rs at once renew'd;
 No more oppress'd with various ills they mourn,
 But joyous to their native homes return.

At length retir'd from hence, he bends his way
 Where Solyma's proud tow'rs in prospect lay.
 This royal city 'twas of old believ'd
 By Shem was founded, who his birth receiv'd
 From that old patriarch, whose industrious hand
 First planted vineyards on the fertile land:
 What time the flood o'er all the world was ceas'd,
 And the huge ocean in it's bounds compress'd.
 Then Jebusites, a race victorious came,
 And on the conquer'd town impos'd a name.
 Hence scepter'd kings arose, from Judah's blood;
 Who fierce in arms the neighbouring tribes subdu'd.
 'Twas here the sapient king, when wars were o'er,
 A spacious temple built in times of yore,
 The stately fabric rear'd it's head on high,
 Crown'd with barbaric spoils, and brav'd the sky.
 Here splendid tables, with wrought gold inlaid,
 Altars, and brazen cisterns he convey'd;
 Rich garments, consecrated gifts of old,
 Shining in purple die, and stiff with gold.
 Here chargers, goblets, lamps the temple grace,
 Huge massy cauldrons of refulgent brass,
 And in the sacred ark, with care bestow'd,
 The laws, engraven by the hand of God.
 The king, the priests, and all the pious race
 Of ancient Israel, to this holy place
 Their wonted off'rings brought; here altars stood,
 And here the victim pour'd his sacred blood.
 At this accusom'd feat, thrice ev'ry year,
 Th' assembled tribes in solemn pomp appear,
 Their victims offer'd and the banquet shar'd,
 And hither oft the God himself repair'd.

Now

Jamque viis plenis multis cum millibus ibat,
 Unde urbis poterant turres atque alta videri
 Culmina : læti omnes ramos viridantis olivæ,
 Quasque manu gestent palmas, à stirpe refrin-
 gunt.

Præcedit peditum latè manus omnis; it ingens
 Ponè equitum globus : in medio pulcherrimus
 Heros,

Haud acri provectus equo, phalerisque superbo,
 Eminent; at sibi pauperiem ut placuisse be-
 atam

Admoneat socios, Rex quadrupedantis aselli
 Terga premit, vates quondam ut cecinere fu-
 turum.

Nudus erat vertex; humeris demissa fluebat
 Ad talos vestis, quam festinaverat olim
 Ipsa parens, pueroque dedit gestare; nec il-
 la est

Ullo attrita usu, nullâ consumpta senectâ:
 Taurea nudatis circumdat tegmina plantis.
 Talis iter tendit, recipitque ad moenia gressum.

Ante urbem pueri occurrunt, mixtæque puellæ,
 Floribus ac variis ornatæ tempora fertis.
 Omnibus in manibus palmæ, omnes carmina
 læti

Lætæ canunt, tonsis et inumbrant ora coronis,
 Certatimque Dei gaudent placida ora tueri.
 Tum demum portis urbem ingrediuntur apertis,
 Et propius Regem Servatoremque salutant,
 Prætenduntque manu thyrsos, oleasque coruscant
 Frondentes : superas ingens it clamor ad auras.

Spargitur hîc rumor subito; ac totâ urbe vagatur,
 Consurgunt gentis primi; procul ecce per auras
 Pulveream cernunt tolli super æthera nubem,
 Ignari penitus rerum, causasque requirunt
 Tam subiti motûs; quemnam tam multa sequantur
 Millia

Now to the City as he nearer drew,
The glitt'ring Spires refulgent rose to view.
Torn from the trees with joy the gath'ring bands
Wave high the verdant Olives in their hands.
With shouts the foot precede, and in the rear
In crowds triumphant troops of horse appear.
The beauteous Hero in the midst was plac'd,
Not on a Steed with sumptuous trappings grac'd;
But as his meek behaviour was design'd,
To teach the Virtues of an humble mind;
And ancient Records this event foreshow'd,
Borne on an Ass in lowly state he rode.
Bare and uncover'd was his sacred head,
Down to his feet the woven mantle spread,
Which the fond Virgin gave her darling Boy;
No use cou'd foil it, and no time destroy.
Fast on his naked feet with thongs were tied
The leathern sandals, form'd of coarsest hide;
And thus equip'd his onward course he sped,
Where to the city walls the pathway led.

And now, of lovely youths a graceful throng,
With virgins, chanting the triumphal song,
To hail his entrance from the gates proceed,
Boughs in their hand, and garlands on their head.
Eager they gaze, majestic as he rode,
Charm'd with the blooming features of the God.
At length, the glitt'ring portals op'ning wide,
Mix'd throngs incessant pour on ev'ry side;
Glad their great King and Saviour to survey,
As thro' the crowded streets he sweeps his way.
Joyous they wave their verdant boughs on high,
The loud Hosannas echo to the sky.

This rumour by the gaping vulgar spread,
On wings of lightning thro' the city fled:
The chiefs alarm'd, as from their seats they rise,
See clouds of dust ascending to the skies;
As yet unconscious of the sudden cause:
Then ask what motive in such tumult draws

The

Millia ductorem; quis tantus clamor ovantum?
 Ast illi, quibus est Divi haud incognita fama,
 Occurrunt alacres Regi, plausumque sequentes
 Ingeminant; quaque ingreditur, passim ecce re-
 benti

Insternunt ostro sola, barbaricisque tapetis,
 Intendantque vias sertis, et floribus augent.

Vix ingressus erat, cùm densam respicit
 ecce

In bivio turbam, clamoremque auribus haurit
 Ingentem, et secum admirans vestigia pressit.

Vallis erat circùm frondosis undique septa
 Collibus: in medio rivis atque imbribus humor
 Collectus semper stabat, laticesque perennes;
 Quò solitæ innuptæ prædivitis urbis aquari,
 Et potum pariter pecudes compellere prisci
 Pastores, lymphæque gregem curare salubri:
 Unde lacum fama est olim dixisse minores.
 Huc concursus erat certis de more diebus,
 Turbaque adibat inops variis exercita morbis.
 Namque videbatur, magno quandoque moveri
 Cum sonitu, medio unda lacu; et perculsa re-
 pentè

Sublato ad cœlum spumabant cœrula fluëtu:
 Sed vulgo subiti quæ motus causa latebat.
 Impubes pueri tantùm, innuptæque puellæ
 Signa prius manifesta dabant, seseque cane-
 bant

Cernere pennatum puerum fulgere per auras
 Undanti chlamyde, atque auro radiantibus alis,
 Delapsumque polo tranquilla impellere utrâque
 Stagna manu, lateque viam signare ca-
 dentem.

Qualis stella, Pater superùm quam misit Olympo
 Aut nautis signum, aut populis in castra co-
 actis,

BOOK. I.] THE CHRISTIAD. 31

The gath'ring throng? what chief the crowds surround,
And why such clamours thro' the streets resound?
But they, to whom the Godhead's fame was known,
Approach in triumph, and their Monarch own;
Join the loud shouts, and where in state he pass'd,
Low at his feet rich shining carpets cast,
That glitt'ring with refulgent purple glow'd,
And o'er the streets triumphal chaplets strow'd.

Scarce was he enter'd, when his eyes beheld
A place, with numbers from all quarters fill'd.
A ceaseless tumult from the crowd ascends,
He stops; admiring what the noise portends.

Crown'd with thick trees, a winding valley lay
Retir'd and shaded from the solar ray;
I'th' midst, a standing pool; supply'd by rills [hills.
That murmuring trickled down the neighbouring
Unmarried nymphs were whilom wont to bring
Fresh urns of water from this limpid spring;
And here with drink the swains of old supply'd
Their flocks, or drench'd them in the cleansing tide.
From whence in later times, if fame say true,
T'was call'd a lake, and such appear'd to view.
On certain days assembled here are found
Numbers, whom various maladies surround.
For oft the peaceful lake was seen to rise
In foamy billows, bounding to the skies.
But from what source this strange commotion
Was undiscover'd by the vulgar throng. [sprung,
Fair maids alone, and beardless youths reveal'd
This wondrous secret, from the rest conceal'd;
That thro' the air, in glitt'ring mantle bright,
A Youth descending from th' etherial height,
With both his hands to move the lake was seen;
The bubbling waters trembled from within:
Swift as he pass'd, his golden wings display
A radiant gleam of light that gilds his way.
Thus the bright star, from high Olympus sent,
To fleets, or hosts encamp'd a dire portent!

Shoots

Præcipitat, flammis longè lateque coruscis
 Scintillans: corda ignaris mortalibus horrent.
 Ergo expectabant denso miseri agmine circum
 E cœlo signum intenti, laticesque quietos
 Servabant oculis; atque omnes auribus auras;
 Auditum ad signum subitò ut se primus in undâ
 Quisque daret, stagnoque sonanti immergeret artus.
 Quippe erat inde salus semper, non pluribus, uni,
 Qui subitò impulsus prior exiliisset in æquor.
 Sicut ubi vacui tendunt medio æquore campi,
 Viribus, et rapido, juvenes; decernere cursu,
 Arrexere animos cuncti, signumque parati
 Expectant; pulsât pavor intus pectora anhelus
 Omnibus; atque locum spondet sibi quisque priorem.

Hos inter, longo detentus brachia morbo,
 Brachiaque, et plantas, omnes et inutilis artus,
 Jetrus erat; cui quondam, et opes, et avita fuere
 Prædia opima: sed ut juvenili è corpore morbum
 Pelleret, heu nimium mendaci credidit arti;
 Dumque vias omnes, medicæque explorat opis vim,
 Pauperiem morbo adjecit miserandus iniquam,
 Ossibus ad vivum qui jam persederat imis.
 Jamque ferè demum in luctu quater egerat annum
 Innumeris circumventus morbisque, fameque:
 Quem postquam adspexit proprius stellantis Olympi
 Rege satus, sic est ultrò placido ore locutus:

Infelix, quæ te segnis mora detinet unum
 Servantem has frustra ripas, et tristibus undam
 Præsentem morbis; alii cùm scilicet omnes
 Protinus hinc abeant læti, oblitique laborum
 Accipiant solitas reparato in corpore vires?

Ille sub hæc; largoque genas simul imbre
 rigabat.

Non hoc crimen aquæ, non vis mihi fontis iniqua est:
 Verum ego dum motum opperior salientis aquæ,

Shoots thro' the Ether, in a trail of light,
While trembling mortals gaze with wild affright.
Here from all parts conven'd, a wretched band
To wait the signal with attention stand;
With keen impatience eye the lake profound,
And anxious listen to the passing sound:
Each rais'd in eager hopes, the sign apply'd,
Before the rest to plunge into the tide.
For not to all the lake fresh vigour gave,
But him, who foremost touch'd the trembling wave.
As when, where fields their spacious bounds extend,
In strength and swiftness rival youths contend;
Hopes of success their daring minds elate,
Eager they stand, and for the signal wait;
Fear strikes their panting breasts; intent each eyes
The distant goal, and wins in thought the prize.

Close by the bank, amidst the crowd, was laid,
His limbs by long disease all useless made,
Jetrus; who once was blest'd with wide command
O'er flocks of cattle, and paternal land;
But from his limbs to drive the latent ill,
Too much had trusted to fallacious skill.
For while, with hopes delusive, he explores
Each art salubrious of the healing pow'rs;
No skill alas! cou'd make his torment less,
And meager want still doubled the distress.
Near forty years thus wretched had he laid,
Oppress'd with sickness, and to ills betray'd;
When in a lucky hour, approaching nigh,
Thus spoke the Offspring of th' ethereal sky.

Unhappy Man! What causes here detain
Thy footsteps, ling'ring on these banks in vain?
Behold, what numbers have their way pursu'd,
With health recover'd, and with strength renew'd!

To this with groans the feeble wretch replies,
The chrystal tears fast streaming from his eyes:
Hard is my lot; yet far from me to blame
The sov'reign virtues of this wond'rous stream.

Præcipientes dant saltu alii se in stagna priores
 Ad sonitum: invalidis nequeo ipse insistere plantis;
 Nec me tunc opis externæ dignatur egentem
 In stagno quisquam ante alios merfere salubri.

Talia narrantem placido Deus ore tuetur,
 Atque ait: ipse tuis pedibus subsiste; valensque
 Carpe viam: nec cuncta undis debere necesse est.
 Vix ea, cum subito cernentibus omnibus ecce
 Erigitur, stratumque humeris, mirabile visu,
 Ipse suis referens pedes omnes passibus æquat;
 Atque suo solidæ respondent robore vires.
 Sicut ubi in sylvis dum ramos colligit, anguem
 Frigore sopitum pastor, brumæque rigentem,
 Frondibus implicuit, admovitque incius igni:
 Nulla mora est, proprius flammæ vix pertulit,
 et jam
 Attollitque caput, jamque ignea lumina torquet,
 Perque domum serpens micat arduus ore trilingui.

Parte aliâ ante fores templi, mediâque ministri

Ingenti strepitu testudine dona sedentes
 Vendebant, quæ plebs æratæ imponeret aræ,
 Lanigeras pecudes, taurosque, paresque columbas,
 Voti ut quisque reus, rerumque ut copia cuique.
 Quos simul atque Heros ingressus vidit, et omnem
 Discursu et clamore locum resonare prophano,
 Haud tulit, et verbis graviter commotus acerbis
 Reppulit, intortum vibrans per terga flagellum,
 Verberaque insonuit, sacroque à limine abegit:
 Qualis ubi Arctoïs Boreas erupit ab antris,
 Aëreos rapido perverrens turbine campos,
 It cœlo ferus, et piceas toto æthere nubes
 Insequitur: dant victa locum, et cava nubila cedunt.

Sacra Deo domus hæc, inquit, hæc numinis ædes:
 Vos

But whilst in fix'd attention, with the rest,
 I wait the motion on the waves impress'd;
 Others, all needful strength to me deny'd,
 Foremost descend into the healing tide.
 And in this envy'd lake no friend will deign
 To plunge me, suing for relief in vain.

Thus while he spoke, on him the pitying God
 Kind looks of tenderest sympathy bestow'd,
 And, rise, he cry'd, in health thy way pursue;
 Not ev'ry virtue to the stream is due. [sprung
 Scarce were these words pronounc'd, when up he
 Firm on his feet before the gazing throng;
 Then bore aloft his couch, unusual load,
 Vig'rous in strength, and mingled with the crowd.
 So when some Shepherd from the thorny brake,
 'Midst gather'd leaves enwraps a frozen snake,
 And on the living embers throws unseen;
 Soon as he feels th' enliv'ning warmth within;
 His eyes glow fiery red, he glides along,
 Rears his high crest, and darts his forkey tongue.

Amidst the court, before the spacious gate,
 Tumultuous crowds in-throng'd assemblage sate;
 To sell such off'rings, as the pious race
 Were wont on altars, by their law, to place:
 Each, bulls, or lambs, or turtle doves bestow'd,
 In just proportion to the debt they ow'd.
 Whom when our Lord beheld in ranks around,
 And heard the place with impious noise resound;
 Inflam'd with zeal, he snatch'd a twisted thong,
 And o'er the shoulders of this rebel throng
 Clanks the tough lash; the sacrilegious crew
 Asham'd, and wounded from the court withdrew.
 So Boreas bursting from his northern bound,
 Rides thro' the fields of air in whirlwind sound;
 Drives the big clouds with unresisted force,
 The clouds fly vanquish'd, nor obstruct his course.

This house, the seat of holy rites, he cries,
 Is sacred to the God who rules the skies;

Vos autem versam indignos scelerastis in usus.
 Sanguine respersum est aras, animaque litatum
 Haecenus antiquis concessio more sacrorum :
 Indultum fatis, atque ovium jam cædis abunde est.
 Nunc Pater omnipotens pecudum volucrumque cruori
 Parcere vos posthac jubet, ac fumantibus extis.
 Vos diversa manent mutatis orgia sacris :
 Discite justitiam tantum, puraque litate
 Mente, Deumque piis precibus placate volentem :
 Hi vestri ritus, ea deinde piacula sunt.

Sic ait, et supplex demisso poplite ad aram
 Cernuus arcanâ prece Patris numen adorat.

Jamque sacerdotum primis exarserat ingens
 Tristi in corde dolor, flammæque iræque coquebant.
 Nec novus hic primum furor, hæc odia aspera
 surgunt :

Antiquæ irarum causæ, antiquique dolores
 Haudquaquam exciderant animis, fixique manebant.
 Non tamen hic ausi sunt illum surgere contra ;
 Sed veriti ultricem plebem, turbamque sequentum,
 Excessere adytis, nequicquam indigna minati.
 Quales nocte lupi stabulis cum forte reclusis
 Appetiere gregem ; verum custodia pernox
 Obstitit, et canibus vocalibus inde revulsit :
 Olli (dira fames stimulis agit intus) abacti
 Cedunt, et montes nequicquam ululatus implent.

Dum verò affatur Genitorem Divus ad aram,
 Mirantes focii templum per singula lustrant,
 Suspectu molem vasto, artificumque laborem,
 Cautibus excisas centum, centum ære columnas,
 Omnes è solido, omnes altis montibus æquas,
 Tignaue, et æterna ex cedro laquearia, ahenoque
 Æratas porro stridentes cardine portas,
 Sectilibusque minutatim sola lævia saxi :
 Tum puro ex auro postes, mensasque metallo

But ye, by frantic superstition blind,
Have madly turn'd it from the use design'd.
With sacrifice your altars long have groan'd,
And daily off'rings for your sins aton'd,
Such the religious rites by law decreed :
But now no longer must the Victim bleed.
The lives of beasts th' Almighty bids you spare,
And on new sacred acts employ your care.
Henceforth be justice your supreme delight,
Revere the laws of equity and right ;
With pious pray'rs the Deity appease ;
These be your holy rites, your daily customs these.

He said, and at the Altar bending down,
Address'd his secret pray'r to great Jehovah's throne.

But vengeful thoughts amidst the Priests arise,
Flame in their breast, and sparkle in their eyes.
Nor do they now first feel the raging smart,
Keen griefs of old lay rankling in their heart :
But aw'd by fear all violence they forbear,
And idly threat'ning from the shrines repair.
So prowling Wolves, when night extends her shade,
The folds unpenn'd, defenceless flocks invade ;
Yet from the spoil by clam'rous dogs debarr'd,
And faithful courage of the trusty guard ;
Tho' urg'd by hunger, quit th' untasted food,
And savage howlings fill each neighbouring wood.

While now the God adores his heav'nly Sire,
His friends the Temple's spacious bulk admire,
With pleas'd regard surveying ev'ry part,
The rich materials and the builder's art.
Here they behold an hundred columns rise,
Of solid marble, each a rock in size ;
Rafters and beams in curious order laid,
And splendid roofs of lasting cedar made ;
On brazen hinges huge enormous doors,
And the smooth polish of the marble floors.
Here rows of pillars, beauteous to behold,
With massy tables, of unfully'd gold ;

E simili, et fixos alta ad donaria currus.
Distinctos ebena, et candenti elephanto.

Quæ dum cuncta legunt, perfectis ordine votis,
Improvisus adest, tacitusque supervenit Heros,
Atque ait : hæc moles, adeò hæc immania
templa,

Protinus ut vento radicitus eruta pinus,
Versa repentè dabunt labem, ingentemque ruinam :
Et tibi digna tuis, Solyma, instant præmia
factis ;

Quæ vates ad te missos divinitus ausa es
Tot ferro petere, aut duris detrudere saxis.
Ipse tuo quoties, præsens ut vera mo-
nerem,

Tentavi cives incassum cogere in unum ;
Ceum cristata suos dispersa examina foetus
Singultu volucris vocat, et plaudentibus alis !
Ferro excisa cades : jamjam labentia regna
Protinus arma ruent tua, vindexque hauriet
ignis,

Et passim hæc largo sudabit sanguine tellus.
Nonne vides, jam ut nunc res procubet in-
clinata ?

Et tibi jam votis non prositnectere vota ?
Longè alias Pater omnipotens sacra transtulit
oras ;

Longè aliâ vult ipse coli et placarier urbe :
Atque adeò hic altè depactus terminus esto.

Sic fatus, monstrat miras in marmore formas,
Argumentum ingens, senum monumenta dierum,
Magna quibus magni compacta est machina mundi ;
Et veterum eventus, et prisca ex ordine avorum
Facta, haud humanis opus enarrabile verbis.
Non illic hominum effigies, simulacrave divum,
Arcanis sed cuncta notis signisque notavit
Obscuris manus artificis, non hactenus ulli

Cognita ;

There chariots, o'er the altars fix'd on high,
Of polish'd ebon wrought and shining ivory.

While thus his friends, perform'd each sacred rite,
Gaze o'er the work with wonder and delight,
The Chief appears; and lo! this pile, he cries,
This lofty temple of stupendous size,
Like a tall pine, which angry winds uprend,
Shall soon in total desolation end.

Thy crimes, O Solyma! for vengeance call,
And instant ruin threatens thy tott'ring wall;
Who did'st the warnings of kind Heav'n withstand,
And 'gainst the Prophets lift thy murd'rous hand.
How oft, such fatal madness to restrain,
With tender zeal I strove, but strove in vain,
To peaceful union all thy Tribes to bring;
As anxious birds beneath the fott'ring wing,
Invite their helpless off-spring to repair,
And fondly brood them with a parent's care!
Alas! devoted to the sword and fire,
Soon shall these envy'd glories all expire;
Destructive arms thy empire shall o'erthrow,
And streams of blood thro' sad Judæa flow.
Do'st thou not see, ev'n now thy state declines,
And vows avail not at yon' holy shrines.
This sacred worship, by divine command,
At length is destin'd to another land;
In foreign coasts shall pious pray'rs ascend;
Here let the holy Rites, and solemn Cov'nant end.

He said, and to their wond'ring eyes display'd
Rich figures, on the marble dome pourtray'd;
Where wrought by Artists with resemblance true,
A six days work, Creation rose to view.
Here on the spacious sculptur'd wall appears
Each deed illustrious, thro' successive years,
Of Patriarch Chiefs, engrav'd with mystic Art;
No human language cou'd the sense impart.
No forms of men or gods the spaces fill,
But in obscurer types the workmen's skill,

Cognita; non potuere ipsi deprendere vates.

Hic superum Sator informem speculatus acervum;
Æternam noctemque, indigestumque profundum,
Prima videbatur moliri exordia rerum,
Ipse micans radiis, ac multâ luce co-
ruscus.

Jamque videbatur fulvâ de-nube creare
Stelligeri convexa poli, terrasque, fretumque,
Et lucem simul undivagam; mox unde mi-
cantes

Et foliis radios, et cœli accenderet ignes.
Ipsi jam denso crepitare examine circum
Auctoremque, ducemque suum, plausuque sonare
Aligeri fratres supera arce volatile vulgus,
Lucis opus primæ: necdum tamen æthera ab
imis

Flammiferum terris, terras discreverat undis;
Sed tantum confusa jacebant semina rerum.
Nec mora; vix cœli extuderat septemplex
orbem,

Ordine cui vario rutilos affigeret ignes;
Et jam cuncta novam incipiebant sumere formam
Paulatim, cœlumque suâ compage teneri.

Cernere erat, siccâ in medio jam mole re-
lictâ,

Littoribus curvis circum maria humida fundi,
Illisofque vadis spumare ad sidera fluctus.
Nondum pontivagæ curvabant ampla carinæ
Carbasæ, nec liquido lentari in marmore
remi;

Lata sed innocui verrebant æquora Cauri.
Ecce autem, jam fagiferi capita ardua montes
Attollunt, infraque jacent humiles convalles.
Continuò tellus summittens Dædala germen
Flore renidescit, et frondes explicat arbor,
Jam videas viridi vestiri gramine campos;

Jam

The whole had shadow'd with such studious care,
Not ev'n the Prophets cou'd the work declare.

Here Heav'n's dread Sire, in radiant lustre bright,
Surveying Chaos and eternal Night,
Seem'd from those rude and indigested springs,
To draw the seeds and principles of things.
Here from a golden cloud he call'd to birth,
Heav'n's starry Convex, Ocean, Air, and Earth,
And Light wide-circling; whose prolific blaze
Kindled the genial Stars, and solar Rays.

Here, on light wing, the Brethren of the sky,
Around their Lord with shouts triumphant fly,
Who on the first bright morning rose to birth;
Nor yet had Ether from the grosser earth,
Nor earth from ambient ocean burst it's way;
But nature's seeds in wild disorder lay.
Scarce had he form'd the sev'n-fold Orb on high,
And Stars that glitter thro' the spangled sky;
When various things by just degrees put on
A different shape, and order not their own:
At length the glorious Firmament display'd
It's ample bulk, compact and solid made.

Th' emergent Earth scarce dry'd, you might behold,
Around the shores the spacious Ocean roll'd;
Dash'd on the rocks the fretful waters rise,
And mount in foamy billows to the skies.
Nor yet were painted vessels seen to ride
With sails expanded o'er the boundless tide;
Nor bending oars yet vex'd the ruffled sea,
But gentle Zephyrs on the surface play.
See! tufted mountains lift their heads on high,
While far beneath the lowly vallies lie.
Here Earth, impregnated with various stores,
A boundless treasure from it's bosom pours;
The trees unfold their leaves, fresh flow'rs appear,
And the gay fields their verdant liv'ries wear.

Jam colles densis frondere cacumina sylvis,
Illicibusque, oleisque, et coniferis cyparissis.

Nec mora; cæruleo flammis duo lumina cœlo
Incipiunt teneris primùm lucescere rebus;
Et sibi, cœu mundi vigiles, statione vicissim
Succedunt, certoque suum dant fœdere lumen.
Nam lucis fons dimensum sol ambit Olympum
Ipse die, terrasque novo splendore colorat.
Nocte suas vultu pallenti servat in umbris
Luna vices, fundens auratis cornibus ignem:
Lucidaque exornant nocturnis æthera gemmis
Sidera, perpetuo circumlabentia motu.

Tum bifidis passim verrebant marmora caudis
Squamigerùm mutæ pecudes, pelagoque natabant,
At pictæ volucres librare per aëra pennis
Corpora, et inter se curvis decernere rostris.

Nec procul hinc errant latos armenta per agros,
Lanigerique greges persultant pabula læta.
Jam latebras videas meditari dira ferarum
Semina, jam longos per humum reptare chelydros.
Desuper hortâri clarâ de nube putares
Cœlicolùm Regem, lætasque expromere voces,
Crescite, propagate genus, mea semina, vestrum,
Secleque perpetuis generatim jungite seclis.

Tandem nudus homo emicuit tellûre creatus,
Quem superùm Sator affârque, et dicere leges
Ore videbatur coràm, ac præponere regnis,
Qui terras immortalis ditione teneret,
Mansisset dictis, servâisset fœdera pacta.

At campum arboribus juxtâ ac viridantibus
herbis
Lucentem aspicias, stellantia floribus arva,
Poma ubi cæruleo multùm vigilata dracone:

With waving woods the tow'ring hills are crown'd,
Here Olives, Pines, and Cypressès abound,
And oaks, extending their broad shades around. }

Now e'er the work divine compleat is made,
Behold two lights in glitt'ring form array'd!
Which, like the World's great Satellites, maintain
Alternate watch, thro' heav'n's unmeasur'd plain;
The sun o'er high Olympus guides the day,
Fair earth enliv'ning with his vivid ray;
The moon with paler lustre governs night,
And from her golden crescent pours the light;
While heav'n's high arch unnumber'd planets grace;
In circuit dancing thro' th' etherial space.

Here fish with forkey tails the waves divide,
And sportive wanton in the rolling tide;
There birds on pinions poize their weight in air,
And with their crooked beaks commence the war.

Not far from hence large grazing herds are seen,
And flocks of cattle bounding o'er the green;
Wild beasts, that fearful to their coverts make,
And serpents gliding thro' the thorny brake.
You seem heav'n's gracious Sov'reign to behold
This sentence utt'ring from a cloud of gold;
„ My seed, encrease and multiply your race,
„ And fill with rising births time's ample space.

In naked majesty now rose to birth
Man, the great lord and ruler of the earth.
Whom heav'n's dread Monarch seem'd with words
And in his bosom sacred laws impress; [t'address,
Yielding this lower world to his command,
With wide dominion o'er the sea and land;
That long on earth immortal he might reign,
Shou'd he the righteous covenant maintain.

Near this a fertil field you might survey,
With glitt'ring flow'rs and verdant herbage gay;
Where from access the fruit was safe debarr'd,
Kept by the wily dragon's wakeful guard.

Full

In medio fons perspicuis argenteus undis,
 Quatuor adversis volvens regionibus amnes,
 Qui terræ gremio infusi latè arva rigarent.

Atque hîc cernere erat malesuadi fraude draconis
 Deceptum juvenem vetitos ex arbore foetus
 Gustare, edicti immemorem, legisque severæ.
 Et jam (vix pomum infelix admoverat ori)
 Pænituissè putes se frondibus involventem,
 Nec jam cælituum regis gravia ora ferentem.
 Namque videbatur, fulvæ inter vellera nubis,
 Horribili super impendens mortalibus ore
 Dura redarguere, et sævas indicere pœnas
 Pro meritis, quas ille olim, quas omnis
 ab illo
 Progenies lueret lucis ventura sub auras.

Interea Conjux, quæ, capta libidine dirâ,
 Jura prior, legesque datas, ac fœdera, solvit,
 Infelix fruticum frustra per densa latebat.
 At victor, factusque potens jam fraudis, ahenâ
 Effulget squamâ, teretique volumine serpens
 Ter superans stirpem, spirisque ingentibus ambit
 Tortilis, et motis insultat desuper alis,
 Virgineo irridens deceptos improbus ore.

Nec procul hinc ideo videas latè infera
 circum
 Regna, subobscuras sedes, lucemque malignam
 Solis, ubi casti manes, animæque piorum,
 Sedibus exclusæ quondam debentis Olympi,
 Unius ob scelus, expectabant ordine longo.
 Stabant hîc cani procures, vittataque vatum
 Agmina, tendebantque manus ad sidera passas;
 Quos omnes humeris pater altè extantibus Abras,
 Amplificam pandens chlamydem, protentaque latè
 Brachia subnixus, dextrâ lævâque tegebat.

Orantes

Full in the midst, a silver fountain flow'd,
Which to four diff'rent streams it's wealth bestow'd;
Whose waters thro' as many regions glide,
The plains refreshing with a bounteous tide.

Here by the cunning serpent's fraudulent art,
You see th' unwary youth too soon depart
From God's strict laws; and of the fatal tree
Taste freely, careless of divine decree.
When lo! (the fruit scarce to his lips apply'd)
He strives repentant with broad leaves to hide
His guilty shame; nor can he longer bear
His judge's awful frown, and brow severe.
Whom, bending from a radiant cloud of gold,
Incens'd with sudden wrath, you might behold
This first rebellious crime expose to view,
And the just recompence to treason due;
Which he henceforth, and all mankind must share,
That draw from him this vital breath of air.

Meanwhile his consort, who by passion sway'd,
Heav'n's righteous laws had rashly disobey'd,
In vain lay ambush'd in the secret shade. }
But see! the serpent, glorying in his deed,
And proud his guileful malice shou'd succeed,
Glisters with burnish'd scales; and round the tree
Curling his spiry folds, with conscious glee,
Beneath the features of a virgin fair
With cruel insult mocks the wretched pair.

Not distant far appear'd th' infernal seats,
Shaded from solar beams, obscure retreats;
Where the pure souls of pious saints, alone
Debarr'd Olympus for the crime of one,
Impatient stand, dispos'd in long array;
And ardent linger for the dawning day.
Here hoary Sires, adorn'd with holy bands,
Spread to the skies their unavailing hands;
All these, his ample vest unfolding wide,
The Father of the faithful strives to hide [side. }
From heav'n's dread wrath, and guards on ev'ry }
You

Orantes illos credas, superûmque Parentem
 Supplicibus dictis affari, parceret iræ,
 Parceret unius noxa omnes perdere gentes.

Substitit hîc imo suspirans pectore Divus,
 Atque ait. En nostrum deposcunt ista laborem :
 In me nulla mora est ; ego tantæ debitus iræ
 Morte meâ eripiam hos tenebris, et claustra re-
 fringam.

Quin ea, quæ subito paucis deprensa sequuntur,
 Sublegite infandum mihi portendentia letum.

Omnibus hîc pauci extinctis mortalibus ibant
 Inclusi ligno summas impune per undas.
 Ingens lativago fluitabat machina ponto ;
 Et vix extabant immani corpore montes ;
 Quos procul abruptus collisis nubibus ignis
 Ingeminans creber cœlo rutilante petebat.

Hîc natum senior nudo Iacon ense petebat,
 Infelix pater, exequitur dum tristia iussa.
 Aspiceres illum toto jam corpore niti
 Dextram attollentem : nondum respexerat ; et jam
 Nuncius ecce aderat cœli demissus ab arce,
 Iussa ferens primis contraria : victima juxta
 Pascebat, pueri ignari pro cæde parata,
 Candidus et villis aries argenteus albis.

Hinc fratrem invisum narrata ob somnia fratres
 Vendebant, misero mentiti dira parenti
 Funera, discerptumque feris : pater ipse cru-
 entam
 Versabat nati tunicam, lacrymisque rigabat.

Hîc etiam, Phariis dum cives ducit ab oris,
 Post longa exilia in patriam, promissaque regna,
 Legifer auxiliis fretus cœlestibus heros ;
 Orta lues populum errantem miseranda repentè

Ser-

You see them stand engag'd in solemn pray'r,
Imploring heav'n with tears mankind to spare;
Nor leave it's offspring ruin'd and undone,
To death devoted for the guilt of one.

Pausing awhile, the God his step suppress'd,
And deeply sighing, from his lab'ring breast;
These scenes demand my destin'd toil, he said,
Nor shall the gracious work be long delay'd;
My death shall ransom from the shades of night
These suff'ring manes, and restore to light.
Now mark what follows on the wall, and see
Each vary'd type portending death to Me.

A chosen few, the race of mortals drown'd;
Here sail'd in safety o'er the vast profound;
Thro' shoreless seas th' enormous vessel steer'd;
And now the mountains scarce their summits rear'd,
When o'er their lofty heads the lightning flies,
And frequent flashes burst from angry skies. [t'obey,

Here the sad Sire, heav'n's harsh commands
With ruthless sword prepares his son to slay.
Behold him stand oppress'd with silent woe,
His hand just rais'd to strike the fatal blow;
When from the skies a winged angel bears
A diff'rent mandate to his joyful ears.

A fleecy ram, that near the mountain fed,
Well pleas'd he seizes in his offspring's stead.

For boding visions to his brethren told,
Old Israel's sons their hapless brother sold;
Yet other story to their father feign'd,
And show'd his well-known coat with blood distain'd.
The tale with grief th' unhappy parent hears,
And o'er the garment pours a flood of tears.

Observe where Moses leads his favour'd host,
Worn with long exile, from th' Egyptian coast,
To Canaan's fertil bounds; that lovely land,
To Israel destin'd by divine command.
While thro' the lonely wilderness they stray'd,
A loath'd disorder on their vitals prey'd;

Stung

Serpentum afflatu leto dabat, atque jacebant
 Corpora tabifico passim morientia morsu.
 Dux verò in medio campi suspendit ahenum
 Ingenti è malo colubrum, stratosque jubebat
 Dirigere huc aciem intentos, lignumque tueri,
 Quæ miseris erat haud dubiæ via sola salutis.

Parte aliâ, rostro terebrans sibi viscera acuto,
 Fæta avis implumes pascebat vulnere natos:
 Stant olli circùm materno sanguine læti,
 Et pectus certatim omnes rimantur apertum.

His animadversis, portis bipatentibus ibat
 Multa putans, necdum gradibus descenderat
 Heros

Omnibus: et, magno jam longè urgente tumultu,
 Ecce trahebatur, passis per terga capillis,
 Pallida longævi conjux Susanna Manassæi;
 Cui pater egregiam formâ, et florentibus annis,
 Haud placidis tædis invitam ægramque jugarat.
 Namque fidem ob thalami fœdatam ad iusta vo-
 cabant

Supplicia, ingenti juvenum spectante catervâ.
 Et jam saxa manu pueri vulgusque tenebant.
 Ipse sed antevolans prohibebat tela sacerdos,
 Donec porticibus Christum conspexit in amplis;
 Ad quem ubi concessit, miseramque ad limina
 traxit,

Ingressus versare dolos, hæc prodidit, inquit,
 Conjugium, thalamique fidem deprensa fefellit.
 Sontem jura neci tali pro crimine dedi
 Nostra jubent duris (sed quæ inclementia!) saxis.
 Teque ideo, vatum interpretes mitissime, adimus;
 Et tua quænam sit sententia quærimus omnes.

Dixerat, atque animo jam spes pascebat inanes,
 His captum implicitumque putans sermonibus
 Præclusos abitus, non effugia ulla relictâ: [hostem,
 illam]

Stung by th' envenom'd serpent's deadly wound,
Their bloated bodies strow the wasteful ground.
But Moses hangs a brazen serpent high,
And bids the wounded here direct their eye,
With joy this emblematic cross survey,
Which to their safety points the certain way.

Near this, the bird whose mangled bosom bleeds,
With her own wound her callow offspring feeds,
Around they stand, impatient for her blood,
And from her painful bowels tear their food.

Scarce had our Lord with skill divine explain'd,
These mystic figures on the walls contain'd,
And thro the gates in thoughtful musing pass'd
Down the smooth marble steps, nor reach'd the last,
When lo! with hair dishevell'd drag'd along,
'Midst noise and insult by a rabble throng,
The fair Susanna, old Manasseh's wife!
To whom in early bloom and pride of life,
Submitting to a parent's harsh command,
The nymph had yielded her unwilling hand.
And now to public justice was she led,
For foul pollution of the nuptial bed:
The crowds stood ready with uplifted hands,
Her crime to punish, as the law commands.
But when the priest our blessed Lord beheld
Within the porch, their furious zeal he quell'd.
Then strait with base dissimulation came,
And yielding to his hands the captive dame;
This wretch, he cry'd, her honour has betray'd,
The faith she plighted and the vows she made.
Our law, we know (but who such thoughts can bear?)
Condemns th' offender to a death severe.

To thee, O mild interpreter, we come,
To seal her pardon or pronounce the doom.

He said, and pleas'd with his insidious art,
Conceives a secret Triumph in his heart;
Deeming the foe, by specious guile ensnar'd,
From ev'ry hope and subterfuge debarr'd.

Illam quippe neci si solveret interceptam
Miti animo miseratus, cum turba omnis in-
ipsum

Saxaque, et ultrices raptim converterat iras,
Quòd sanctas gentis leges everteret illex;
Si verò ad poenam jussit pro crimine duci,
Sese odiis vulgi objiceret crudelis acerbis.
Hæc agitans jam victorem se mente ferebat,
Pectore lætitiâ multùm tumefactus inani.
Ac veluti in somnis olim sibi visus

arator,

Dum terræ attrito suspendit vomere terga,
Auri ingens pondus campo effodisse subacto,
Gaudia vana fovet: cernet somno ille relictus
Pauperiem, duros et adhuc sibi adesse la-
bores,

Somnia fortunamque animo execratus inanem.
Ipse viam Deus inveniet (fallacia numen
Nulla humana valet contra) quâ legibus illi
Parceret illæsis: nempe, ut defixa tenebat
Ora solo, tandem attollens, turbamque paratam
Aspectans, ait: haud dubium, quin crimine
letum

Sit merita; id prisci quondam sanxere parentes.
Ergo agite ô vestrum quicumque est criminis
expers,

Saxa manu primus rapiat, feriatque merentem:
Ecquis erit tanto è numero, qui vulnera prima
Dirigat, et sceleris purum se proferat ultro?
Sic, memorans omnes servabat lumine pronus
Obliquo, horrendumque tuens, illumque pa-
ratus

Inscripsisse solo, cui mens interrita nullum
Esset ob admissum fædè, securaque culpæ.
Stabat conspectu in medio tremebunda puella,
Jam suffusa oculos mortis nigrore propin-
quæ,

Et positis terram genibus submissa petebat;
Non

For shou'd he, pitying her unhappy case,
 The guilty dame from punishment release;
 On his own head the vengeance he wou'd draw,
 As one, regardless of the nation's law:
 But if with rigour her offence pursue,
 He'd wake resentment in the vulgar crew.
 At this, fond hopes within his breast arise,
 And joy delusive sparkles in his eyes.
 So when by fancy's mimic shape betray'd,
 Some rustic, slumb'ring in the midnight shade,
 Dreams that his plow-share winding thro' the mould,
 By lucky chance upturns some hoarded gold,
 Unusual transports in his bosom rise:
 But when the fond illusive vision flies,
 He wakes to wonted poverty again,
 And curses fortune and his dreams in vain.
 Alas! can human cunning hope to lie,
 Veil'd from the reach of Heav'n's all-searching eye?
 The God with ease will scape the deep-laid snare,
 Observe the edict, yet release the fair.
 Patising awhile in silent thought profound,
 His modest eyes he fixt upon the ground.
 At length surveying where these Zealots stood,
 Inflam'd with rage, and thirsting for her blood;
 Doubtless the dame deserves her fate, he cries,
 Our Sires approv'd it and by law she dies.
 Then strait let him who knows no guilty deed,
 Snatch the first stone and give the death decreed.
 Prove now from all this crowd, what man is he,
 Whose blameless conscience from offence is free.
 He said, and view'd oblique the circle round,
 In solemn silence stooping to the ground,
 T'inscribe in lasting marks that happy One,
 Whose heart were guileless, and to sin unknown.
 Amidst the throng the blushing Nymph appears,
 Conscious of guilt, and drown'd in flowing tears;
 And while the shades of death her eyes surround,
 Falls on her knees submissive to the ground.

Non minùs exanimata metu, quàm in retia cerva
Acta canum latratu, et longo exercita cursu,
Cum jam consumptæ vires, cum se undique
cinctam

Hoste videt, mortemque instantem certa moratur.

His autem auditis responsis, omnibus ingens
Confestim cecidit furor, et vis fracta quievit.
Quisque suam tacito versant in pectore vitam,
Inque vicem spectant sese, atque adversa tuentur,
Nec quisquam turba in tanta se prodidit ultro.
Saxa cadunt manibus furtim labentia, et omnes
Quisque sui memores abeunt, templumque re-
linquunt.

Ut verò Deus aspexit vacua atria circum,
Linea detraxit pavitanti vincla puellæ,
Atque illam verbis monitam dimittit amicis:
I mellor, veterum famam jam extingue malorum.

Tallia dein socios fatur conversus ad ipsos:
Heu durum genus! haud possunt desistere victi,
Nil relinquunt intentatum, nil prorsus inausum.
Nempe ego nunc festis, fas contra et jura,
diebus,

Affero opem invalidis, ægrosque in pristina reddo:
Nunc fontes, et sponte sua commissa fatentes,
Accipio, noxæque animos et crimine solvo.
Nunc socii fruges tractant et vina, priusquam
Dent manibus lymphas, cum victu corpora curant,
Nec dapibus parcunt, et quæ in nos plurima
jactant.

Quinetiam me fraude petunt furta irrita adorti:
Vel cum Romanis astu me opponere tentant
Incautum, quærunque dolo, an fas pendere regi
Per capita argentum, edicto quod quisque ju-
betur.

Nec cæcos mea facta movent ingentia, quæ non
Humanis fierent opibus, non artibus ullis:

Nec

Not less affrighted than the tim'rous deer,
When fast intangled in the hunters snare,
And urg'd by clam'rous dogs, she pants for breath,
O'er spent, and trembling at th' approach of death.

Scarce had our gracious Lord these words express'd,
When all at once their raging fury ceas'd.

Each, as their conscious thoughts descend within,
Views in his guilty breast some lurking sin;
Nor of this zealous crew, cou'd one be found
To stand undaunted forth, and give the wound.

At length, their secret sins too clearly known,
Down from their hands they drop th' uplifted stone;
And quitting to his juster charge the dame,
Forth from the temple steal, o'erwhelm'd with
Soon as he view'd the courts deserted round, [shame.
Our Lord with speed the trembling Nymph unbound,
Bid her no more such evil course pursue,
But with repentant mind her Innocence renew.

Then to his friends with warmth he thus exclaim'd,
Oh! stubborn race! unconquer'd and untam'd!
Urg'd by revenge, still plots on plots they build,
Nor oft defeated, will resign the field.

Sometimes, it seems, on Sabbath-days, the poor,
Against their Laws, from sickness I restore.

Then sinners, of an humble mind, receive
To offer'd mercy, and their crimes forgive.

Now they object (and scarce escapes a day,
But some poor trifle to our charge they lay)

That ye, regardless of traditions, eat

With hands uncleanse'd, your accusom'd meat.

Nay, they ev'n urge the Romans to oppose
Their hate against Me, and commence my foes:

And to this end select a chosen band,
In humble guise instructed to demand,

Whether in them t'were lawful to obey
Rome's foreign edicts, and the tribute pay?

Nor do my acts, beyond the pow'r or art
Of men to equal move their stubborn heart.

Nec quâ vi hæc agitem spoliati lumine cernunt,
 Consiliisque audent supremi obstare Parentis.
 Nec præscos tollo ritus, legesve refigo:
 Quippe alia arcanis longè sententia dictis
 Indeprensa latet, longè altera sacra teguntur
 Nube sub obscurâ verborum ut cætera mittam,
 Quid suis horretis vetitis imponere mensis
 Viscera? non animis tabem sublimibus affert,
 Aut his, aut illis jejunia solvere rebus.
 Vobis ipse obest mens ipsa, et dira cupido.
 Sed quoniam gaudet cœno immundâque palude
 Setigerum genus, et pecori huic innata libido
 est;

In sue adumbrantur veneris mala gaudia foedæ.
 Quinetiam, ut iussis animos cœlestibus auctor
 Paulatim assuefcens posset mollire colendo,
 Nec nullâ inciperet sub religione tenere;
 Indociles primùm populos, obtusaque gentis
 Pectora, iussit oves jugulare, et sanguine
 terram

Imbuere, immeritosque aris mactare juvencos:
 Quæ tamen omnia erant, si cui mens alta
 vigeat,

Venturæ speculum mox religionis et umbra.

His actis, jam devexum cum vesper olympum
 Clauderet, egrediens malefidâ cessit ab urbe.
 Tum Genitorem obitus affarier ante propin-
 quos

Exoptans, coramque arcanas promere voces,
 Ignaros socios Taburi imâ in valle reliquit:
 Ipsa autem ascensu superans capita ardua
 montis

Constitit, ærea feriunt ubi sidera cedri.
 Addiderant comites se tantum ex omnibus illi
 Fidus Iôannes cum fratre, Petrusque vocati.
 Stabant orantes taciti, pariterque supinas
 Tendebant sine voce manus ac lumina, cœlo.

Ipse

Blind to the light of heav'nly truth, they still
Reject the counsel of my Father's will.
No harsh illegal methods I pursue,
Absolve old customs, and establish new.
Beneath their types far other meaning lies,
Wrapt in dark clouds, and hid from vulgar eyes;
Far other rites th' ambiguous words contain,
Which veil'd in shadows unobserv'd remain.
One instance from a thousand more to chuse —
Why do your tribes the flesh of pork refuse?
No food of this or that peculiar kind,
In proper measures, can corrupt the mind:
Impure desires that in the bosom spring,
These, these alone, the vile pollution bring.
But as the bristly kind delight to roll
In mud, and wallow in the slimy pool,
And lust intemp'rate marks this filthy race;
The joys of Venus in the swine we trace.
Besides, that God his counsels might instill,
And bend their passions to his sov'reign will,
By some religious principles subdu'd;
His chosen people, yet unskill'd and rude,
He bade the consecrated ground to stain
With blood of victims, on their altars slain.
Which rites but shadow'd to discerning eyes,
The true religion that in time shou'd rise.
These acts perform'd, as night her shade extends,
Our Lord his footsteps from the city bends.
Then urg'd, e'er death approach, with warm desire
To pray in secret to his heav'nly Sire;
From his lov'd friends this purpose to conceal,
Retir'd he left them in the neighbouring vale.
Himself o'er Tabor's brow ascends on high,
Where cedars wave their summits in the sky.
Peter and James, and John, a chosen few,
With him alone from all the rest withdrew.
Each rapt in silent pray'r attentive stands,
And lifts his eyes, and spreads to heav'n his hands:

Ipse autem his magno Genitorem affatur amore.

O Pater, en, insons nunc dira ad funera
pergo

Progenies tua! nec tot ferre indigna recuso,
Quando certa tibi mens, atque hæc fixa vo-
luntas;

Et tanti mortale genus; nil demoror, adsum.
Hos saltem, qui me, patriæque suisque re-
lictis,

Per varios casus lætissima corda sequuntur,
Aspice, et immeritos cæcis averte periclis
Haud vereor, quod se his homines, gens impia,
passim

Opponunt: nil facta hominum mortalia terrent.
Ipsi etiam (nihil hoc moveor) moriantur ad unum;
Aut potius sævo, si vis, tu fulmine perde
Correptos igni; et penitus res attere fractas
Tu Genitor, tanto finemque impone labori;
Si tantæ est genus humanum cœlo addere
molis,

Seclaque mutatis in pristina reddere rebus.
Tantum oro (scelus) inferno summissa barathro
Gens, pestem meditata viris, nil improba furtis
Officiat, non infando prævertat amore
Insidiis captos, nec corda improvida fallat,
Dum scelera hortatur nostrique obliviam suadet.
Jamjam aderunt infandi hostes, armata dolis gens,
Nondum animos satiata, graves nondum ulta
dolores;

Has fraudes, jamque has fraudes, artesque mo-
vebunt.

Quas non mentiti simulato corpore formas,
Ut capiant genus innocuum, vertantque venenis
Pestiferis? Tu frange dolos, ferque irrita in
auras

Cuncta, Pater: tandem victis edice quiescant.
Sint, qui per terras gentes post funera nostra
Justitiam erudiant, et religionis amorem:

Hanc

Whilst he himself, in act of filial love,
Thus breathes his soul to heav'n's high throne above.

Since in thy sov'reign counsel 'tis decreed,
Almighty Father! that thy son must bleed,
For human race; in Me there's no delay,
The work to finish, and thy will obey.
But these, who various toils have undergone,
Their friends deserted for my sake alone;
With kind compassion from high heav'n behold,
And guard from danger this selected fold.
Not that I fear what impious men can do,
Who still with hate this harmless tribe pursue.
Ev'n let them all submit to death decreed,
I ask not, Father! to reverse this deed.
Nay, rather on their heads thy thunders throw,
And end at once this scene of human woe;
If 'tis a work of so much pains and care,
A world by sin disorder'd to repair, [share. }
And give man's guilty race the joys of heaven to }
This, this alone I make my last request;
O let not that infernal tribe, the pest
Of human kind, with false insidious art
My lov'd Disciples from the truth pervert;
By soft allurements into sin betray,
And steal my precepts from their heart away.
Ev'n now, as hostile death approaches near,
Arm'd with deceits the foe will soon appear;
On me and mine exert their utmost skill,
A race untam'd, and obstinate in ill.
What various shapes they try? what dark disguise,
Their fraud to cover, and infuse their lies?
But all their plots, their machinations blast,
O Sire! and vanquish'd let them yield at last.
Then, when no longer on this earth I stay,
May there be some commission'd to convey,
The truths of pure religion to mankind,
And plant the laws of justice in their mind;

Let

Hanc veniam concede : id nati cedat amori.
Filius hæc : Genitor contrà cui talia reddit :

Nate, Patris virtus, nostrisque simillima imago,
Nulla tuis fraus (sölve metum) nullæve nocē-
bunt

Insidiæ, quas nunc regni molitur operti
Arbiter; incæpti frustra irritus omnia tentat.
Induat in facies centum, centum ille figuras;
Ipse adero, retegamque dolos, fœcundaque fraudis
Agmina disjiciam, et magnâ virtute resistam.
Unus erit tantùm, cui mentem insania vertet :
Infelix, jam nunc devoto pectore versat
Infandum scelus; atque tui jam pœnitet ægrum
Secum indignantem, tua quod præcepta se-
cutus

Exuerit blandum vitæ mortalis amorem,
Malueritque graves sub te tolerare labores:
Omnia quæ mecum mundi ante exordia nosti.
Hunc tamen indignum numero cœtuque pio-
rum

Addidimus, memores vatum, qui talia quondam
Prædixere, tuis exemplum insigne futurum.
Evadent alii insidias meliora sequuti.
Omnes, te propter contempto lucis amore,
Haud mortem horrescent, pergentque in funera
læti;

Innumeramque suo parient tibi sanguine
gentem,

Projectu vitæ, et mortis amore, superbi.
Efficiam cœlo dignos post aspera tandem
Funera, deserti magnum ætheris incrementum,
Quos tu olim aspicias hac relligione nepotes
Surgere, Nate, tibi! quàm pectora certa vi-
debis!

Tu modò tu perge, et cæptum decurre laborem.
Hi, quos cernis enim vix nunc tua jussâ se-
quutos

Indo-

Let not this boon, O Father! be deny'd.
Thus pray'd the son, and thus the Sire reply'd.

O Son! in whom alone my glories shine,
Thou true resemblance of my pow'r divine!
No fraud, (dismiss thy fear) no projects laid,
By the grim tyrant of the gloomy shade,
Against thy friends, shall reach the end design'd,
But ev'ry scheme be scatter'd in the wind.
Let him in thousand various shapes appear,
And still a thousand new disguises wear;
Myself will frustrate all his wiles, and lay
His inmost counsels open to the day.

One, one alone, to truth and reason blind,
A crime enormous harbours in his mind;
Ev'n now repents, that for thy sake he chose,
The world and all it's pleasures to oppose,
With toils familiar, and inur'd to woes.

All which with me thy piercing eye survey'd,
E'er the foundations of the world were laid.

Yet him, tho' far unworthy to obtain
Such sacred trust, we added to thy train;
Regardful of those holy seers of old,
Whose voice prophetic these events foretold.
Warn'd by such sad example to beware,
The rest uninjur'd shall escape the snare.

Not one shall tremble at the thoughts of death,
Or deem it hardship to resign his breath;
But proud to add such numbers to thy reign,
Ev'n court afflictions, and rejoice in pain.
These, when their glorious toils are past, shall rise
From Earth, and people the deserted skies.

What crowds henceforth shall own thy sov'reign
What true disciples shall thy laws obey? [sway?

Only, my Son, perform th' appointed deed,
And chearful to the destin'd goal proceed.
These, who ev'n now, unlearn'd and rude of speech,
Can scarce discover what thy doctrines teach,

Shall

Indociles, fandi ignaros (morā non erit) altos
Pectore concipient sensus, doctoque verendas
Ore canent leges afflati numine nostro,
Et vastum in melius referent hortatibus
orbem.

Succedent aliis alii, sacrique nepotes
Victores tua signa ferent trans ultima
claustra

Oceani latas undis cohibentia terras;
Clarescetque tuum passim per secula nomen.
Sponte suā invicti reges tibi sceptrā, tibi
arma

Subjicient sua per terras, arasque sacra-
bunt,

Atque adeò gravida imperiis Roma illa su-
perba,

Appenninivagi quæ propter Tybridis undam
Ingentes populos frenat, pulcherrima rerum,
Summittet fasces, et, quas regit, orbis ha-
benas.

Illic relligio, centum illic maxima tem-
pla,

Centum aræ tibi fumantes, centumque ministri;
Quique viris latè, atque ipsis det jura, sacer-
dos,

Regibus, et summo te in terris reddat ho-
nore.

Siqua tamen, paulatim annis labentibus,
ætas

Decolor inficiet mores, versisque nepotes
Degeneres surgent studiis; per dura, la-
boresque

Exercens lapsam revocabo in pristina
gentem.

Illa malis semper melior se tollet ad astra.
Sæpe solo velut eversam, excisamque videbis,
Quam modò prædixi, populorum incurisibus
urbem.

Verum

Shall feel e'er long, by heav'nly power impress'd,
New sense and vigour rising in their breast;
Religion's laws with wisdom's force display,
To truth and virtue point th' unerring way, }
And teach a sinful world thy precepts to obey.
To these shall others in due time succeed;
And priests victorious shall thy standard spread
To worlds remote, beyond th' extremest bounds
Where distant Ocean the vast globe surrounds:
Succeeding ages shall encrease thy fame,
Till ev'ry Nation hears the Christian name.
Unconquer'd Monarchs shall their scepters lay }
Beneath thy feet; shall own thy potent sway,
And pure devotion at thy altars pay.
Ev'n Rome herself, who rules with pow'r supreme,
Where ancient Tiber rolls his fertil stream;
The world's fair mistress, from her awful throne
Shall bow the fasces, and thy empire own.
There shall religion spread her wide command,
There rais'd for Thee, an hundred temples stand;
An hundred altars to thy honour rise,
And waft their grateful incense to the skies;
An hundred servants wait; and o'er the rest
With pomp superior shall a sov'reign priest
Preside; dominion ev'n o'er Kings obtain,
And sole on earth thy great vice-gerent reign.
Yet if some stain, as rolling years encrease,
Shall taint the virtues of this pious race,
And hence a new posterity arise,
That chang'd in manners shall these rites despise;
Myself the nation will restore again,
Long urg'd by toils, and exercis'd in pain.
These toils, these woes shall but her virtues try,
Refine from dross, and lift her to the sky.
Full oft thine eyes with sorrow shall behold
That glorious city, which I late foretold;
By arms of barb'rous foes besieg'd around,
Torn from her seat, and levell'd with the ground.
Yet

Verum quo magis illa malis exercita, semper
Altiùs hoc surgens celsum caput inferet aëtris,
Mœniaque in melius semper recidiva reponet.
Nec nisi subiecto passim sibi desinet orbe.
Sic placitum: nostri sedes ea numinis esto.
Hæc ait, et natum dextrâ complexus inhæsit.

Ecce autem subito rubra vibratus ab æthra
Cum sonitu fulgor micat, et polus intonat ingens.
Nam Pater omnipotens manifestus ab æthere
nubem

Ostendit radiis illustrem lucis, et igni.
Omnia collucent latè loca turbine Christus
Corripitur rapido, mediâque in nube refulsit,
Verus et aspectu paruit Deus, atque per auras
Divinum toto spiravit vertice odorem
Luminis ætherei specimen, Genitoris imago.
Nec secus emicuit roseo pulcherrimus ore
Insolitâ circum perfundens omnia luce,
Quàm cum mane recens lucis fons aureus
ingens,

Lumine sol cœlum exoriens rigat omne pro-
fuso,

Oceani in speculo longè resplendet imago,
Et crocæ effulgent aurata cacumina sylvæ.
Talem se sociis mirantibus obtulit Heros,
Amborum in medio vaturn quorum alter
adivit

Flammifero quondam investus cœli ardua curru,
Et tranavit equis insultans aëris auras.
Isacidum Phariis genus alter duxit ab oris
Dux profugum, legesque dedit, moremque sa-
crorum.

Nec non cœlicolũ propius tum maxima
pandit

Visa domus, cœlique ingens apparuit aula.
Tum Genitor nubis fulgens candentis amictu,
Oscula libavit Nato, et vox lapsa per auras:

Hic

Yet still the deeper she's oppress'd with woe,
The more exalted shall her honours grow:
Her ruin'd walls she shall with ease replace,
Ev'n rise still more triumphant from disgrace,
Nor cease till she the prostrate world o'er-awe,
And vanquish'd nations own her sov'reign law.
This is my fix'd, irrevocable will;
This seat shall my resplendent presence fill.
Thus spoke th' eternal sov'reign from above,
And clasp'd his offspring with paternal Love.

Now shot from Ether, with a rushing sound,
A radiant gleam of glory blaz'd around.
For lo! th' Almighty Sire reveal'd to sight
A Cloud, that glitter'd with bright rays of light.
Rapt in the whirlwind Christ himself appears,
And on his front unusual splendor wears;
The sudden glories on his form bestow'd,
Display th' undoubted tokens of a God.
From his bright locks ambrosial odours rise,
And Heav'n's own image sparkles in his eyes.
Not less resplendent was his visage found,
With rays cœlestial glitt'ring all around;
Than when the golden fountain of the day
Begins his orient glories to display;
In Ocean's mirrour we his form behold,
And the bright mountains seem to glow in gold.
Such to his wond'ring friends the God appears,
In state attended by two sacred Seers.
One in a fiery chariot rapt on high,
Was whirl'd by coursers thro' th' etherial sky.
The Other led from Pharaoh's hostile coast
The tribes of Israel, an unnumber'd host;
And while thro' dreary wastes forlorn they stray,
Taught them religious laws and customs to obey.
At once the mansions of etherial light,
And Heav'n's stupendous court appear'd to sight.
Then the great Sire, effulgent from a cloud,
Embrac'd his Son, and thus was heard aloud.

The

Hic mea progenies, hic est mea magna voluptas :
Uni huic mortales omnes parete volentes.
Nec plura his: toto assouit chorus omnis Olympo
Cœlestū, cantu vario, plausumque dedere.
Tum demum in faciem consuetam redditus Heros,
Attonitos socios, monstrisque metuque sepultos
Excitat, atque hominis mortali apparuit ore.

MARCI.

BOOK I.] THE CHRISTIAD.

65

" Behold my Son belov'd, my joy alone;

" His just dominion let all nations own."

Nor added more; the heav'nly choirs around,

In various concert due applauses sound.

At length the Hero from the ground uprears

His friends, astonish'd and o'erwhelm'd with fears; }

And in his own accusom'd form appears.

E

VIDA'

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER SECUNDUS.

AT Solymi trepidi rerum, et formidine cæci,
Noctem illam patrum primi, templique ministri
Insomnem duxerunt: animis adeo addita cura
Incubat, ac nullam attonitis dat dira quietem.
Omnibus ante oculos urbem ingredientis imago
Læta Dei, festique manus impubis honores,
Illiusque vident latè increbrescere nomen.
Fama volat, passimque canit miracula rerum.
Quid faciant? magis atque magis jam vera patefcunt,
Quæ quondam prisce vates cecinere futura,
Terras cœlesti Regem de stirpe manere:
Cujus in adventu templum, Judæaque tandem
Regna ruant, Solymeque everfis desinat aris
Antiquo de more sacros imponere honores.
Ergo infracti animis omnes, terrore subacti,
Tectis quisque suo septi, clausique manebant.
Quales quæ solitæ florentia rura volantes
Carpere apes, ubi sævit hyems, cœlumque profusus
Solvitur in nimbos, et aquosus regnat Orion,
Ocia lenta terunt, clausisque alvearibus ægræ
Cunctantur, circumque fores ac limina mustant.

Tempus erat cum membra quies, cum grata so-
porem

Irrigat, ac positis affert oblivio curis:

Et jam noctipotens manus imo emissæ barathro,

Horribiles

V I D A's
C H R I S T I A D.

BOOK. II.

BUT urg'd with dire dismay, and wild affright,
The Jewish rulers pass'd the tedious night,
While anxious cares that in their bosom rose,
Deny'd the grateful blessings of repose.
Still thro' the crowded gates in thought they view
The Hero's entrance, and the shouting crew,
Ahd, rack'd with envy, hear his spreading name
Still wider echo'd by the voice of fame.
What cou'd they do? now more and more appears
The truth, predicted by the ancient seers:
That at some destin'd period, on the earth
A King shou'd sojourn, of celestial birth,
Whose coming wou'd Judæa's state o'erthrow,
And lay the temple's haughty structure low,
While Solyma, her rites destroy'd, no more
Shou'd stain her altars with the victim's gore.
Hence overwhelm'd with grief, from public view
Each to his sep'rate roof alone withdrew.
So bees, that wont to take their airy flight,
And sip fresh dews, while summer suns invite,
When angry winter rages o'er the plain,
And clouds confess Orion's wat'ry reign,
Sulk in their waxen cells, confin'd at home,
And sullen murmurs fill the hollow dome.
Now night had spread her sable mantle round,
And human cares in sweet oblivion drown'd,

Horribiles visu formæ furialibus omnem
Cœtibus obsidère urbem: pars turribus instant:
Pars apicem templi, et fastigia summa coronant:

Cætera perque vias legio, perque alta domorum

Tecta volant, tractimque hærent per culmina tignis.

Haud secus Italiam repetunt ubi vere tepenti,
Cærula aves longo fessæ super æquora cursu:
Quæ prior occurrit tellus, hanc agmine densò
Certatim arripiunt, procurvaque littora complent.
Principiò spargunt occultum in pectora virus,
Vipereamque viris animam, cæcumque furorem
Inspirant, odiumque animis, et crimina linquunt.
Multi etiam in facies hominum vertuntur, et omnem

Protinus incendunt variis rumoribus urbem:
Irrepunt tectis alii, somnoque solutis
Somnia dira ferunt variâ sub imagine rerum,
Atque hominum falsis simulacris pectora ludunt.
Jamque hujus subeunt, jamque illius alta potentum

Limina, et attonitos dictis hortantur in hostem.
Terrificantque animos, facta atque infecta carentes,

Christum inferre faces, arisque instare bipenni
Armatum æratâ, atque aditis extrema minari,
Et jam semusto in templo dominarier ignem.
Quin ipsos templi mentiti veste ministros
Singula tecta adeunt, patresque ad limina sacra,
Conciliumque vocant: nigri dux agminis ipse
Impulit ærisono stridentes cardine portas,
Hinc atque hinc delubra petunt: concurritur ultro

Undique, nec tenebris nox obstat euntibus atra.
Non aliter captam si rumor nunciet urbem,
Nocte dolis intempestâ, atque latentibus armis

Hostem

When issu'd forth, from hell's abhorr'd abodes,
The dreadful synod of infernal gods.
Swift to the city walls they sweep their way;
Some on the tow'rs a horrid front display:
Part to the lofty temple's threat'ning height,
In swarming legions wing their dusky flight:
The rest thro' streets and lanes their rout divide,
Or on the houses topmost turrets ride.
Thus, in warm springs, to soft Italia's plain,
The birds embody'd wing the spacious main;
Where nearest shores approach, their course they bend,
And o'er the beach the gath'ring troops descend.
At once th' infernal ministers of fate,
Rouze in the people's hearts revengeful hate;
Bid the swift venom thro' their bosom roll,
And wake the furies in their inmost soul.
Numbers disguis'd in human shape appear,
And spread strange rumours thro' the public ear:
Others in crowds the people's roofs infest,
And with portentous dreams annoy their rest.
Now to the mansions of the Great they come
In thronging tribes, and fill each pompous dome:
Thence wake their zeal against the foe to rise,
Each ear alarming with pernicious lies:
That Christ their ancient altars wou'd o'erturn,
And to the ground their lofty temple burn;
Nay, that the gath'ring flames already spread,
And half the structure were in ashes laid.
Some in the garb of holy priests appear,
And to each ruler's splendid roof repair,
To call in council all the peers of state;
Hell's king himself unbars the brazen gate.
Th' assembled chiefs from ev'ry quarter come,
(A mighty concourse) to the sacred dome;
Crowds after crowds in endless train succeed,
Nor night's thick darkness checks their eager speed.
So, shou'd swift rumour on a sudden spread,
That some great city was by fraud betray'd,

Hostem inferre acies, et jam summâ arcē recep-
tum,

Culminibusque immissa voret fax atra pehates:
Plenis cuncta viis fervent, trepidoque tumultu
Huc atque huc itur, nec sat rationis eundi est.
Præcedunt diræ facies, facibusque nefandis
Sufficiunt lucem, et summo dant vertice lumen
Terrificas capitum quatientes undique flammæ.
Nec miseri tamen agnoscunt: furor omnibus in-
tus

Eripuit mentem, lapsumque in viscera virus.

Nec minus interea bis feni ex agmine missi
Bis senos Christi ad socios, evertere si quem
Possent, et furiis deceptum incendere iniquis.
Illi autem pleni monitis ducis (antè futura
Præscius ista suis prædixerat omnia) servant
Invictos animos, inapertaque pectora fraudi:
Quancquam hostis species sese transformet in om-
nes,

Nequicquam expertus, mentesque indagine cap-
tet.

Unus non valuit sese his subducere vinclis
Iscarius pesti infandæ devotus Iudas:
Lectorum procerum labes, et pestis Iudas.

Hic se olim addiderat socium, vestigia Divi
Ingressus, patriâ atque opibus, charisque re-
lictis:

Incerta exilia, incertas quacunque paratus
Ire vias, talique necem pro Rege pacisci.
At mox cœptorum piguit, durique laboris
Paulatim pertæsum: animo tum volvere secum
Noctes atque dies tacitus, si qua potis arctis
Legibus exolvi, et priscae se reddere vitæ,
Indignans longum incassum cecidisse laborem.
Hos abitus, jamque hos abitus, et furta parabat
Impatiens operum, rebus non lætus egenis,

Talibus

In dead of night; that hostile troops appear'd,
 And to the tow'rs their flaming torches rear'd:
 In ev'ry street astonish'd crowds are found,
 The gath'ring tumult thickens all around;
 Numbers on numbers throng, with fear dismay'd,
 No reason guides them, and no counsels aid.
 The fell Tartarean bands direct the way,
 With hasty zeal the furious chiefs obey;
 Led by the fiery torches dismal glare,
 And the dire sparkles of their blazing hair.
 Nor know these wretches, by delusion blind,
 The fatal error that misguides their mind.

Mean while twelve chosen ministers of night,
 To Christ's select disciples speed their flight;
 To try, if haply their insidious art
 Might one from honour's sacred paths pervert.
 But they (these trials previously foretold)
 Unmov'd their Master's heav'nly counsels hold.
 And tho' with prompt dexterity the foe
 Each shape assume, and fair external show;
 Yet all his specious and amusing art,
 Cou'd find no entrance in their guarded heart.
 One, only one, of all th' associate train,
 Against the vile temptation strove in vain;
 Judas alone admits th' infernal pest,
 Iscariot Judas, scandal of the rest.

This wretch, his friends and fortune left behind,
 Our Lord's select society had join'd;
 Prepar'd life's arduous toils to undertake,
 And death encounter for his Master's sake.
 But now repenting of his hasty deed;
 How from such hard conditions to be freed,
 And gain his former ease, still night and day
 In anxious thought he meditates the way:
 Indignant that his cares no fruit obtain,
 And all the labours of his life were vain.
 Forth from th' associate band he longs to go,
 Sick of this wretched penury and woe.

Talibus undantem curis, animoque labantem
Jampridem, nigræ reperit dux ipse cohortis :
Haud minus exultans animis, quàm monte sub
alto

Cum procul aspexit tendentem in pascua
cervum

Getulus leo, quem siccis exercet hiantem
Faucibus ex longo collecta insania edendi.
Ac prius in faciem Galilæi versus Ioræ,
Ipsi qui fuerat conjunctus sanguine Judæ,
Insomnem aggreditur verbis: Tu nocte silenti
Montibus in solis erras insane, potesque
Ultro sæva pati sub nudo frigora cœlo,
Atque tibi alterius sub nutu degitur ætas,
Dum sequeris (quis te tantus furor incitat?)
istum

Elatumque animis, everforemque sacrorum :
Quem tantum illuvies adeunt, teterrima gentis
Foeminei cœtus, et semiviri comitatus?
Primi omnes infensi odiis concordibus ardent,
Sacrilegoque necem intentant: jamque ille furo-
rem

Væsanum expendet, cedit fiducia tanta.
Non illi auxilio magnarum gloria rerum,
Quas mentitur, erit: nil contra obtendere
densa

Nubila, nil solitas accingi proderit artes.
Rumpe moras, eja instanti te furripe cladi.

Sic ait, ardentemque odiis instigat acerbis.
Tum mutata acri percussit pectora thyrso,
Et subitò nocti ablatas se immiscuit atræ.
Hinc miserum invadens præcordia ad intima
sefe

Ingerit, atque imis dirum implicat ossibus ignem.
Olim, etiam in mentem veniunt, quæcunque sub
illo

Jussus dura tulit, quæcunque exhausta pericla :

Et

Him thus unsettled, and with grief oppress'd,
Hell's monarch finds, apart from all the rest.
Not less exulting in his eager mind,
Than if in lonely woods a wand'ring hind,
Some fierce Gætulian lion chance to spy;
Thirst in his jaws, and fury in his eye.
And first with guileful art the subtil fiend,
Borrowing Jora's form, the traitor's friend,
Begins the feign'd address—Can'st thou delight,
In woods and mountains thro' the silent night,
To wander with a vagrant crew, and bear
Unhous'd the rigour of th' inclement air;
Condemn'd the laws of others to obey,
And bend beneath a Master's haughty sway:
Whilst (oh! what madness in thy deeds is shown?)
Thou shar'st the fortunes and the crimes of one;
Who swell'd with pride, and by success elate,
Destroys our altars, and o'erturns the state;
Whose steps a wild licentious rout pursue,
A mob of women, and an eunuch crew?
Our chiefs incens'd against this wretch combine
With mutual hatred, and his death design.
Soon shall his madness due reward obtain,
And all his vaunted confidence be vain.
Nor will the wond'rous deeds he boasts of late,
Avail to shield him from impending fate:
No more will ambient clouds defence impart,
And frail the succours of his wonted art.
Then seize th' occasion, haste with speed away,
For instant ruin waits thy vain delay.

He said; and with these daring words impress'd
A jealous hatred in the wretch's breast;
Confirm'd each wav'ring thought; then sped his flight
Abrupt, and mingled with the shades of night.
Hence this infernal pest admittance gains
Deep in his soul, and fires his raging veins.
To aid the plot, within his mind succeeds
The dire remembrance of laborious deeds;

How

Et piget, atque nefas polluto volvit amore,
Immeritumque animo sedet hosti prodere regem.
Ah miser, ah malefane, Deum non pectore sentis?

Non oculis numen præsens, non auribus hauris?
Quis te mutavit tantus furor? aspice quo nunc
Culmine præcipitas, quamam trahis arce ruinam.
Nec qualis sentis tibi menti infederit error.
Quid struis? aut quò te raptat tam dira cupido,
Quæ nunc te malè habet, mentisque et lucis egentem?

Quam nunc amittis fortem, irreparabile donum,
Optabunt feri post secula mille nepotes.
Atque adeò quæ vota foves, quam mente secas
spem,

Lætitia elatos animos inflatus inani,
Omnia discerpent, rapientque per aëra venti.
Excute, dum licet, infandam de pectore pestem,
Quæque imis te nunc est abdita cura medullis,

Jamque sacerdotes, totaque ex urbe senatus,
Secretam in templi sedem concesserat omnis:
Ipse sacerdotum primus, cui tempora sacra
Insula cingebat, Caiphas in sede sedebat
Celsior auratâ: inde alii longo ordine cives:
Quos omnes circumfiliunt, acuuntque furorem
Tartareæ haud ulli visæ sine corpore pestes.
Nec mora, nec requies: sublapsæ in pectora
cunctis

Eripiunt mentem, atque animis incendia miscnt.

Multa illi inter se vario sermone serebant,
Solliciti: vasto strepit ingens murmure templum.

Sunt qui ipsum jubeant utcunque absumere
Christum,

Seu vi, sive dolo, juvenemque invadere ferro,
Qui rursus in lucem nuper revocatus ab umbris
Venerat,

How hard his fate, for ever doom'd to bear
Life's daily troubles, and incessant care.
Resolv'd at length, he meditates the way
The foe to succour and his Lord betray.
Ah! wretch accurst! with more than folly blind!
Do'st thou not feel the God within thy mind?
Do not thine eyes his heav'nly form descry?
Thine ears confess the present Deity?
What fatal madness this? what fiend has wrought
A change so sudden in thy frantic thought?
See! what a precipice thy footsteps tread!
What ruin threatens thy devoted head!
In what dire treasons do'st thou now engage,
Urg'd on, and blinded with impetuous rage?
'That happy lot thou view'st with cold disdain,
Thousands unborn wou'd glory to obtain.
Alas! those hopes that in thy breast arise,
The joy that kindles in thy sparkling eyes;
Fond scenes of pleasure, thou must leave behind,
Dispers'd at once, and mingled with the wind.
While yet thou may'st, repel th'invading pest,
And shake the latent poison from thy breast.

But now the priests, and rev'rend senate meet,
In solemn council, at the sacred seat.
The † chief himself, his awful temples grac'd
With holy fillets, in the midst was plac'd,
High on a golden throne; with pompous state
The rest in various ranks and order sate.
Around them throng the Stygian pests unseen,
And wake, and rouse th'envenom'd rage within.
No rest, no respite from revenge they know,
Infernal flames thro' all their bosom glow.
Fierce were their words; the lofty dome around
In hollow murmurs echo'd to the sound.
'Gainst Christ himself some counsell'd to proceed
By secret cunning, or by open deed.
Nor that alone, but † him consign to death
Who late returning with recover'd breath

† Caiphas.

† Lazarus.

To

Venerat, et totam monstro concusserat urbem.

Ast alii plebem metuunt, vulgique furorem.
Namque sibi ingentes populos devinxerat Heros,

Hos meritis, illos divino affabilis ore.

Hic Nicodemus erat pesti impenetrabilis
unus,

Primores inter gentis non ultimus ipsos,
Cui longè menti melior sententia: sed non
Audebat dictis contra omnes tendere solus.
Ille Deo quondam sese inscius intulit
hostem,

Atque dolis frustra contra stetit: inde ubi numen

Admonitus sensit, veluti de nocte profundâ

In lucem revocatus, ei se junxit amore,
Clâm tamen, insensæ vitans odia aspera
gentis.

Tum verò illius de vitâ et sanguine cerni
Ut vidit, lethumque infonti triste parari,
Non tulit ulterius latebras, hæcque edidit
ore

In medio: Non obscuram, non lucis egentem

Rem ferimus: neque enim vereor jam vera profari,

Pro patriâ, quamvis mihi sint extrema ferenda.

Cernitis hunc omnes manifesto numine ferri,
Majoremque homine, et nosmet nisi fallimus ipsi,

Vera Dei patuit soboles, verus Deus, ille
Olim quem toties afflati numine vates
Venturum cecinere, nefas quò triste piaret,
Commendans genus æterno mortale Parenti.

Hoc

To day's bright regions from the world unknown,
With new-born wonder shook th' astonish'd town.
But others dread such measures to pursue,
Aw'd by repentment of the vulgar crew.
For numbers he had gain'd his cause to join,
By merits some, and some by grace divine.

Alone untainted by this hellish crew,
No fraud or envy Nicodemus knew:
High tho' he sate in rank, his gentle mind
To peace, and milder measures was inclin'd;
Yet fail'd his courage singly to withstand
The dreaded force of this confed'rate band.
He once, thro' vulgar prejudice a foe,
Approach'd the God in friendship's specious shew.
But when by signs admonish'd, he beheld
Before his eyes the Deity reveal'd;
As rous'd from darkness to the realms of day,
His holy laws he yielded to obey;
Join'd in his heav'nly cause; yet still unknown
He kept the secret, for he fear'd to own.
But now, discerning that with one accord
Their malice sought the murder of his Lord;
No more his hidden purpose he suppress'd,
But thus the council in bold words address'd.
We meet, O rev'rend Peers! in solemn state,
Upon no vulgar subject to debate,
No trivial point—whatever ills I bear,
My lips undaunted shall the truth declare.
You all perceive, that crown'd with grace divine,
Above a mortal scope his actions shine:
Nay, or ourselves too grossly we deceive,
This Youth God's genuine Son we must believe,
And God himself; the same, whom seers of old
Led by the light of prophecy, foretold
On this degen'rate earth awhile shou'd stay,
To purge the stains of human guilt away;
Commending to his Father's throne of grace,
The wretched int'rests of this mortal race.

Hoc liquet, hoc ultrà non in discrimen agendum.
Hujus ope innumeri, quos nox obscura premebat

Luminibus captos, jucundâ luce fruuntur.
Multi etiam voces obstructis auribus orti
Accipiunt, redduntque: ægris quot reddita venit

Inspirata salus, qui lenta aut membra trahebant,

Victâ lue, aut subito correpti corpora morbo?
Tres etiam (nostis) obitâ jam à morte reduxit
Elatos idem in lucem: modò Lazarus omnem
Perculit, et monstro ingenti permiscuit urbem.
Prò lævas hominum mentes, prò pectora cæca,

Non hæc Pæoniis succis, non artibus ullis
Conferri possunt: major Deus intus agit rem,
Majus numen inest. Quoties divina loquentem
In cassum contrâ stetimus verbisque dolisque
Instructi? quoties ausi vim tendere inermi
Aut ferro, aut duris nequicquam perdere saxis:
Nube cavâ eripuit caput, ex oculisque recedens
Aligerum se cœlesti subito agmine sepsit.
Et quisquam illius certum non numen adoret?
Quid molimur adhuc? quid nobis deinde relictum?

Quin potius, quando nobis demissus Olympo
Auxilio venit, unâ omnes adeamus, ab ipso
Suppliciter pacem oremus, commissa fatentes.
Talia perstabat repetens: violentia cunctis
Gliscit, et accensus semper per viscera sensus
Conflatur magis, et sævos furor aggerat æstus,
Paulatimque animi turgescunt tristibus iris.

Exarsere omnes, pestis latet intus, et omnem

Eripuit miseris lucem, victisque veneno
Pestifero nebulas offudit mentibus atras,

Tum

Thus far is clear; this sacred truth, we know,
Prevails unquestion'd or by friend, or foe.
Many, we see, e'erwhile depriv'd of sight,
By His assistance blest with joyful light.
Others, whose deaden'd sense no sounds cou'd hear,
Now feel sweet music charm their ravish'd ear.
What numbers more, by tedious sickness griev'd,
Have instant succour from His aid receiv'd?
Three, e'en yourselves must own, but lately dead,
With pow'r He summon'd from the darksome shade.
One fresh example Lazarus appears,
Whose rising shook the state with panic fears.
Oh! lost to truth's fair light, perverse mankind!
Oh! dark enchantment of the human mind!
Not by the juice of herbs, Pæonian arts,
These cures are wrought; a God his skill imparts:
A greater God his mystic pow'r reveals,
And the same hand that made his people, heals.
How oft, when teaching in cœlestial strain,
Against his pow'r we strove, but strove in vain?
How oft each fruitless stratagem we try'd,
In vain with stones, or angry swords supply'd?
Wrapt in an ambient cloud he pass'd away,
Protected by the winged sons of day.
Who then can fail this Godhead to adore?
Alas! what aim we? what pursue we more?
Rather, since now from heav'n commission'd down,
He comes for our advantage, not his own;
Let us this potent Deity address,
Intreat his pardon, and our guilt confess. [zeal,
Scarce were these words pronounc'd with honest
When each envenom'd breast began to feel
The latent pest; a keen revengeful ire
Rose by degrees, and set their soul on fire.
All catch'd the dire infection, for within
The gath'ring poyson lurk'd, and rag'd unseen.
Sudden, their better sense was snatch'd away,
And o'er their eyes a cloud of darkness lay.

At

Tum demum erumpit, quæ cunctos ira coquebat:

Infremuere omnes contrà, gemitumque dèdere.

Qualiter æræ cavo dum sulfura pascitur atra
Inclusus magis atque magis furit acrior ignis,
Moliturque fugam, nec se capit intus anhelans:

Nulla sed angustis foribus via, nec potis extrà
Rumpere, materiam donec comprehenderit omnem:

Tum piceo disclusa volat glans ferrea fumo:
Fit crepitus, credas rupto ruere æthere cælum:
Jamque illa et turrez procul ecce stravit, et arces,

Corpora et arma jacent, latè et via facta per hostes.

Haud illi secus accensi, meliora monentem
Excludunt adytis, atque extra mœnia trudent.

Tum verò Caiphas, ubi facta silentia linguis,

Sic orsus, sibi quæ sedeat sententia, pandit:
Haud equidem moror, ò cives, quòd versus ad hostes

Iste etiam infando captus perfugerit astu,
Qui toties summâ pro re, pro legibus olim
Objecit patriis caput ultrò, ipsumque premebat

Obnitens contra nuper sermonibus hostem.
Tanta est artificis pellacia, vis ea fandi,
Ut quoscunque velit vertat, superetque venenis.
Scilicet hunc credam cœlo divinitus actum
Nobis venisse auxilio, qui se impius ortum
Patre Deo canit, ac leges abolere parentum
Antiquas cupit, atque novos inducere ritus:
Seque ultrò excidio templi venisse fatetur,

Quod

At length the grief that vex'd their tortur'd mind,
Kindled to flame, no longer slept confin'd:
Furious they gnash'd their teeth, with rage oppress'd,
And a loud groan burst hideous from their breast.
As in some cannon's brazen hollow laid,
While the black sulphur is in silence fed,
The lurking fire that in the womb is pent,
Impatient glows, and struggles for a vent;
Yet can it never burst th' impris'ning frame,
Till the whole substance catch the rising flame:
Then from the tube with rage impetuous flies
An iron tempest, thund'ring thro' the skies;
Nor walls, nor turrets can resist its sway,
Furious it drives, and sweeps whole ranks away.
Thus all his words they scorn, inflam'd with rage;
And from the council thrust the prudent sage.

But now, strict silence solemnly enjoin'd,
Thus haughty Caiphas disclos'd his mind.
It matters nought to me, that meanly sway'd
By sordid motives, or base arts betray'd,
Ev'n he from paths of honour shou'd decline,
And to the adverse cause his forces join.
He, who so oft for her religious laws
Stood forth a champion in his country's cause;
And ev'n but lately fought with watchful care
This youth by specious cunning to ensnare.
For such the smoothness and fair outward show,
Th' address so winning of this subtil foe;
That with a strange success his magic arts
Corrupt and poison ev'n the soundest hearts.
Believe we then, that mov'd by heav'nly love,
This Man descended from the realms above,
To save from death the wretched race of earth;
Who falsely claiming from high heav'n his birth,
Aims our establish'd customs to undo,
And on this old religion build a new:
Ev'n boasts his person destin'd to become
The fatal ruin of this lofty dome;

Quod nostri monitis olim cœlestibus acti
 Impensis tantorum operum struxere parentes.
 Quæ novitas, aut religio, qui denique mores?
 Ille etiam, ne quid sceleris sibi restet inausum,
 Sacrilegus fontes, et quorum crimina nota,
 Prosequitur veniâ haud veritus scelerata subire
 Limina, nec festis parcit de more diebus.
 Ergo agite, atque illi infidias, lethumque me-
 renti

Maturate viri: crescentem extinguite flam-
 mam,

Ne mox subfiliat victrix ad tecta domorum,
 Degustetque trabes, perque ardua culmina reg-
 net.

Subvertet solitis aliter totam artibus urbem,
 Seditione potens, populos captabit, et omnem
 Subjiciet sibi prodigiis fallacibus oram.

Hinc quæ tot nobis annos tam prospera cessit
 Religio everfis ætutum desinet aris.

Tum metuo, ne Rômûlidæ non talia passi,
 Quicquid adhuc juris superest, à gente repof-
 cant,

Et profugos patriâ jubeant decedere terrâ.

Unum pro multis detur caput: unius omnes

Explet, ac tutos mors tanto in turbine præstet.

Hoc habet: hæc melior superet sententia cives.

Hæc illi ob numen dona, hunc reddamus hono-
 rem.

Talia fatus erat. Furiis stimulantibus intus
 Experti, passique senes eadem ore fremebant.
 Omnibus idem animus: sed qua ratione, quibusve
 Id fieri occultè queat artibus, exquirebant.
 Cùm subitò ecce suis clam se furatus Iudas
 Improvisus adest cunctis mirantibus: illum
 Excipiunt trepidi spirantem immane, locantque
 Sede inter primos, farique hortantur: et ardent,
 Quid veniat dubiis animis audire, silentque.

Which with such cost, our fathers rais'd on high,
Warn'd by the sacred omens of the sky.
What scheme? What new religion is design'd?
Are these the morals he wou'd teach mankind?
Nay, such the shame of these licentious times,
He herds with sinners, and absolves their crimes;
Enters the roofs of guilt, and there displays
His pow'r, regardless of our sacred days.
Haste then, no longer for occasions wait,
But quench at once this firebrand of the state;
Lest the fierce flame that now in secret preys,
Catch the tall roofs, and o'er our structures blaze;
Else will the foe, by his accustom'd art,
Our ancient rites and polity subvert;
With lying wonders o'er each tribe create
Usurp'd dominion, and enslave the state.
Hence shall these solemn rites, so fam'd of yore,
And all our holy worship be no more.
Besides; the Romans, if my fears are true,
Alarm'd, and jealous of this rebel crew;
What scanty pow'r they left, will re-demand,
And drive us exiles from our native land.
Let one then die; one destin'd victim fall
An universal sacrifice for all.
Be this advice, O Citizens! pursu'd,
This saving counsel, for the public good,
Such be the gifts we offer at his shrine,
And such the honours of this pow'r Divine:
Thus spoke the chief, with rage infernal mov'd,
The rev'rend elders his advice approv'd:
Then with determin'd voice at once combine
To put in practice this accurs'd design. [vain,
Now while they sought the means, but sought in
Lo! Judas, stealing from th' associate train,
Sudden appears before their wond'ring eyes;
Him, all enrag'd, the rulers with surprize
Receive, and bid discover his intent;
Then wait in silence, dubious of th' event.

Ille autem torquens huc flammea lumina, et
illuc,

Sic fatur: Scio vos Galilæi facta furentis
Formidare patres, patriæ qui legibus affert
Exitium: moliri ideo vos plurima cerno.
Si mihi quæ posco, promittitis: omnia solus,
Quæ nunc vos frustra exercent, dispendia tol-
lam:

Ille manus faciam in vestras hodie incidat ul-
trò.

Dixerat: argenti læti pepigere talenta
Ter dena, egregii precium memorabile facti,
Dimittuntque alacres, atque extra limina
ducunt.

Ille petit montes iterum, sociosque revisit.
Fortè propinquabat genti solennis, et oræ
Festa dies, veterum cum religione parentum:
Immunes operum ducunt septem ocio soles,
Perque domus ovium foetus epulantur, et acri
Fermento parcunt iussi, properataque liba
Expediunt, mensasque onerant agrestibus her-
bis,

Lætitiæ veteris memores: hâc luce ferebant
Ægyptum priscos olim coelestibus actos
Prodigiis magnâ cum prædâ exisse parentes,
Ingressos pede iter salias impunè per undas.
Ergo ingens tum sceptriferam concursus ad ur-
bem

Undique erat, populique omnes ad sacra flue-
bant.

Non effusa tamen turba huc sine more ruebat,
Verùm quisque ducemque suum, gentemque tri-
bumque

Unà ibant comitati. Etenim licet omnibus idem
Sanguis, cognatâque orti sint stirpe nepotes,
Omnes Isacidæ, paribus sub legibus omnes:

Scindit

Rolling his flaming eyes; I know, he said,
 O rev'rend Fathers! what excites your dread.
 The Galilæan's deeds this terror cause,
 Who threats destruction to his country's laws.
 For this I ween, in close consult ye join,
 And cautious meditate your deep design.
 If then ye promise my demand to pay,
 All future trouble I'll remove away,
 And yield him captive in your hands to day.

}

He said; for thirty pieces they agreed
 Of silver coin; fit price of such a deed!
 Then glad dismiss'd him, fav'ring their designs;
 He seeks the mountains, and his friends rejoins.

By chance the season its return had made,
 When all the Jews, by ancient custom sway'd,
 Sev'n suns indulge, from daily toils releas'd,
 In sacred leisure, and the gen'ral feast.
 From leaven'd bread observant they refrain,
 And daily feast on flesh of lambkin slain;
 With rural herbs heap high their boards, and take
 In haste the off'ring of the sacred cake;
 Mindful of ancient joy: for stories say,
 'Twas on this glorious memorable day,
 When their great fathers, by divine command,
 Loaded with spoils of Egypt's faithless land,
 Forth from the hostile coast pursu'd their way,
 In triumph journeying thro' th' astonish'd sea,
 Hence to the city of imperial fame,
 Urg'd by religion mighty numbers came,
 From ev'ry part; yet pass'd they not along,
 A troop promiscuous, and disorder'd throng;
 By tribes and countries variously ally'd,
 Each march'd, attending his respective guide.
 For tho' thro' all their veins the self-same blood,
 By foreign mixture unpolluted flow'd;
 Tho' all alike from ancient Israel came,
 Their rites, religion, and their laws the same:

Scindit se tamen in bis senas una tribus gens,
 Atque Palæstinam latè est diducta per omnem.
 Libera gens, olim multâ munita virûm vi,
 Florentesque urbes populis, opibusque vigentes.
 Tunc autem patriis de finibus exturbati
 Penè omnes aberant, et Caspia saxa colebant:
 Vix de bis senis tribus una intacta manebat,
 Alteraque, et patriâ sese tellure tenebant,
 Benjamidum gens, atque ipso domus inclyta Juda,
 Ambæ tunc etiam populis, opibusque vigentes.
 Tantum autem imperio adjectam, ceu cætera pas-
 sim

Contuderat bello, et victricibus hauserat armis,
 Hanc quoque servitio partem Roma alta premebat,
 Sceptra urbi tantum, sublataque ademerat arma,
 Linquens sacra viris, ac leges victor avitas.
 Nunc tellus deserta jacet. Tot clara fuere
 Mœnia, tot populis pariter cum fortibus urbes:
 Hæ bello, hæ validis quassatæ viribus ævi.
 Usque adeò sævas superûm Pater arsit in iras
 Nimbipotens, natiq; necem non passus inultam
 est.

Non tamen indecorem tantæ solatia cladis
 Ipse sinam antiquam (superent modò carmina) ter-
 ram,

Ne penitus seclis obliviscentibus ætas
 Deleat extinctam pariter cum nomine gentem.
 Regem illis superûm profit regionibus ortum
 Vagisse, et cœlo primùm reptasse sub illo.

Vos ideo aligeri cœtus gens ætheris alti,
 Qui levibus magnum pedibus pulsatis olympum,
 (Nam vos sæpe polo missi peragraistis et oram,
 Et gentis crebri hospitio indulgistis amicæ.)
 Este duces mihi, dum totâ regione vagantem
 Raptat amor: longum vos mecum ferre per ævum
 Nomina, quæ cecidere, juvet, deletaque gentis
 Oppida, et antiquas antiqui nominis arces.

Pòst

Yet into twelve fair tribes the num'rous band
Divided, stretch'd o'er rich Phœnicia's land,
A free-born nation once, in days of yore,
In cities wealthy, but in people more.
Now most from their paternal soil expell'd,
The barren rocks of snowy Caspia till'd.
Their native land from banishment regain'd,
Of all the tribes scarce two entire remain'd;
Judah and Benjamin alone were found,
But rich in people, and for war renown'd.
Yet did imperial Rome, as nations far
Had felt her conquests in the chance of war;
Ev'n here extend her arbitrary sway,
And teach this stubborn people to obey:
Their arms alone and regal pow'r destroy'd,
They still religion and the laws enjoy'd.
But lo! where once proud tow'rs defence cou'd boast,
All waste and naked lies th' unguarded coast:
No trace of those aspiring walls is shown,
By war, and time's devouring teeth o'erthrown.
Such marks of heav'n's awaken'd wrath remain,
Such total vengeance for his offspring slain,
Yet will I strive to this fair land to give
Some share of honour, if my verse can live:
Left cank'ring age and envious times to come,
The name, the nation to oblivion doom.
Be it their boast, that heav'n's eternal Heir,
Beneath those skies first breath'd the vital air.

Come then, ye light-wing'd ministers! that fly
With nimble feet o'er all th' æthereal sky;
(For oft have ye, by heav'n's divine command,
On friendly errands trod this favour'd land,)
Be now my guides; while strong and ardent love
Thro' all these regions prompts my soul to rove.
Oh! join with me, thro' times remotest day,
Those tow'rs of ancient structure to convey;
And towns, and cities of illustrious name,
Long rais'd from annals of recording fame.

Pōst autem vestrā sublatus ad æthera pennā
 Carmine mortales oras, visusque relinquam.
 Vos me sublimi sistetis tramite vectum
 Avia per superūm loca: me juvet alite curru
 Aurea nubifugo mulcentem sidera cantu
 Intactas primūm ire vias mortalibus ægris,
 Et petere insolitam cœli alta è rupe coronam,
 Hæc olim audentem, nī dēserat ætheris aura.

Nunc mecum populos percurrite templa pe-
 tentes:

Non aliàs illuc aditum est majoribus unquam
 Et numero, et studiis, nec tantum sacra pete-
 bant,

Quantum avidos CHRISTI visendi traxerat
 ardor.

Orti autem à magno primi ingrediuntur Iuda,
 Per multos ductum reges genus: hæc tribus usque
 Et numero, et virtute caput super extulit om-
 nes:

Tantum alias superans, quantum leo cuncta fera-
 rum

Semina in exhaustis animis, et viribus anteit.
 Littoreâ innumeri Gazâ venere, Sabeque:
 Engada deseruere, racemiferosque recessus,
 Urbis Adulææ sedes, humilemque Raphean:
 Hic Lyde, atque Selis, ventosaque Jamnia, et
 Hippha,

Afcalo, Azotique arces, Acharonque, Sochonque,
 Quæque fluentifonis Jope perfunditur undis,
 Projectæ rupes, pontoque minantia saxa,

Parte aliâ antiquam cives liquere Damascum,
 Primus ubi (ut perhibent) limo felice creatus,
 Natus homo est, cœlique novas erupit in auras.
 Deseriturque Emaus, Nepseque exhausta filescit,
 Quæsivitque suos Egypti proxima regnis
 Anthedon, natiq̃ue Dei cunabula Bethle.

Tum

Then rapt to heav'n on your seraphic wing,
No more of earthly subjects will I sing.
Me shall ye place in that exalted road,
Which heav'n-ward leads, by mortal feet untrod.
Where in a winged chariot borne on high,
Above the stars my lofty song shall fly;
And, to the laurel'd brows of bards unknown,
Reach from the rock of heav'n a golden crown.
This theme late times shall into being bring,
If heav'n desert not my aspiring wing—
Now, muse, the tribes in marshall'd order sing.

It chanc'd, the people at this season press'd,
In throngs unusual to the solemn feast:
For pure devotion was not all their view,
The fame of Jesus mighty numbers drew.
In fair array first march'd the ranks along,
Which from the royal loins of Judah sprung.
Num'rous and brave, this happy tribe as far
Excell'd all others in the deeds of war;
As thro' the spacious fields the lordly beast,
In strength and valour triumphs o'er the rest.
Numbers their course from ancient Sabe bore,
And Gaza, seated on the winding shore;
From Adulæan hills where vineyards grow,
From Engad lofty, and Raphæa low.
Others from Lyde, Selis, Jamnia came,
Hippha, and Acharon, renown'd in fame:
Where verdant Ascalon, and Sochon lie,
And proud Azotus' turrets brave the sky;
Where Joppa's walls indignant ocean laves
Whose rocks projecting threat the roaring waves.

Beneath their guides assembled numbers came
From rich Damascus, crown'd with ancient fame;
Where form'd of hallow'd mould, as stories say,
The fire of men first saw the golden day.
From Nepse, Emaüs, march'd a num'rous train;
Apthedon, bord'ring on th' Egyptian plain;

From

Tum deserta silent et Galgala, Bessiuraque omnis,

Arvaque quæ Marethron, quæ proxima nubibus Erme,

Quæ Sigoris: mirata nurum, dum incendia versa

Respicit, humanos servasse in marmore vultus, Concretique salis subitum traxisse rigorem.

Quæ calet Asphaltis flammis infamibus unda,

Ingentesque palus ad cœlum exæstuat æstus,

Aëra contristans graveolenti sulphuris aurâ.

Quondam hîc læta seges, rigisque rosaria campis:

Nunc stat ager dumis, obductaque sentibus arva:

Crimen amor male suade tuum, vim tendere adorti

Infandam indigenæ pueris cœlestibus olim,

Divinâ capti facie, et florentibus annis,

Fecissentque, fuga nisi se illi ad sidera lapsi

Remigio nixos rapuissent præpetis alæ.

Non tulit altitonans Pater, atque ultricibus omnem

Involvit flammis tractum, immerfitque profundo.

Squalet adhuc cinere, et putri latè ora favillâ.

Infœcunda ideo terra, et sine frugibus agri,

Difficilesque aditus, et inaccessi secessus.

Illic, ut fama est, nitidum florem educat arbor,

Quem cupiunt juvenes, cupiunt decerpisse puellæ.

At simulatque gravi perflante evanuit austro,

Succedunt poma hirsutis asperrima barbis,

Quæ nulli juvenes, nullæ cupiere puellæ.

Hæc tamen aspectu solida, et sincera putares:

Fœda sed illuvies intus, subitoque fatiscunt,

Ad tactum cinesacta, hominum nihil usus apta.

Pallida,

From where the tow'rs of sacred Bethle stood,
Illustrious birth-place of the Son of God!
Galgai, and Bessura deserted lie,
And Marethon, and Erme tow'ring high;
And Sigoris; which erst with sad surprize
Beheld, as on the flames she cast her eyes,
Lot's hapless wife, neglecting heav'n's command,
Turn'd into salt, a breathless image stand.
Next, many their appointed journey take,
From the wild borders of th' Asphaltic lake;
Where vast incessant steams of sulphur rise,
Taint all the neighbouring air, and blot the skies.
In days of yore fair crops of springing grain,
And golden harvests deck'd the fertil plain;
Now waste it lies, with weeds and thorns o'ergrown,
Thy fatal crime, unnat'ral love! alone.
Scarce had the heav'nly guests their entrance made,
When impious men, by brutal passion sway'd,
To force the strangers to their lust combine,
Smit with their blooming years, and form divine;
And, but the youths to heav'n with speed ascend,
The filthy miscreants had obtain'd their end.
Such horrid injury th' Almighty Sire
Beheld indignant, and with vengeful fire
The wide extended track to ruin turns,
Still o'er the soil the living ember burns.
Hence a wild waste th' unfruitful country lies,
And safe in covert all access denys.
Here on a tree ('tis fam'd) fair blossoms grow,
To youths and maidens an inviting show:
But when they fall, infected by the breath
Of sultry southern blasts; then strait beneath
Apples of rough and prickly aspect shoot;
And youths and maidens loath th' unsightly fruit.
Without, a sound and solid form they wear,
But filth within, and rottenness appear,
Nor chew'd between the teeth will ought produce,
But bitter ashes, void of worth or use.

Pallida item flavis cum vix seges albet aristis,
Dira immaturas messēs interficit aura.

Protinus hinc subeunt populi Symeone creati,
Qui Sarōē, Molōdamque viri, Sicelechidaque
oram

Feli, in frugum, lætosque uligine campos,
Qui Sipabota colunt, Asanesque biverticis arces,
Quique Atharin quondam generosos palmitē
colles,

Remmona qui, cultisque erectam in collibus Ain,
Et quos thurilegæ pascunt centum oppida Idumes,
Ruraque odoriferas Arabum vergentia ad oras.

Ecce autem Isachari magno clamore nepotes
Ingressi delubra petunt, aramque salutant:
Gens victu facilis, contentaque finibus arctis,
Hic adsunt, quos Hermonius sub vertice pascit,
Hermonius generator apum, generator equo-
rum.

Qui Taburi capita alta tenent, quibus ardua
rupes

Carmeli domus: hæc rapido gens turbine quondam
Sublatum vatem cœli per aperta repente
Vidit flammifero ferri super æthera curru.
Sensena quos misit, quos Hennada, quos alit Affra
Nobilis, in summis sitientes rupibus urbes,
Qui Senum, et Reboten liquere, Remetiaque
arva,

Vitibus, et variis intersita littora pomis.

At taciti incedunt gens Dani è sanguine creti,
Dejectique oculos, dejectique ora per urbem
Templa petunt: qualis, cum frigora prima laceffunt
Autumnum, nec dum ramis decussit honorem
Bruma suum, coluber latebras meditatur, iterque
Fert tacitum lapsu repens per saxa quieto,
Sibilaque ora premit, neque caudæ surrigit orbes.

Jamque

Ears too of corn, e'er ripen'd fruit they bear,
Untimely perish by the noxious air.

Next these, the tribes who under Simeon claim,
From Saroe, Molod, Sicelegis came,
Where plenteous streams refresh the fertil plain,
The soil productive of the golden grain.
From where the fields of Sipabota lie,
And Asanes her turrets rears on high,
Remmon, and Al on verdant hillocks plac'd,
And Atharis, with purple vineyards grac'd:
From where Idume heaps of incense yields,
And the rich confines of Arabia's fields.

Lo! where the sons of Isachar appear,
And to the hallow'd shrines their off'rings bear;
A nation temp'rate and contented found,
In the scant circuit of their ancient bound.
From fertil Hermon a long train succeeds,
Hermon, that bees and gen'rous coursers breeds.
Next those, who dwell where Tabor's summits rise,
And Carmel's tow'ring rocks salute the skies.
These saw the Prophet, as sublime he rode,
Rapt in a whirlwind to the blest'd abode.
Next follow those, from Sensena who came,
Hennad, and Affra of distinguish'd fame;
Cities, that lift their stately turrets high;
Then Senus, Rebote, deserted lie;
Remetia's fields, with purple vineyards crown'd,
And bord'ring coasts, where various fruits abound.

Now those, who from the loins of Dan descend,
With eyes dejected to the temple bend
Their solemn steps, and march demurely slow;
As when autumnal winds begin to blow,
E'er yet bleak winter with his shiv'ring blast
Has from the trees their verdant honours cast;
A scaly serpent to his covert hies,
Creeps o'er the slipp'ry rocks, and silent lies:
No more he rides sublime on curling spires,
Mute is his hissing tongue, and quench'd his fires.

Pensive

Jamque viros tristes credas, quòd sanguine ab
illo

Prædixere ducem fore pleni numine vates,
Qui genus humanum CHRISTI sub imagine
falsa

Terreat, atque hominum vitas, et crimina quærat,
Deterior fas atque nefas ubi verterit ætas,
Et rebus feret exitum mortalibus ignis.
Protinus at multis aderit cum millibus ultor,
Vera Dei soboles, verus datus arbiter orbi:
Illum nequicquam pignantem, et vana moven-
tem,

Turbine corripens terræ ima in viscera trudet.

Insequitur juvenum nimbus, genus Asere duc-
tum,

Spicea queis capita obnubit de more corona
Omnibus, et nexæ ludunt per tempora aristæ.
His Betagumque, Hormamque ferunt, his Aphega
sedes:

Illos Ama dedit, illos misere Robææ.
Non numero Arctipus Labanæ, non Aziba cessit.

Hos juxta seram in noctem soliti urere myrtos
Littoreas, ponti gens accola Zabulones
Dona ferunt, pars Jeptaphiles ab sede profecti:
Pars Jedaba venere: Canam hi liquere, modò atra
Miratam puras in vina rubescere lymphas.
Hos Nazara tulit, tulit illos ardua Sembros,
Quæque modò ærias iterum venisse sub auras
Vidit morte obitâ puerum Galilæia Nais,
Millia multa tulit, totidemque uberrima Dotha:
Aque suis Nalole, Catetiaque alta relicta est.

At quis Nephthalidum numeraverit oppida, et
arces

Innumeras, quas et Cedar, quas et sacer altis
Fert humeris Libanus, cœli confinibus æquus.

Qui

Pensive and sad this people pass'd along,
 Because from them, as ancient prophets sung,
 A † Chief shou'd rise, who in Messiah's room,
 The seat of sov'reign justice wou'd assume;
 From bad to worse when ages shou'd descend,
 And earth's vast globe in conflagration end.
 But soon, with millions round his flaming car,
 The world's true judge, God's offspring shall appear,
 And Him, in vain attempting to rebel,
 Thrust down with thunder to the central hell.

To these, an host of ruddy youths succeeds,
 Whom a brave chief of Asher's lineage leads:
 By custom sway'd, large spikey ears of corn,
 In form of wreaths their modest brows adorn.
 With skillful husbandry these plow the field,
 Where Horma, Betagus, and Ama yield
 Their plenteous fruits; from Aphega a throng,
 And proud Robcea march'd in pomp along:
 Vast crowds from Aziba and Labon went,
 And equal numbers rich Arctipus sent.

Next, those of Zabulon's distinguish'd race,
 Bring their rich off'rings to th' appointed place;
 A tribe, that wont their chearful roofs to light
 With od'rous myrtles thro' the lengthen'd night.
 Part from the ancient seat of Jephtha came,
 From Jedaba, and Cana known to fame;
 Where the pure water by command divine,
 Chang'd her pale essence into purple wine.
 Next, from Nazara mighty crowds succeed,
 And where proud Sembros lifts her stately head;
 Nais, which saw the youth that breathless lay,
 Recall'd from darkness to the realms of day.
 Nalole, Dotha rich in fertil land,
 And high Cathetia send a num'rous band.

But who the towns and cities may describe,
 Possess'd by Nephthali's remoter tribe;
 Which on the lofty tops of Cedar lie,
 And Libanus, whose summits pierce the sky.

† Antichrist

Those

Qui celsam Nasona habitant, qui Nephthalis urbem,

Gens oris, fandique potens, fœcundaque veri
Nascentem gemino Jordanem fonte salutar.
Onnis iit Galilæa; omnis Samarea penates
Deseruit, studio gens tantum accita videndi.
Sæpe hæc Rege satus superum tellure moratus,
Sponte Deum se detexit: miracula rerum
Asseda nunc etiam meminit, meminere Caperna,

Et, vetus amisit quæ nomen, Graia Sebaste.
It Bethole, eductaque ad sidera Bessais arce,
Et quos piscosis Gennesara proluit undis.

Levigenæ verò sacrum genus omnibus
ibant

Immixti: neque enim propria his regio ulla colenda

Sorte data est, sed diversas dux legifer olim
Huc illuc oras æquè est partitus in omnes,
Præfecitque sacros aris, proque ubere glebæ
Et jugulare dedit pecudes, atque exta cremare.

At non contentus regnis, sceptrisque Manasseus,

Sortitus quæ trans fluvium sibi junxerat ampla,
Protulit imperium, quæ Nepheca, Bersaque surgunt

Venatrix, pecorumque altrix, et Dora ferarum.

Olli etiam parent Tenachos, nemorosaque Jebla,

Et Magedos nulli populis opibusque secunda.

Quasque rigat Taphua claris argenteus undis,
Ver ubi perpetuum, scatebrisque recentia prata.

Succedunt

Those march'd along, who high Nafona till'd,
A race, in arts of elocution skill'd,
And Nephthalis, which wide thro' plains below
Sees from his double fount the Jordan flow.
All Galilee th' appointed journey takes,
And proud Samaria all her gods forsakes,
Not at the shrines her holy vows to pay,
But Christ's august atchievements to survey.
Bent on his work divine whilst here he stay'd,
Full oft the God his deity display'd:
His wonders Asseda remembers yet,
Nor fam'd Caperna can those deeds forget,
Nor that, which whilom bore a diff'rent name,
Now call'd Sebaste by the voice of fame.
Next, pass'd from Bethole a num'rous band,
And where Bessais lofty turrets stand.
Then crowds from fair Gennesara proceed,
Fam'd for rich captures of the finny breed.

But mixt and blended with each diff'rent throng,
The sacred race of Levi march'd along.
To these, the lots no sep'rate bounds allow'd,
No flocks they tended, and no country plough'd:
But the great Law-giver, by heav'n's command,
Amidst their tribe in common shar'd the land;
Ordain'd the shrines to guard, the victims slay,
And holy off'rings on the altars lay.

But not content in regions to reside,
Beyond where Jordan rolls his sacred tide,
Manasseus aims his empire to extend,
Where Nepheca, and Berfa's tow'rs ascend;
Where fertil Dora plenteous pastures yields
For flocks and herds, that graze her verdant fields.
Him Tenachos, and Magedos obey,
And woody Jebela owns his potent sway;
And that rich tract, where silver Taphua leads
His crystal current thro' the bord'ring meads;
Where spring perpetual thro' each season reigns,
And constant verdure decks th'enamel'd plains.

Succedunt qui trans Jordanis flumen opima
Arva ferunt, tribus ipso etiam deducta Ma-
nassico,

Nec non Gade sati, nec non Rubene creati
Belligero, fratrum cunctorum maximus ævo
Qui fuit, unâ omnes urbem ingrediuntur, ut
olim

Unâ etiam sedem optarunt trans flumen ean-
dem :

Indigenis quondam regnata gigantibus arva.
Argobiæ qui rura colunt, Balanidaque oram,
Qui saltus Galadina ruos, Ogique subactas
Sexaginta urbes, Galaticaque oppida, Iabin,
Et Sebamam, Balmenque, Ramotha, Golanque,
Nabenque,

Edrenque, Selcanque, et semirutam Caria-
then.

Hæc tunc nomina, nunc alio sunt nomine
terræ.

Tum qui cedriferae pascunt asperissima Arim-
nes,

Omnes fronde caput tecti, omnes terga veruti.
Qui Bosorim, Rabathenque tenent, qui Gaulida, et
omnem

Fortibus exercent tauris Buhaltidos oram,
Et quos humectat præceps de montibus
Arnos.

Nec vos transferim, qui prata feracis Abillæ,
Quique Eleale viri metitis, viridemque Ase-
rota,

Seoniamque Efebon, saxi horrentia regna:
Desertaque Cades, quas Phasga habet arduus, et
quas

Hinc atque hinc Hermus præruptas sustinet ur-
bes:

Quas Abaris, cujus nimbofo è vertice quondam
Pastores admirati videre morantem

Jordanem,

Next, follow'd many that confed'rate came
 From distant lands, beyond rich Jordan's stream:
 These too their birth from old Manasseus claim.

From Gad the numbers who their lineage trace,
 And Ruben, first-born of old Israel's race,
 In social union to the temple came;
 As once their seat and country were the same:
 By lot selecting that extent of plain,
 Where warlike giants held their native reign.
 Who Argob's fields possess, and Basan's coasts
 The numerous cities proud Galatia boasts;
 Thy groves, fair Galadine, and waving wood,
 And sixty towns of ancient Ogg subdu'd;
 Jabis, and Sebama, and Balme high,
 And where Ramotha, Gola, Nabe lie,
 Edre, and Selca; names of old well known,
 And Cariathe, more than half o'erthrown.
 Who till the regions where Arimne lies,
 Whose lofty cedars touch the neighbouring skies;
 Their backs sustain a dart, their manly brows
 Crown'd with a twisted wreath of verdant boughs.
 They who possess the fertile tract of land,
 Where Rabath, Bosoris, and Gaulis stand:
 Whose sturdy oxen plow the spacious fields,
 Where rich Bathaltis plenteous harvests yields,
 And those fair meads, where Arnon's waters flow,
 That burst impetuous from the mountain's brow.
 Nor shall I pass those tribes unnotic'd by,
 Who till the rich and fertile meadows, nigh
 Where Eleale, and Abilla lie,
 Where verdant Aferot her plains extends,
 And Efebon o'er rugged rocks ascends;
 Cades, that widow'd and unpeopled stands,
 Rude cities, rais'd on Phasga's hilly lands;
 And ancient towns, that scatter'd here and there,
 With broken tow'rs on Hermus's tops appear,
 And cloud-capt Abaris; from whose moist brow,
 Admiring shepherds, on the plains below,

Jordanem ingenti subsidere mole coacta
 Undarum, et cursu cedentia flumina retro,
 Dum domus Isacidum promissa capefferet
 arva.

Postremi subeunt advecti è sede propin-
 qua
 Benjamidæ, data sorte quibus lætissima tel-
 lus:
 Maxima ubi et Solyme totius regia gentis,
 Altaque Jarephile, Luzæque binominis ar-
 ces:
 Quæque modò quarta regem jam luce sepul-
 tum
 Bethane obstupuit, revocari ad munera vitæ.
 Et Tarela, et Samare, et lentisciferæ Ga-
 bathæ,
 Gens infesta feris: ideo exuviasque luporum
 Induti incedunt juvenes, canibusque fatigant,
 Quas sepire plagis juvat usque et frangere,
 sylvas.
 Atque adeò assiduo venatu mane recentes
 Convectant humeris prædas, quas vesper Olym-
 pum
 Claudit ubi, gaudent partiri, epulisque fruun-
 tur,
 Atque inter sese per agros convivia curant.
 Hic adsunt, queis Maspha domus, quibus arduus
 Hemen,
 Difficiles colles, ac scabra crepidine terga;
 Qui liquere Recen, celsasque Berothidos arces,
 Atque Sylum quondam gaudentem paupere tem-
 plo:
 Qui longumque Helephon, Avinque, Amosamque,
 Selamque,
 Atque ululata Rhamæ passim Rachellidos arva.
 Qui Gabeone domo, quique Hierichunte pro-
 fecti,

Indigenas

Saw Jordan's waves in gather'd heaps subside,
 And tow'rd his fountain roll the reflux tide;
 Whilst on dry ground the sons of Israel gain'd,
 A speedy passage to the promis'd land.

Last march'd the Benjamites, by lot possess'd
 Of fields, whose beauty far surpass'd the rest;
 Where lofty Solyma unrivall'd reigns,
 The noblest city o'er Judæa's plains;
 Where tow'rs Jarephila, once known to fame,
 And Luza, glorying in its two-fold name;
 And Bethany, which lost in wonder view'd
 The four-days buried corse to vital warmth renew'd.
 Samar, and Tarela of old renown'd,
 And Gabaoth rich, where mastic trees abound.
 An hardy race, whom savage beasts infest;
 Hence the bold youth, their brawny shoulders dress'd
 With spoils of shaggy wolves, the woods surround,
 Spread the broad net, and chear the op'ning hound.
 In hunting thus they pass the early day;
 At length, returning with th' accusom'd prey,
 Soon as the ev'ning star on high ascends,
 And grateful twilight o'er the earth extends;
 On the green turf the homely treat prepare,
 And all in social mirth and rustic pleasures share.
 Others their destin'd course from Maspha bend,
 And where proud Hemen's lofty hills ascend;
 Far o'er the land the rugged rocks extend. }
 Next follow'd those, who from Berothis came,
 Recen, and Shylo not unknown to fame;
 Where void of splendor, unadorn'd and rude,
 In days of old God's hallow'd temple stood.
 With these, a thronging multitude ascends
 From fields, where spacious Helephon extends;
 Avis, and Amosa, and Sela low,
 And Rhama, echoing with sad Rachel's woe.
 Then clos'd the march, from Gabeon's fertile plain,
 And tow'r-crown'd Jericho, a num'rous train.

Indigenas, est fama, viæ assidueque meatûs
Oblitum vidisse diu considerare solem
Imperio ducis, atque diem decedere serum.
Hos inter facie egregia puer altior ibat,
Qui prisco genus à Saulo, nomenque trahebat.
Jam tum illum vates uno omnes ore canebant,
Præstanti clarum eloquio, factisque futurum.
Quantis ille tamen mentem caligine pressus
In nostros odiis primùm, furiisque feretur?
Omnipotens aderit Pater, et se pectore toto
Altius infundet juveni, excutietque furorem.
Protinus afflatus divinitus ætheris aura
Implebit terras monitis, latumque per orbem
Mortales meliora docens ad sacra vocabit,
Nec lethum horrescet pro religione cruentum.

Jam duodena tribus magnæ successerat urbi:
Ipse etiam, templo ut solitos inferret honores,
Munere nec tali tam læta luce careret,
Affatur socios CHRISTUS: Lux sacra propin-
quat,
Omnis se dapibus festa domus apparet urbe.
Ecquis erit vestrûm, primus qui ad mœnia ten-
dat,
Si quis fortè opibus fessos invitet abundans,
Nos quoque ut, ante meos obitus ac funus acerbum,
Solennes epulas celebremus, et annua sacra?
Nec longè quærendus erit: puer obvius ultro,
Urnâ humero, lymphasque ferens de fonte re-
centes.
Quò tendat gressus, aut quò sese ille receptet,
Observate, locumque acie capite usque sequendo:
Limina vos eadem accipiant, tectumque subite.
Tum dominum affati coràm, hospitiumque ro-
gantes
Exiguam sacris sedem, nostrum edite nomen.
Tectum auratum, ingens, pictisque insigne tapetis
Protinus ostendet, structas ibi ponite mensas:

Ipse

Here, as 'tis rumour'd, on th' embattled field,
At Joshua's voice, astonish'd crowds beheld,
Th' obedient sun his destin'd progress stay
Awhile, and lengthen the declining day.
A beauteous Youth amidst the numbers came,
From ancient Saul who drew his birth and name:
Ev'n then with one consent the fears of old
His glorious deeds and eloquence foretold.
Yet on his kindred tribes, by frenzy borne,
With what a zeal his anger will he turn!
Till heav'n, its image on his mind impress'd,
Shake the blind fury from his lab'ring breast.
Then sudden, by diviner influence led,
O'er the wide world his doctrine will he spread;
Teach stubborn hearts t'obey religion's laws,
Nor dread death's terrors in so just a cause.

Now all the tribes, their various marches past,
Within the city walls arriv'd at last:
When Christ, resolv'd religious rites to pay,
As custom orders, on this solemn day,
Thus speaks—The sacred eve approaches near,
The Jews their annual festival prepare.
Which then of all this train will hasten on,
With speedy footsteps to yon sacred town;
That we, if chance some lib'ral host invite
Such mean associates to th' approaching rite,
May duly celebrate, e'er yet I taste
Death's bitter potion, this accustom'd feast.
Nor vain the search; a youth will soon appear,
Whose arms an urn of purest water bear.
To whate'er house for entrance he applies,
Observe his footsteps with attentive eyes;
And let the self-same roofs that him receive,
To you, my friends, a like admittance give.
Then for some small apartment make request
Of its kind owner, and proclaim his guest.
He to your eyes a splendid room will show,
Where costly carpets rich with purple glow:

Ipsè adero, atque eadè socios ad limina ducam.

Dixit: Joannes mandata, Petrusque faceffunt,
Et mœsti magnæ succedunt mœnibus urbis.
Ibant incerti, atque oculis procul omnia ob-
bant,
Cum puer urnam humero gestans, lymphamque re-
centem
Vicino veniens de fonte occurrit: eum usque
Servantes, gressum ferret quacunque, sequuntur:
Quasque subit, subeunt ipsi quoque protinus, ædes.

Huc atavis clarusque Simon, et prole beatus
Septena, sese semper referebat ab agris,
Si quando charis cum natis viseret urbem.
Namque illum potius campis, rurique juvabat
Degere, civileque procul contemnere honores.
Umbrae illi nemorum cordi, rivi que secantes
Prædia, quæ centum dives vertebat aratris.
Jam gravis, argutasque fides, et carmina ama-
bat

Fluminis in ripis, aut fontem propter amœnum.
Norat enim cœli numeros, mensusque, viasque:
Sæpe Deo plenus porrò ventura canebat
Agricolis, quid sol, quid menstrua luna pa-
raret:

Sudique, pluviæque docens prænuncia signa:
Tum sacris intentam igitur concesserat urbem,
Ut de more dies festos celebraret avito.
Dumque aliâ famuli mensas, et dona pararent
Parte domus, veterum facta ipse canebat avo-
rum:

Nunc citharæ levibus digitis, nunc pectine
eburno

Percurrens molli attactu vocalia fila.
Præcipue à prima revocabat origine, quænam
Has ex more epulas, atque hæc solennia priscæ
Religio intulerit genti. Verùm ecce canenti
Improvisus

Within this dome your sacred rites prepare,
Myself and friends will here the banquet share.

Peter and John their Lord's commands obey,
And pensive to the city bend their way.
With anxious thoughts they pass the streets along,
And cast their eyes o'er all the busy throng.
At length a youth, who on his shoulders bears
An urn of water, to their sight appears;
His steps with eyes observant they survey,
And gladly enter where he leads the way.

Simon, of lineal dignity possess'd,
And with a train of sev'n fair children bless'd,
Hither at seasons from the field repair'd,
When with his sons the genial feast he shar'd.
In rural tasks he pass'd his days alone,
And bless'd with calm retirement scorn'd the town.
Woods were his chief delight, and streams that glide
'Midst various pastures with a plenteous tide,
Wat'ring his farm; where rich abundance grows,
Beneath the tillage of an hundred plows.
Now crown'd with years, by fountain stretch'd along,
He lov'd to warble the mellifluous song.
For well he knew the various laws to trace
Of bodies, circling thro' th' etherial space:
Oft too, with sacred inspiration fill'd,
He to the list'ning husbandmen reveal'd,
What Phœbus, or the menstruous moon divines,
And mark'd the weather by foreboding signs.
Now to the royal seat, an honour'd guest
He came, observant of the sacred feast;
And while due works employ'd the menial throng,
The deeds of heroes to his harp he sung;
Now plies the iv'ry quill, now light he flings
His volant fingers o'er the vocal strings.
Chiefly thro' ancient histories he ran,
And trac'd how first the solemn feast began;
Search'd back the causes of its birth to find,
And what religion in this rite design'd.

While

Improvisus adest Petrus, et sacra carmina rumpit:
Rex, ait, est nobis, quo nusquam iustior alter,
Aut pietate prior; CHRISTUM omnes nomine
dicunt.

Is tua nos ultro supplex ad limina mittit:
Exiguam lacris sedem mensisque rogamus.

His ille auditis, gavisus nomine tanto,
Imperat, haud hærens animo, tectum omne re-
cludi.

Hinc hilares totis adolere penatibus ignes,
Et pingui suffire Arabum iubet atria sylva.
Interiusque viros media in penetralia ducit.
Inde locum ostendit mira testudine pictis
Aulæis circumvelatum, ostroque rubenti.
Luxuriant sola strata, nitent argentea eburnis
Fulcra toris, scyphique, auroque è simplice lances:
Et passim domus, argentoque, auroque renidet:
Atque hæc deinde refert: non hoc mihi nomen ad
aures

Nunc primum venit, illius sed cognita fama
Jam pridem virtus: neque enim mihi cernere coram
Fas fuit, aut vocem divinam hausisse loquentis.
Adveniat: placidus testis asuescat amicis.
Vos hic expectate: viros, qui exacta reportent
Omnia dimittam, meaque illum ad limina du-
cant.

Atque utinam libeat longum his in sedibus olli
Degere, et hospitii dignetur nomine tectum;
Quod nostros juvet interdum memorare nepotes,
Hospitibusque locum felicem ostendere seris.
Interea adventu vestro intermissa sequamur
Carmina, et antiquos patrum repetamus hono-
res,

Dum nigra roriferis nox terras obruat umbris.

Sic ait, ac nervis socians concordibus ora
Obloquitur numeris: quæ concinit, ordine picta
Cuncta

While these concerns his earnest thoughts detain,
 Lo! Peter sudden interrupts the strain;
 And thus—A King we have; than whom is found
 None more for worth, or piety renown'd;
 For justice too thro' all the world his fame
 Resounds; and Christ is his illustrious name;
 Me suppliant to your roof our Lord dismiss'd,
 And begs some small convenience for the feast.

Pleas'd at so great a name, without delay
 He bids his servants all the dome display;
 Thro' each apartment wake the genial fire,
 While round the court Arabia's sweets expire;
 Then leads the men thro' many a winding space,
 And kindly seats them in the inmost place.
 Thence wide unfolds a room, where hung on high
 The splendid tap'stry shines with Tyrian dye;
 A gorgeous carpet the rich floor o'erspreads,
 Bright silver feet support the iv'ry beds;
 Of gold the chargers and the cups were made,
 And the whole dome magnificence display'd.
 Then thus begins—Your Master's glorious name
 Has reach'd my ears; his worth is known to fame;
 Yet to behold this Chief was never mine,
 Or hear the accents of his tongue divine.
 Hither with kind acceptance let him haste,
 And share the honours of this sacred feast.
 Rest here yourselves; my slaves I'll send away
 To spread the news, and to this roof convey
 My honour'd friend; oh! wou'd the Hero come,
 And dwell for years within this happy dome!
 That future sons may boast our mansion bless'd,
 With the rich presence of so great a Guest.
 Meanwhile the subject of this labour'd strain,
 Your tale prevented, we'll resume again,
 Heroic deeds; till darkness spreads around,
 And dewy shades refresh the weary'd ground.

He said; and to their ears the story sings,
 With voice accordant to the trembling strings.

The

Cuncta putes, aut textilibus simulata figuris.
Nempe Paretoniis cantu deducit ab oris
Isacidum genus, arrepta maris æquora virga
Ut profugum dux findat, aquasque impune per
altas

Ut sine navigiis ierint, pelagique profunda
Sicco calcarint pede. Namque induruit humor
Aridus, et liquidas latè est via secta per undas.
A tergo tota ex Ægypto curribus hostes
Quadrijugis vecti, instabant fulgentibus armis.
Jamque pios canit emenso pelago alta tenere
Littora, littoreisque metu se condere sylvis.
Nulla mora est: iterum telo tellure recussa
Divino, redeunt in se maria ecce refusa,
Quæ media ingenti dirimebat semita tractu.
Inde hostes ruere, et falsis in fluctibus arma,
Armaque, quadrupedesque, et corpora mersa viro-
rum.

Aspiceres magis atque magis subsidere in undis
Semper, et absumptos velut evanescere currus,
Qui medii extabant, medios salis hauserat æstus.
Addit, ut omnipotens rerum sator æthere ab
ipso

Paverit in vasta gentem regione locorum
Errantem, dape cœlesti, miseratus egenos.
Cernere ibique putes epulas nivis instar ab
æthra

Desiùere ad terram subitas, cœtusque paratis
Accinctos dapibus latis epularier arvis.
Proinde etiam duras cautes pulsabat eadem
Dux cœlum aspectans virga, cum protinus
amnis

Profilit, et dulcem faxa erupere liquorem,
Atque hausere novis populi de fontibus un-
dam,

Quos sitis ex longo collecta urebat hiantes.
Tum canit, ut primus Solymorum conditor
arcis

BOOK II.] THE CHRISTIAD. 109

The whole you'd think in colour'd tints pourtray'd,
 Or rich embroid'ry to the view display'd.
 He sung, how ancient Israel's warlike host,
 March'd forth triumphant from th' Egyptian coast;
 How the brave Leader, by divine command,
 The waves divided with his magic wand;
 While all the favour'd tribes, on solid ground,
 In safety travell'd thro' the seas profound:
 On either side the waves incrust'd stood,
 And form'd a passage thro' the crystal flood.
 Prone on their rear th' Egyptian host they feel,
 With thund'ring chariots and with glitt'ring steel.
 Next he relates, how safe to shore convey'd,
 Within the neighbouring woods conceal'd they laid.
 When lo! as Moses waves th' enchanted rod,
 Swift to its bounds th' obedient ocean flow'd;
 And where but lately the dissever'd main
 Asunder broke, huge billows roll'd again.
 Then, as the hosts indignant urg'd their way,
 Your eyes might horses, armour, men survey;
 And broken chariots, scatter'd all around,
 At once immersing in the vast profound.
 To these he adds, how God by pity led
 To Israel's race, with heav'nly manna fed
 His chosen people; as forlorn they pass'd
 Thro' the dry desert, and unfruitful waste.
 You'd think the sudden bev'rage you beheld,
 Cov'ring, like heaps of snow, the whiten'd field;
 While the glad tribes, in gather'd ranks around,
 Spread their rich banquets o'er the sacred ground.
 Then, lifting up his eyes, a stubborn rock
 Fierce with his wand the pious Leader struck:
 From the hard flint a plenteous river flow'd,
 And all around refreshing streams bestow'd;
 With thirst oppress'd they quaff'd the liquid store,
 Drawn from a living fount, unknown before:
 Then, at the close, his sacred songs relate,
 How the first founder of the Jewish state,

Presented

Dona laboratæ frugisque, recensque reperti
 Pocula plena meri, obtulerit campestribus aris,
 Cespite quas viridi, sectaque extruxerat orno.

Atque ea dum intentis hauribant auribus
 omnes,

Haud rerum ignarus CHRISTUS, de montibus
 altis:

Cesserat, infensæque iterum successerat urbi;
 Et jam declivi cùm sol properaret Olympo,
 Hospitis intravit, sociis comitantibus, sedes,
 Regisq; instructas luxu, dapibusque paratis,
 Discubuerè omnes: unà interdus lûdas
 Dissimulans sedet, et vultu mentitur amorem.
 Jamque Heros puras fruges, properataque
 liba

Accipiens, frangensque manu partitur in omnes.
 Inde mero implevit pateram, lymphæque re-
 centi,

Et laicis mixti dium sacravit honorem,
 Spumantemque dedit sociis, mox talia fatur:
 Corporis hæc nostri, hæc vera cruoris imago,
 Unus pro cunctis quem fundam sacra Parenti
 Hostia, ut antiquæ noxæ contagia tollam.
 Vos ideo, quoties positas accedere mensas
 Contigerit, sacrasque dapes, libamina iussa,
 Funeris his nostri mœstum referetis honorem,
 Et nunquam istius abolefcet gloria facti.

Nec plura; ex illo mox servavere minores
 Hunc semper ritum memores, arisque sacra-
 mus

Sinceram Cererem, et dulcem de vite liquo-
 rem,

Pro veterum tauris, pecudum pro pinguibus
 extis.

Ipsè sacerdotum verbis eductus ab astris
 Frugibus insinuat sese Regnator olympi,

Libaturque

BOOK. II.] THE CHRISTIAD.

111

Presented gifts, and new-discover'd wine,
In rich oblations to the pow'r divine;
On rustic altars were the off'rings laid,
Of verdant turf and rude materials made.

While these, enraptur'd with the solemn strain,
Attentive listen'd to the warbling swain;
Our Lord, to celebrate the festal rite,
Had now descended from the mountain's height,
And to the hostile town once more was come,
Prepar'd, and conscious of th' approaching doom.
And now, the sun declining to the main,
The room he enter'd with th' associate train;
Where all, reclin'd on splendid couches, shar'd
The feast; in rich magnificence prepar'd.
Ev'n Judas self amidst the rest was seen,
His hate dissembling with a placid mien.
Now blessing bread, and breaking with his hand,
Our Lord divides it 'midst the social band;
Then mixing water with the purest wine,
The chalice consecrates with rites divine.
This bread, my body; and this purple flood,
Conveys, he cries, an image of my blood;
Which, as from slaughter'd lamb, must soon be spilt,
In full atonement for primæval guilt.
Then hear, my friends; and oft as ye prepare,
This solemn rite and festival to share;
Regardful of your Master's latest breath,
Preserve the dear memorial of my death:
This act perpetual glory shall acquire,
Till ages cease, and time itself expire.

From hence, their successors with due regard
This sacred banquet have for ever shar'd.
And now, for fat of choicest victims slain,
For blood of bulls and goats, oblations vain;
On ev'ry altar solemnly is laid,
With purest wine, the consecrated bread.
Sudden, th' Almighty Sire who rules on high,
Call'd by the priest, forsakes th' ethereal sky;

And

Libaturque Dei sacrum cum sanguine corpus.

In summos hæc religio successit honores.

Ergo ubi pulsa fames sociis, sese ocyùs

Heros

Exuit insignem tunicam, et mantilibus albis
Succinctus poscit flammis undantia athena.

Tum gelidam irrorans dextra, lævaque sonoris
Pertentans labris ferventem temperat undam.

Hinc genibus positus Petro, reliquisque suorum,
Plurima quamquam ille attonitus novitate recuset,

Dat pedibus lymphas, et molli siccatur amictu
Accurvus, sociis linquens imitabile factum.

Mox gemitus imo ducens de pectore fatur:

En, mihi summa dies, socii, quamque ipse propinquam

Prædixi toties, nox illa advenit acerba:

Vos linquam, et moriens genitoris iussa capeſſam.

Unus erit veſtrum (vix ô vix credere tantum
Fas scelus) infidiis prodet qui me hostibus ultro.

Haud me animi fallit: furias jam perfidus ille

Concipit, insidiasque animo meditatur avaro:

Id pietas mea magna, mei meruere labores.

Non tamen ipse diu pulchro lætabere facto,

Quisquis eris: satius, si nunquam lucis amorem

Gustasses, dulcis nec vitæ limen inſeſſes.

At vos este pii, inque vicem (quæ exempla reliqui)

Inter vos aliis alii parete volentes,

Summiſſisſque animis fastus abolete superbos.

Non Erebi in tanto ceſſabunt cardine diræ

Veſtra poteſtates prævertere corda timore.

Pervigiles

And chang'd to hallow'd bread, men taste the blood,
And sacred body of th' eternal God.

This solemn act of worship has obtain'd
The noblest honours in the christian land.

Soon as the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The humble Chief resigns his splendid vest,
And taking softest towels in his hands,
The boiling cauldron from the fire demands;
Then pouring water to the vase's brim,
Allays the fury of the raging stream:
Hence, on his knees, to Peter and the rest,
Tho' he alarm'd the strange attempt repress'd,
Pours the pure water on their feet around,
And gently wipes them, bending to the ground,
In this dear act bequeathing to mankind
The truest pattern of an humble mind:
Then his belov'd disciples thus address'd,
The sighs thick bursting from his heaving breast.

The hour, oh! friends! I oft foretold; is come;
The night that wraps me in the silent tomb:
Soon shall I leave this load of mortal clay
On earth, and dying heav'n's behests obey.
One from amidst this social band, I know,
Will soon betray me to the cruel foe;
Ev'n now (what scarcely can belief obtain)
He plots my ruin for the lust of gain.
Such the reward on pious acts bestow'd,
And daily labours for the public good!
Yet thou, whoe'er thou art, to virtue lost,
Shalt never long this brave atchievement boast;
Happy! in youth had'st thou been snatch'd away,
Or ne'er stood forth a candidate for day!
But ye, my friends! your piety maintain,
With humble minds the pride of life disdain,
Among yourselves unite with firm accord,
And copy thus th' example of your Lord.
At this event hell's pow'rs will scarce forbear
To fill your bosoms with unmanly fear;

H

But

Pervigiles quæso jam custodite, proculque
 Consulite: hic animos, atque illos promite sen-
 sus,

Quos toties mihi polliciti, ne cedite pesti:
 Vos servate viri noctem non amplius unam.

Exemplò turbati omnes, gemitumque de-
 dere,

Suspensi, quem cæcum aded, furiisque sub-
 actum

Ore premens signet venturi præscius Heros.

Quem senior tali aggreditur sermone precan-
 do:

O cœli decus, in quenquam tam immane putan-
 dum est

Posse scelus cadere? quisnam fœdissimus ille?

Faxo hodie nunquam nobis illudat inultis.

Non aded effugit cum sanguine vivida virtus

Pulsa annis, nec dextra mihi tam frigida lan-
 guet.

Sic ait: et pariter vagina liberat ensen.

Dux autem signis manifestis prodidit hostem:

Sed cunctis mentem eripuit, voluitque latere,

Donec res perfecta. Dehinc hæc edidit ore:

Immo omni ex numero mihi nemo hac nocte su-
 prema

Vestrum non infidus erit, solusque relinquit.

Tu quoque, magnanimo cui nunc ea copia
 fandi

Sub tecto, atque amplis tendis super æthera
 dictis,

Omnes irritans ventos, omnesque procellas,

Hinc atque hinc circumfusus ubi videris hostes,

Me capto, quæres latebras, jaciesque salutem

Mendaci in lingua, pedibusque fugacibus acer.

Atque ubi curriculo mediam nox humida me-
 tam

But let intrepid resolution arm
Your minds, and guard against the dread alarm,
Ne'er let that noble fortitude be lost,
So often vaunted with a gen'rous boast:
This night, oh! friends! call ev'ry virtue forth,
This single night be witness of your worth.

At this, the pious train with grief oppress'd,
Heav'd forth a sigh of anguish from their breast;
In deep suspence, what wretch, by frenzy blind,
The Hero, conscious of th'event, design'd.
When Peter thus with mild request began,
Oh! pride of heav'n! oh! more than mortal man!
Say, in what breast can such injustice rise?
What heart so base a treachery devise?
Ne'er shall he load us with this foul disgrace,
A just revenge the scandal shall efface.
What? tho' the flight of envious seasons drains
The sprightly current from my languid veins,
This arm has vigour still—with warmth he said,
And from the scabbard snatch'd the shining blade.

By obvious signs our Lord the wretch reveal'd,
But willing he shou'd rest awhile conceal'd,
Till rip'ning time the horrid fraud betray'd,
O'er their dark minds he cast an ambient shade.
Then thus proceeds—Of this assembled train,
Not one to night his valour will maintain,
But all, by fears alarm'd, with one accord
Fly recreant hence; unfaithful to their Lord.
Ev'n thou, who while beneath this roof we stay,
Do'st safely here thine eloquence display,
And in a strain of pompous words defy,
The storms and tempests of a threat'ning sky;
Soon as thou view'st the hostile troops around,
Thy Master captive, and with fetters bound;
Shalt place all safety in thy tongue's deceit,
And coward swiftness of those flying feet.
Nay, e'er the sable chariot of the night,
Has more than half-way reach'd its destin'd height;

Attigerit, ter me tibi notum ille ipse negabis,
 Futilis, incutietque metus tibi foemina inermis.
 Dixerat: ille animi robur magis usque, magis-
 que
 Spondebat, turpique metu impenetrabile pectus:
 Foeda alios servet fuga, nec tu me ante ti-
 moris
 Argue, quàm terga urgenti dare videris hosti.
 Quò te cunque feres, adero: sequar ultima tecum,
 Nulla tuis poterit me vis abjungere rebus.

His Deus exactis, mensas, urbemque relinquit,
 Et se cum sociis pura sub nocte videntes
 Transiit in colles olea, et loca sola petivit:
 Atque omnes secum iussit vigilare: sed illi
 Assiduus noctisque, dieque laboribus hausti
 Haud poterant invictum oculis defendere somnum,
 Et gelidi in summo recubantes æquore saxi
 Infusum toto proflabant ore soporem.

Interea curis confectus tristibus Heros,
 Coelesti velut oblitus se semine cretum,
 Indignos animo eventus, indigna labanti
 Supplicia, atque genus leti verlabat acerbum,
 Horrebatque: id enim matris de corpore traxit,
 Ut quæcunque hominum mortalia pectora terrent,
 Ipse etiam hæc eadem mortali corde paveret.
 Mens immota tamen, virtusque invicta manebat.
 Ergo iterum, atque iterum Genitorem affatus, et ambas
 Ad cælum tendens palmas, hac voce rogabat:
 Omnipotens, talin' Pater ô me funere obire?
 Mene aliena malis tantis commissâ piare?
 Eripe me informi leto, et tua flecte severa
 Consilia in melius, duosque averte dolores.
 Si tamen id fixum sedet, atque hæc certa tibi mens,
 Nec generi humano Nati nisi morte sequestra
 Placaris, non fas orbis me deesse saluti.
 Ibo ultro: crimen generis commune refellam.

Dixerat,

Thrice shall thy tongue deny its Lord, afraid,
And idly trembling at a simple maid.
Conscious he spoke; but Peter now disdain'd
The charge; and bolder his firm zeal maintain'd.
Let others owe their safety to their fear;
But thou, my Lord, to tax my flight forbear,
Till thine own eyes my dastard feet survey
Turn from the hostile sword, and haste away.
Lead where thou wilt; no force shall e'er divide
Thy faithful servant from his Master's side.

These rites discharg'd, attended with his friends
Our Lord his footsteps from the city bends,
To that fam'd hill with verdant olives crown'd,
And sought concealment in the lonely ground:
There bids them with attention watch; but they
Spent with hard toils, and labour of the day,
In vain attempted, the long night, to keep
Their weary eyelids from invading sleep.
Stretch'd on the summit of the rock they lay,
And heedless shor'd th' important hour away.

Meanwhile the Chief, with cares and grief o'er-spent,
As if unconscious of his high descent,
Revolves within his breast the woes to come,
His shame and death; and dreads th' appointed doom.
Such fears, the lot attending all mankind,
From earth he drew; unconquer'd in his mind.
Then, both his hands uplifted to the sky,
He pours his plaints to Him who rules on high:
Almighty Father! must my death fulfil,
A death so dreadful, thy eternal will?
Must I for man's offending race atone,
And bleed for crimes and follies not my own?
Oh! gracious Sovereign! this decree forego,
And snatch thy offspring from impending woe.
But if the world for ever lost must lie,
Unless for man I suffer, bleed, and die;
Freely my death shall human guilt efface,
And save from ruin this devoted race.

H 3

He

Dixerat, atque graves curas sub corde premebat,
 Multa agitans, toto simul ibat corpore sudor
 Proruptus, simul et sanguis, vel sanguinis instar.
 Ecce autem effulgens subito dilapsus ab axe
 Stelligero, pléctis juxta puer astitit alis,
 Plécta ferens Patria, in tanto solatia rerum
 Turbine, mulcebatque ægrum, curasque leva-
 bat,
 Abstergens toto fluidum de corpore rorem.

Hortator verò, scelerisque inventor Ildas
 Composito interea vocat hostes vertice ab alto,
 Seque ultrò comitem, atque ducem venientibus of-
 ferr.

Ergo adsunt improvisi, illum in vincula petentes.
 Longius æra micant tremulæ lumine lunæ.
 Jam clypei resonant, jam ferri stridit acumen,
 Pinguiæque exuperant noctem funalia longo
 Ordine, multifidæque faces, quas unguine supra
 Obduxit manus, et ferro inspicavit acuto.
 Fit strepitus: vasto circum mons undique pulsu
 Armorum sonat, atque virum clamoribus omnis.
 Quos his nil trepidus compellans vocibus Heros:
 Heus, inquit, jam state viri, quem quæritis, ad-
 sum.

Quò ferrum, flammæque? palàm conspectus in
 urbe.

Conventu cecini magno præcepta Parentis:
 Cur non unà omnes vos tunc tenuistis inermem?
 Ista sub obscurum noctis cur agmina cerno?
 Quòd si ine tamen ad mortem deposcitis armis
 Infontem, et vobis adeò obstat gloria nostra,
 Hos finite illæsos: nihil hi meruere, nec ausi,
 Tantum dilecti comitis mandata faceffunt.
 Unus ego vestras explebo deditus iras.
 Hæc ait, et bis se quærentibus obrulit ultrò.
 Illi autem ad vocem toties (mirabile visu)
 Procubuerè, soloque ingentem fusa dedere

Arma

He said, and urg'd with deep concern suppress'd
The cares that labour'd in his anxious breast,
While from his painful limbs huge drops of blood,
Like trickling sweat, in copious measures flow'd.
When lo! an angel, charg'd with heav'n's commands,
Before his face in radiant vesture stands,
Sooths the deep cares that on his spirits lay,
And wipes the moisture from his limbs away.

Meanwhile, his horrid purpose to fulfil,
Judas, the grand artificer of ill,
The foe now summons from their lofty stand,
And boldly offers to conduct the band.
Swift at his word the hostile troops appear,
Their arms by moon-light glimm'ring from afar.
Now sound the shields; the faulchions glitter bright
Clash with loud din; and thro' the scouling night,
A dismal glare the blazing lamps reveal,
And pitchy flambeaus, tip'd with sharpen'd steel.
Wide o'er the sacred hill, the mingled sound
Of hosts and armour, echoes all around.
Whom thus the Hero undismay'd address'd—
Behold in Me the person you request:
What mean these swords and flames? in open day,
I taught your tribes heav'n's precepts to obey.
Why did you not surround and seize me then?
Why come by night, with troops of armed men?
But if you seek My guiltless life in arms,
And 'tis My glory all your fears alarms,
Then suffer these uninjur'd to depart,
Plain, harmless men, devoid of guile or art,
Whose only fault is, if a fault it be,
To serve, obedient to their Lord's decree.
Myself alone beneath your rage will fall,
And singly suffer for the crimes of all.
Thus He; and twice-advancing as he spoke,
His bosom offer'd to the fatal stroke.
But they as often, at th' alarming sound,
(Strange to relate) fell prostrate to the ground:

Arma sonum, atque oculis subito nox plurima q-
borta est.

Consurgunt tandem somno vinoque gravatis
Assimiles, hærentque obliiti: donec lûdas,
Qui nusquam somno noctu se straverat illa,
Signa dedit manifesta, hostique objecit amicum.
Namque pii scelus id prætexens nomine amoris
Composuit sese, et ficto dedit oscula vultu.
Ille dolum præsensit, et hæc presso edidit ore:
Hæc verò meruit comitum fidissime noster
Oscula amor? tanton' scelere ulla ad præmia tendis?
Haud equidem hæc tecum pepigi commercia quon-
dam.

Vix ea fatus erat, cùm circumfusa juvenus
Cæca ruit, densaque omnes indagine cingunt:
Non aliter quàm conjectum cum in retia rara
Cervum, aut fulmineis metuendum dentibus a-
prum,

Pastorum circùm sævit manus: ilicet hastas
Comminus agglomerant certatim: ad sidera voces
Undique eunt, reboant montes clamore propin-
qui.

Sic juvenem obsessum longè fulgentibus armis
Sæva cohors premere, atque omnes incumbere in-
ermi.

Hi prensare manu, hi stupea vincula collo
Injicere, et nunc huc, nunc illuc ducere captum.
Perfurit ante alios, et sese turbidus infert
Malchus, Idumæis missus captivus ab oris:
Nulli ferre manum, nulli contendere suetus.
Non ea vis illi, non tanta in pectore virtus.
Verùm, ut se Cæphæ præstantem ostendat in ar-
mis,

Cui datas hærebat famulus (nam tuta videbat
Omnia, et audenti nullum hic obstare peri-
clum,)

Audet, cedentemque ultro petit improbus hostem,
Ventosam

BOOK II.] THE CHRISTIAD. 121

A rattling noise their ringing armour made,
 And their eyes sunk in night's surrounding shade.
 At length, like men with wine and sleep oppress'd,
 They rise, when Judas, bold beyond the rest,
 Who ne'er that night in slumber clos'd his eyes,
 Proclaim'd the sign, in friendship's fair disguise;
 Beneath that covert his attack he made,
 And with the kiss of love his Lord betray'd.
 Thro' the thin mask he saw the fraud appear,
 And thus soft whisper'd in the traitor's ear:
 Cou'd love like mine, oh friend! deserve a kiss
 Fraught with such base ingratitude as this?
 Such sudden change has lust of lucre wrought?
 A time was once, when Judas pure in thought,
 Far other commerce with his Master sought.

Scarce had he spoken, when the furious foes
 Rush on the Chief; and in the midst enclose.
 As when some stag, or tusky boar, is found
 Snar'd in the hunter's toils; the swains around
 Seize the defenceless prey, and rushing near
 Brandish the sword, and shake the threat'ning spear;
 Tumultuous shouts and clamour rend the sky,
 The neighbouring mountains echo to the cry.
 Thus round the Youth, in burnish'd armour dress'd
 Near and more near the dreadful cohort press'd.
 Some seiz'd his hands, and some with twisted thong
 Around his shoulders, drag'd the Chief along.
 Before the rest advanc'd with hostile boast,
 A wretched captive from Idume's coast,
 Malchus by name, who ne'er was known to dare
 With gen'rous courage in the fields of war:
 But eager now to prove a conduct brave
 Before his Master, this heroic slave,
 (Descrying, as he cast his eyes around,
 No danger near at hand, and safe the ground)
 Comes rushing forward in a marshal show,
 And falls with fury on the yielding foe:

And

Ventosam nequicquam acuens in jurgia linguam,
Et vix ille suas tumefactus corde capit spes.
Non tulit hoc præcept animi Petrus, arripit ensẽ,
Et super incumbens inhonesto vulnere tempus
Occupat, ac patulam dicto ocyus amputat aurem.
Quod Deus aspiciens, subito dextramque tetendit,
Decisamque ab humo madido cum pulvere partem
Sustulit, applicuitque manu medica, unde resecta
est,

Affixitque loco: nullo hæsit fixa dolore,
Ulla nec apparent vestigia vulneris usquam.
Mox socium increpitans vim dextra arcere volen-
tem,

Condere tela jubet, vetito neque fidere ferro.
Ni faciat, senior nequicquam magna locuto
Strictum ardens illi per costas exigit ensẽ,
Non istis opibus, non istis nitimur, inquit,
Viribus: est Genitor, qui me si funere acerbo
Eripere, et fuso Nati sine sanguine vellet
Placari generi humano, centum agmina posset
Cœlicolũm, mihi centum acies summittere ab arce
Siderea, infensũ qui cœtum hunc ense trucidant.
Militiã ne adeò superũm, pugnataque bella,
Atque potestates varias, et nomina nescis?
Nunc sine me imperiis magni parere parentis,
Quæ me sola premunt: hominum nil demoror
arma.

Talibus auditis senior vix desinit iræ
Invitus; veluti aspexit si forte magistri
Assuetum imperiis cervum media urbe molossus,
Sylvestrem ratus insequitur, vix voce coercet.
Venator rabido instantem cervicibus ore.
Ergo sponte sua victum, nec viribus usum,
Corripiunt cuncti (heu species indigna) trahuntque
Invalidum, et dictis lapsantem immitibus urgent.
Hæc Pater omnipotens, superũm regnator, olympo
Tam lentus cernis, nec cœlo tartara misces?

Ecquando

And while his tongue pours forth reproaches vain,
Scarce can his swelling heart his hopes contain.
This Peter saw, and fir'd with gen'rous zeal,
Snatch'd from his armed side the glitt'ring steel;
Then with a furious aim advancing near,
Lops from the Caitif's head his quiv'ring ear,
The God this fact discerning, from the ground
Lifts the dismember'd part; and heals the wound;
Fast to his head it joins, devoid of pain,
And of the bloody stroke no marks remain.
Then, with a mild rebuke, our gracious Lord
Bids him restrain his zeal, and sheath the sword;
Else had the senior, by no threats dismay'd,
Plung'd in the boaster's side his smoking blade.
Our cause, he cries, demands no arms like these;
My heav'nly Father, if his will decrees
To snatch his Offspring from this bitter death,
And save mankind without my forfeit breath;
Can mighty troops of armed Seraphs send,
These guilty wretches in his wrath to end.
Do'st thou not know, what pow'rs in bright array,
What warring legions throng the realms of day?
But now be heav'n's imperial will obey'd,
Hard as it is, I ask no human aid.

Peter unwilling heard, and scarce suppress'd
The anger boiling in his gen'rous breast.
So when by chance some eager hound surveys
A stag, that devious thro' the city strays,
Familiar, tame, obedient to the hand,
That wont to hearken to its Lord's command;
Deeming it wild, he rushes on the prey,
And scarce the huntsman can his fury stay.
Now to his fortune willingly resign'd,
Nor using strength of body or of mind,
Loaded with bitter taunts, the madding throng
(Oh! fight unworthy!) drag the Chief along.
View'st thou this scene, and from th'etherial pole,
Eternal Sov'reign! bid'st no thunder roll?

When

Ecquando horrificum dextra jaculabere fulmen,
 Si nunc immoto facies innubila mundo est?
 Foedere jam rupto, rerum confusa laborent,
 Atque repentè elementa ruant, ruat arduus æther.
 Cur tua dextra vacat? cur non face terra trifulca
 Jam fumat? quos flamma vorax servatur in
 usus?

Non genus humanum, non tanti regia cœli
 Alitibus supplenda choris, non aurea gens, quæ
 Mox hinc se tollet pietate insignis ad astra.
 Ne nostri tanto te cura incendat amore,
 Jactari ut tali patiaris turbine natum
 Unigenam, desertum, inopem, atque extrema fe-
 rentem.

Diffugere metu comites, sylvisque teguntur:
 Spumiferi ut suis adventu, sævique leonis,
 Semianimes: passim insequitur ferus hostis eun-
 tes.

Aspiceres hunc jam captum, jam veste relicta
 Elapsum, manibus rapido petere ardua cursu:
 Illum speluncas, et sicubi operta subire
 Per sylvam loca, saxorumque in fornice condi:
 Nec mora, nec requies, cursu nemora avia fer-
 vent,
 Et vasto intonsi colles clamore resultant.

Jamque sacerdotis summi tecta ampla subibant:
 Protinus huc tota passim concurritur urbe,
 Primores adsunt procerum, pœnasque reposcunt
 Uni insensu omnes, atque illum torva tuentes
 Perterrent, vinctumque minis crudelibus urgent,
 Tum gentis primus Caïphas ita denique fatur:

Res hodie bene gesta viri, non artibus ullis
 Infandum evasit caput, illi nulla supersunt
 Effugia, instaurandi animi, et quod restat agendum.
 Nunc est illa dies, qua gloria maxima sese
 Ostendit nobis: sed opus properantibus astu,

Accipite,

When from thine arm will angry lightnings fly,
 If now no cloud deforms the azure sky?
 Let all the bonds of nature be destroy'd,
 Air, seas, and sky rush lawless thro' the void!
 Let fire dissolve earth's universal frame;
 Ah! why, why lingers thy devouring flame?
 Not human race, not all th' etherial band,
 Deserve such mild forbearance at thine hand;
 Not ev'n those souls, which hence with glory crown'd
 Shall rise to heav'n, for piety renown'd.
 Let not thy love, oh! gracious Sire! be shown,
 Thus, thus to suffer thy begotten Son,
 From human race such wrongs to undergo,
 Forsaken, friendless, and o'erwhelm'd with woe.
 Fled are th' associate train, with fear subdu'd,
 As by the feet of savage beasts pursu'd;
 And where to caverns or to woods they run,
 The hostile squadrons rush vindictive on.
 This you might captive see; the same again
 Escap'd, and scouring naked o'er the plain:
 While that in winding caves a shelter meets,
 Or devious woods, or mountains lone retreats.
 No stop, no rest; the paths are throng'd around;
 With noise and clamour the rough hills resound.

Now to the Pontiff's stately palace come
 Tumultuous crowds, and fill the regal dome.
 Around the throne the rev'rend elders stand
 Incens'd, and instant punishment demand:
 Stung with revenge they knit their angry brow,
 And threat destruction to the captive foe.
 Then words like these from Caiphas proceed—

This day stands noted for a glorious deed;
 The Traytor's arts have fail'd; no hopes remain
 Of speedy rescue from our hands again.
 Take courage then, and let us strait pursue
 Those obvious measures fortune points to view.
 This day shall lift our glory to the skies,
 But let us act with craft what we devise.

Then

Accipite, et linguis omnes, animisque favete,
 Nulli fas nostrum quenquam demittere morti:
 Romani ducis arbitrio stat quisque caditve:
 Quæramus leti causas, et crimina primum,
 Inde ducem instructi verbis adeamus, ut ipse
 Audiat, et morti indefensum destinet hostem.

Sic ait: hinc captum alloquitur: Tu ne ille su-
 premi

Vera Dei soboles, verus Deus, æthere ab alto
 Quem vates oriturum orbi cecinere priores?
 Per Patris obtestor numen, qui sidera fulcit,
 Fate age, ne te dissimula quærentibus ultra,
 Discussisque palam qui sis nunc nubibus ede,
 Ne te divino ignari fraudemus honore.
 Dixerat: ille autem in medio defessus, inermis
 Conspectu paulum sustollens lumina fatur:

Sum quod ais, quid me studio tentatis inani,
 Hæc eadem toties scitati? parcite tectis
 Infidiis, victique dolis desistite tandem.
 Ipse palam fateor: nec jam mora longior ob-
 stat,

Cum mihi sublimis cedit plaga lucida olympi
 Regnanda: ætherea jamjam cernetis in aula
 Amplexum dextram Patris omnipotentis, et
 inde

Mox iterum terras petere aspicietis eundem,
 Fulgentem clara in nebula, quem mille sequuti
 Coelicolæ auratis impellent æthera pennis.

Vix ea dicta: humeris sibi cum de more sa-
 cerdos

Abscindens tunicam, inquit: Eget quid lucis adhuc
 res,

Indiciis tot clara? palam scelus ipse fatetur.
 Nonne Deo quicumque audet se fingere natum,
 Fas et jura jubent mulctari funere acerbo?

Tollite,

Then hear attentive my design—You know,
Our pow'r extends not to condemn the foe;
Spoil'd of our rights, the Roman judge's breath
Acquits the culprit, or consigns to death.
First then, oh Fathers! let us search at large
For various crimes, to found the specious charge;
Next, to the chief in full commission go,
And sue for vengeance on our nation's foe.

Then turning to the Youth—art thou, he cries,
The true, undoubted offspring of the skies,
That God, expected from the blest'd abode
To visit earth, as ancient bards foreshow'd?
Now, by thy Sire, who props th' etherial frame,
No more dissemble, but the truth proclaim;
Speak what thou art, all doubt remov'd away,
That we due honours to thy worth may pay.
To this, uplifting from the ground his eyes,
The weary'd Hero thus in brief replies:

Thou sayest what I am; then why in vain
Seek'st thou to hear this obvious truth again?
Such covert artifices learn to spare
Henceforth, and vanquish'd your deceits forbear.
The truth I here proclaim; and soon a day,
Borne on the wings of time will speed its way,
When I shall glorious sit, enthron'd on high,
Th' imperial Ruler of the starry sky.
Soon shall you view me in th' etherial plain,
Advanc'd to God's right hand, triumphant reign;
From thence behold me once again descend,
And to this nether earth my footsteps bend;
While girt with radiant clouds, in pomp I move,
By choirs surrounded of the blest'd above.

Scarce had He spoken, when the frantic priest
With indignation rends his sacred vest.
Yourself, he cries, this bold confession hear;
What need we witness in a case so clear?
Is not He guilty, by all laws allow'd,
Who claims the title of the Son of God?

Away.

Tollite, ferte moras, Romani ad præfidis ædes
Abripite hunc jubeo, meritasque reposeite poenas.

Interea casu Petrus perculsus iniquo
Prosequitur moerens, longeque observat amicum.
Jamque sub ingentis devenerat atria templi,
Tecta sacerdotis magni, solusque sedebat
Tristis, inops animi, ante fores nocturnus apertas,
Olli serva, domus cui curæ janua herilis,
Id quod erat rata: Tunc etiam fugis, inquit, et istî
Junctus eras scelerum consors, ideoque per umbras
Explorator ades, quando omnia nocte quiescunt?
Diriguit Petrus ad vocem formidine turpi,
Oblitusque sui est (quæ vitæ tanta cupido?)
Nec jam scit subita turbatus imagine rerum,
Quid faciat, quò se vertat, quas advocet artes.
Qualis ubi dulci virgo decepta sopore,
Parvula, quam mater campis ignara reliquit
In solis abeunte die sub tecta revertens,
Confestim rupto circumtulit humida somno
Lumina, nec comites, nec matrem conspicit usquam,
Sed loca sola metu videt exanimata, viarumque
Immemor, atque horrere nigra circum omnia nocte,
Talis erat miser ille, animo confusus et hærens,
At chari nomen tandem abjuravit amici,
Pro quo sponte neci modò se devoverat ardens.
Quinetiam, quò se tegeter, succedere tecto
Hostili tulit, et famulis se immiscuit amens.
Nec latuit tamen: illum omnes inimica tueri
Suspectum, et latebras verbis urgere foveantem,
Terque adeò objectum nomen, patriamque Magistri
Audierat, ficto ter dissimulaverat ore,
Cum matutino mediæ jam noctis abactæ
Edebant cantu cristatæ signa volucres,
Auroram in tectis solitæ acri voce vocare.
Tum monitus verborum, Heros quæ extrema ca-
nebat,

Ingemuit, rupitque imo suspiria corde;

Et

Away then to the Roman chief with speed,
And let the Traitor die the death decreed.

Peter meanwhile, at these disasters struck,
His Master follow'd with a pensive look.
And now dejected and with grief oppress'd,
He reach'd the palace of the lov'reign priest;
There at the doors in trembling silence sate—
At length a female slave who watch'd the gate,
Observ'd his fears: and do'st thou fly, she cried,
Thou, who in treason wast with Him ally'd?
And com'st thou here a spy in close disguise,
While all creation wrapt in slumber lies?
Peter at this, to sudden fears resign'd,
Forgets his boasted fortitude of mind;
Nor knows, while death's grim terrors rise in view,
What course to follow, or what schemes pursue.
As when, by slumber's pleasing charm betray'd,
Rests on a mossy bank some infant maid;
Left by the mother, as she hastes away
To reach her cottage at the close of day:
Soon as she wakes, she lifts her weeping eyes,
No parent now; no kind attendant spies;
But views with wild affright the lonely ground,
Unknown her way, and darkness hov'ring round.
Such was the dread his ghastly looks express'd,
And such the doubt that rack'd his tortur'd breast.
At length resolv'd, his Master he deny'd,
Whose zeal so late the fears of death defy'd.
And now he mixes with the menial train,
Flush'd with fond hopes of safety; but in vain:
All view the dastard with suspicious eyes,
And urge him, sculking in his dark disguise.
Thrice his lov'd Master's honour'd name he hears,
And thrice disowns him, sunk in abject fears:
When the shrill cock, night's darkness chas'd away,
With sprightly note salutes the morning ray.
Rous'd at the words his gracious Master spoke,
Deep sighs that instant from his bosom broke;

Et penitus duris tristi dolor offibus arsit.
 Tum sese miser incusans, turpemque timorem,
 Erepsit furtim foribus, solusque per urbem
 Totam illam ingemuit somni sine munere noctem,
 Menti caniciem demissam in pectore vellens.
 Quin illum hanc perhibent mox semper fletse sub
 horam,
 Admissi memorem, dum vixit: cum æthera pandens
 Sæpe oriens, solis sæpe ater vesper in antris
 Invenit luctu indulgentem, eademque querentem,
 Dum nulla admittit mœsto solatia amoris:
 Deserti subeunt monita usque novissima regis,
 Ac se perculsum muliebri voce recurfat.

Et jam tempus erat, cum nondum aurora relato
 Orta die albentes cœli discriminat oras.

Jamque Deum vinctis manibus post terga trahebant

Præsidis ad sedem, quò crimina quæreret ipse,
 Quem penes arbitrium, et morti damnavit acerbæ,
 Illo Judæam frenabat tempore missus
 Cæsaris imperio Tiberi Pilatus opimam
 Pontius insigni Romanus origine gentis:
 Quem furibunda manus trepido est aggressa tumultu,

Vociferans: Hunc dede neci, trabe fige merentem
 Infami auctorem scelerum, fraudumque potentem.
 Hæc crebrâ ingeminant, densique ad limen inundant.

Ille autem juvenis procero in corpore fixos
 Intentusque oculos, intentusque ora tenebat.
 (Nondum illi dulcis flos prorsum evanuit ævi)
 Insolitam speciem, insolitos miratur honores.
 Oris, et expleri nequit: hunc è stirpe fatetur
 Aut divum, aut saltem magnorum è sanguine regum,
 Et secum fortè capti miseratur iniquam.

Jamque

Inly he groans, with swelling grief oppress'd,
 And bears a load of anguish in his breast.
 Then stealing silent from the busy throng,
 Forlorn and sad he roams the streets along;
 While thro' the night, fresh sighs succeeding sighs,
 No pleasing slumber seals his wakeful eyes.
 'Tis said, that conscious of th' ungrateful crime,
 He wept for ever at that fatal time.

Oft as the morning rose with chearful ray,
 Oft as mild Hesper clos'd the parting day;
 In some lone rock or cavern was he found,
 O'erwhelm'd in tears, and breathing sighs around;
 For injur'd friendship to sad woes resign'd,
 No beam of comfort dawning in his mind:
 His Lord's last warnings to his thoughts appear,
 A slave's detection, and his dastard fear.

Now was the time, when scarce Aurora's ray
 Had giv'n the signal of approaching day:
 With zeal to bind the Captive they proceed,
 And to the Roman chief's tribunal lead;
 That he alone the crimes alledg'd might know
 By legal process, and condemn the Foe.
 Beneath a foreign yoke Judæa's land
 Then groan'd, and Pilate held the sole command:
 To him the frantic crowds tumultuous press,
 And in rude clamours thus the chief address—
 Strait let the wretch, who justly merits death,
 On the vile cross resign his forfeit breath.
 This oft they urge, with fierce imperious sound,
 The gath'ring tumult thickens all around.

He, with such firm majestic carriage struck,
 On the fair Youth attentive fix'd his look.
 (Not yet the vernal bloom and lively red
 Of op'ning roses from his cheeks were fled)
 Th' unusual splendor charm'd his ravish'd sight,
 Silent he gaz'd with wonder and delight.
 Some God he deems him, or of royal race
 At least; and inly mourns his dire disgrace.

Jamque favet, tacitusque agit, si qua potis illum
Impunè eripere, et ruptis exolvere vinclis.
Quem sic alloquitur: quæ te commissa fatigant?
Fare age, qui casus? unde hæc effusa repentè
Tempestat tibi? num tantis scelera impia mersum
Implicuere malis? an divùm tristior ira?
Unde domo? quo te memoras è sanguine cretum?
Aut quibus aspiras sceptris? quæ debita regna?

Christus ad hæc paucis: non huc ego criminis
ergò
Protrahor, haud turpi mihi mens obnoxia facto:
Sed Patris, immensi cœli cui regia paret,
Jussu sequor. Nec regna moror mortalia: quamvis
Haud equidem clara me regum è stirpe negarim.

Hæc tantum, ille autem admirans decus oris ho-
nesti,
Nunc hoc, nunc alio sermone affatur, et omnem
Explorat: sed responso non amplius Heros
Dignatur, sævo curarum exercitus æstu.
Tandem illum dux, ut turbam compescat acerbam,
Servari jubet, atque domo interiore recondit.

Resolv'd, he labours in his mind to gain
The Captive's freedom from the galling chain.
Then thus begins—Illustrious Youth! disclose
The fatal cause, from whence this storm arose?
Say, in this deed is heav'n's fierce anger shown,
Or spring these evils from thy crimes alone?
Declare from whence thou art, where tend thy aims,
And what the kingdom thy ambition claims.

For no offences am I hither brought;
My soul, he cries, is guiltless of a fault.
But in this act my gracious Father's will,
Who rules heav'n's awful kingdom, I fulfil.
I seek no earthly sceptre; tho' I own
Myself ally'd by birth-right to a throne.

The chief admiring in his looks, the sign
Of conscious worth, and dignity divine;
With various questions the fair Youth address'd:
But grief and anguish lab'ring in his breast,
No more he deigns to answer his demand—
At length, to silence this seditious band,
The chief commands to lead the Youth away,
And to some secret safe retreat convey.

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER TERTIUS.

FAMA volans jam finitimas impleverat ur-
bes,
Exceptum insidiis Heroa, dolisque fuorum:
Obscurus tamen, atque incerto auctore va-
gari
Rumor adhuc, nec dum matris penetrarat ad au-
res,
Cuncta licet nunquam illa animo secura time-
ret
Præfago: nempe audierat, vatumque tre-
menda
Terrebant monita: pro libertate piorum
Natum sponte sua subiturum funus acerbum.

Ast ubi Josephus senior præsensit (ei olim
Alma parens fuerat superum concredita
jussis)
Nazaren linquens Solymorum se intulit
urbi.
Vix introgressus, videt omnia fervere multo
Concurfu populi sublustri nocte per umbras,
Mœniaque ingenti misceri tota tumultu.

Ecce autem elapsus manibus, telisque co-
hortis
Fidus Joannes, pallenti tristior ore

Occurrit:

V I D A's
C H R I S T I A D.

BOOK. III.

NOW fame swift mounted on the winds, had blown
Her sounding trumpet thro' each neighbouring
town,

And spread the news, that Christ was captive made,
By the vile baseness of his friends betray'd.
But vague and doubtful the report appears,
Nor reach'd as yet his mother's trembling ears;
Tho' she, unhappy parent, had divin'd
The worst disasters in her fearful mind.
Oft had she heard, and bards inspir'd of old,
With sad predictions to the world foretold,
That He a painful death shou'd undergo,
To rescue sinners from the realms of woe.

But when old Joseph, (who by heav'n's command
Possess'd the dame in hymen's sacred band)
Heard the sad tale; from Nazareth he came,
And reach'd the city of imperial fame.
Scarce was he enter'd, when his eyes survey'd
A mighty concourse, thro' the glimm'ring shade,
Of men tumultuous thick'ning all around,
While mingled clamours from the walls resound.

Lo! just escaping from the impious hands,
And frantic weapons of the hostile bands,
The faithful John, with terror and dismay
All pale his visage, speeds athwart the way :

Occurrit: sed vix amens agnovit amicum,
Dum trepidat, casusque animo Ducis hæret acer-
bus.

Cui senior: Heus siste gradum, quò te rapis?
inquit:

Quo res nostra loco? sine te nunc vester ubi dux
Patre Deo satus? aut strepitus quis tantus in urbe?
Hei mihi, non fallunt pavidam præfagia matrem.

Sic ait: illum autem juvenis complexus, et hæ-
rens

Tantum fundebat lachrymas, gemitusque ciebat.
Tandem pauca refert: nostra heu spes occidit om-
nis,

Atque absumpta salus: dux foedè carcere captus
Clauditur: invidia primores urbis in illum
Conspirant, pœnasque graves cum sanguine poscunt.
Fidi omnes petiere fugam, terrore subacti.
Mater ubi est? miserè ne adeò jam nuncius aures
Perculit? hìc utinam tecum nunc afforet ipsa.
Pontius aspiciens lachrymas, gemitusque parentis,
Forſitan indigni casus miseresceret ultro.
Ire tamen libet, ac pacem veniamque precari,
Et populi invidiam, atque odium crudele profari.

Sic memorans, gressum Syriæ rectoris ad ædes
Tendit: ei senior comitem se jungit, et ambo
Incedunt pariter tristes: ceu fortè boves cùm
Agricola amisit pauper, quos hostis abegit
Depopulatus agros, quæsitum protinus illos
Longum iter ingreditur, natorum maximus olli
It comes, hìc illic sæpe ambo ignota per arva,
Si quos fortè suis similes videre vagari,
Subsistunt flentes, atque avia questibus implent,
Haud illi secus: et jam ventum ad limina tecti,
Quod regum quondam fuit antiquissima sedes,
Cùm res incolumi regno Judæa maneret:

Sed

BOOK III.] THE CHRISTIAD. 137

But whelm'd in sorrow at his Master's woes
Scarce his old friend amidst the tumult knows.

To whom the senior—To what destin'd place
Tend thy swift steps? oh! stop thy rapid pace.
In what condition are our hopes, he cried?
And where without thee roves thy heav'nly guide?
What dreadful noise is this? alas! I find
Too well his mother's boding breast divin'd.

Thus he; the Youth in close embraces press'd
His friend, while sighs burst frequent from his breast;
Then thus return'd—Alas! all hope is flown!
Each flatt'ring view of safety lost and gone!
Fast bound in prison lies our faithful guide;
The priests inflam'd with jealousy and pride,
Against the Chief unanimous conspire,
And to appease their rage his blood require.
His faithful friends, all seiz'd with wild affright,
Have sought their safety in ignoble flight.
Where is his wretched parent? do'st thou know
If yet the tidings of this dismal woe, [see
Have reach'd her ears? wou'd heav'n! mine eyes cou'd
The Virgin-mother here, O friend! with thee!
Mov'd by her tears, perhaps the Roman chief
To woes so piercing wou'd afford relief.
Myself will go submissive, and relate
At large the nation's unrelenting hate.

Thus saying, to the Syrian court he bends
His course; the senior on his steps attends.
Penfive they march; as when some rustic swain
Mourns his lost cattle, from the ravag'd plain
Driv'n by the hostile troops; he journies on
Forlorn, attended by his first-born son:
To seek their treasure lost, thro' paths unknown
They rove; the desert echoes with their moan.
Thus pass'd the friendly pair; and now they come
To the proud threshold of th' imperial dome;
The seat of regal pomp, in times of yore,
When fair Judæa held the sov'reign pow'r;

Now

Sed tum Romulides oræ moderator habebat.
Fervere cuncta vident strepitu, patresque sub ipso
Vestibulo ante fores dissensu tendere magno.
Jamque sacerdotes paulatim cedere ab aula,
Romano velut infensos, ac dira minantes.

His animum arrecti paulùm lenire dolorem
Incipiunt, rebusque aliquam sperare salutem.
Atque ita Iöannes: mihi se nonnulla aperit spes,
Solve metum, atque virum pro nato affare, Deique
Diffimula sobolem, et causas innecte precandi.

His dictis, pariter succedunt ædibus ambo,
Atque ducem senior, qui re suspensus eadem
His super in medio procerum consulta rogabat,
Alloquitur genua amplexans, supplexque preca-
tur:

Optime Romulidum, quem clari rector olympi
Justitia voluit Syriam frenare superbam:
Parce piis, sævumque hominum compesce furo-
rem.
Hinc ratio penitus sublata est: vi geritur res.
Ille ego sum genitor, quem primi gentis in unum
Conjurant omnes, et ficto crimine terrent.
Jamque tibi, ut scelere ante omnes immanior unus,
Traditus, immeritas quo pendat sanguine pœnas.
Illum autem virtus tantum, et benefacta per orbem
His mersere malis sua, dum gens effera laudi
Invidet eximiæ, nec fert surgentis honorem.

Talibus orabat: largo simul imbre rigabant
Ora senis lachrymæ: placido quem Pontius ore
Accipit, atque ambos verbis solatur amicis;
Depositumque senem molli locat ipse sedili,
Atque hæc deinde refert: Ut vos hic tempore ad-
estis
Optati! nec enim forsân venisse pigebit:

Tu

Now subject to the Roman chief's command,
Who stretch'd his empire o'er the conquer'd land.
Before the crowded entrance here they found
The chiefs dissenting, and a tumult round:
Then view the priests by slow degrees retreat,
Incens'd and threat'ning, from the regal seat.

At this, their terrors gradually suppress'd,
A ray of comfort dawns within their breast,
Some hopes, O friend! arise (thus John begun)
Dismiss thy fear, and for thy captive Son
Implore the chief; his heav'nly birth suppress,
And feign some specious causes of address.

This said, together to the dome they went;
Then to the chief, who dubious of th'event,
Was searching fresh discoveries to make,
His knees embracing thus the senior spake.

Oh! best of Romans! who by heav'n's command,
With sacred justice rul'st the Syrian land;
A pious race with kind compassion view,
And curb the madness of an impious crew.
From them no reason in our cause is shown,
All, all proceeds by violence alone.
Behold in me the Youth's unhappy fire,
'Gainst whom the rulers with one voice conspire;
And now deliver to thy awful throne,
As one in crimes unrivall'd and alone.
But virtue only, and good actions wrought
O'er the wide world, have these disasters brought;
Whilst Him with envy the whole nation view,
And grudge the honours to his merit due.

Fervent he pray'd; while trickling tears apace
In silent show'rs bedew'd his aged face.
Him Pilate with a gracious mien receiv'd,
And with kind words their mutual grief reliev'd.
Then plac'd with tenderness the good old man
Soft on a velvet couch, and mild began:
As thus, oh friends! my wishes you prevent,
Perhaps you may not this address repent:

Do

Tu modò vera mihi scitanti ediffere pauca
Nunc pater, haud veritus, fidei te credere fas est
Omne meæ: cœlum et cœli vaga sidera testor,
Sollicito mihi cura tui est nunc maxima nati:
Quem tibi mente agito incolumem servare, furorem-

que,
Et rabiem, ut potui, compressæ gentis iniquæ.
Fare age (namque mihi haud nunc primum venit
ad aures)

Quæ fortuna viro, unde domo, quo sanguine cre-

tus:
Ede tuum, matrisque genus: non ille creatus
Stirpe humili, mihi si verum mens augurat,
ut se

Incessu gerit! ut vultuque et corpore toto est
Humana major species! ut lumina honorum
Plena! ut regifici motus! verba inde notavi,
Nil mortale sonat: sensi illo in pectore numen.
Aut certè Deus ille, aut non mortalibus ortus.
Dicite vos: nam me citantem avertitur ipse,
Et vix responso tacitus dignatur amicum,
Contemptorque illi est animus lucisque, mei-

que.
His dictis, senior paulisper substitit anceps,
Sene ultrà tegeter quærenti, an proderet illi
Et Divi genus, et verum sine fraude parentem.

Cùm breviter comes admotus sic fatur ad au-

rem:
Regia progenies, Nymphæ dignate superbo
Conjugio, quid adhuc hæres? absiste vereri,
Omnia sublati aperi jam nubibus ultro.
Pone metus, et rumpe moras, video omnia
tuta.

Dixerat: ille igitur missa formidine cœpit:

Dicam equidem, nec dux, tibi magna arcana
filebo.

Sed

Do thou, oh father! thy assistance lend
To clear my doubts, and safely trust a friend.
I swear by heav'n, and all th' etherial race,
My soul is anxious for thy Son's disgrace;
Whom to release I strove, and, all I cou'd,
The clam'rous nation's zealous rage withstood.
Say then, (for e'er this time these strange affairs
By public rumour have approach'd my ears)
What happier fortune on thy Son attends?
What lineage boasts he? from what blood descends?
Thine, and his mother's glorious birth-right trace;
For sure He springs not from a vulgar race.
With what an air he moves! how much are seen
Distinguish'd o'er the rest, his shape and mien!
How with his princely motions am I struck!
What heav'nly lustre sparkles in his look!
His words I mark'd, above a mortal sound;
Within that breast a Deity I found.
Doubtless, some Youth he is of heav'nly birth,
Or not descended from the race of earth.
Declare yourselves; the chief in silent scorn
Vouchsafes no further answer to return;
But bears in his determin'd looks, I see,
A soul regardless both of life and me.

These mild expressions when the senior heard,
Doubtful awhile, and wav'ring he appear'd;
Whether some part in prudence to suppress,
Or the whole truth without disguise confess.
When thus his friend soft whisper'd in his ear;
Why do'st thou longer hesitate, or fear;
Oh! worthy of the virgin bride alone,
Thou true descendant of a royal throne?
Without concealment all the truth declare,
Each scruple now and jealousy forbear;
All, all is safe, suspense and fear are vain—
He said; the senior in these words began:

To thee the truth, O prince, I will reveal,
Nor longer now this mystic tale conceal.

Sed quando genus insedit cognoscere nostrum,
 Id primum, neque te suspensum ambage tenebo:
 Quamvis res inopes opera ad fabrilia versum
 Exercent, tamen est mihi regum à stirpe pro-
 pago,

Admotumque genus superis, clarique parentes.
 Principio innumeræ pater Abras gentis, et
 auctor

Maximus ille, tuas non (ut reor) effugit aures,
 Qui generi legesque tulit, moremque sacrorum.
 Isacon hic dedit, Isacides Jacobus ab illo,
 Bis senos qui mox procures genuit, quibus omnis
 Nostra domos in bis senas gens secta, tribusque
 est.

Hos inter pietate olim quàm major Iùdas,
 Tam sese sobole egregia super extulit omnes,
 Judæamque suo dixit de nomine terram.
 Hinc (licet in medio series longissima patrum)
 Davides ortus, regum pater, unde meorum
 Per bis septem exit genus actum ab origine re-
 ges.

Verùm longè aliud juveni genus, ille parentes
 Quamvis mortales mortalibus editus oris
 Dignatur, tamen est Divo cœlestis origo,
 Estque Deo genitore satus, gaudetque pa-
 rente,

Cui mare velivolum, cui tellus paret, et æther.
 Illum autem aëreas in luminis edidit auras,
 Nunquam mixta viro mulier, foetæque reman-
 fit

Virginitas, olim ut vates cecinere futurum.
 Nam pater omnipotens foecunda desuper aura
 Afflatam implevit, tumuit divinitus alvus.
 Quòd verò genitor vulgò sum creditus ipse,
 Haud ita res, mihi que alma parens accredita tan-
 tum,

Quicum animi posset curas, durumque labo-
 rem

Partiri,

But since you seek my high descent to trace,
Hear first in brief the story of my race.
Tho' now unfriended and of wealth devoid,
In servile tasks my labour is employ'd;
Yet from a sacred stem I draw my birth,
My royal kindred once renown'd on earth.
You live, I guess, no stranger to the fame
Of Ab'ram, father of the Jewish name.
This patriarch founded an illustrious line,
And gave them laws, and sacred rites divine:
From him, sprung Isaac of distinguish'd worth;
From ancient Isaac, Jacob drew his birth:
From Jacob's loins twelve famous patriarchs came,
Who gave to twelve conspicuous tribes a name.
'Midst these, great Judas held the sov'reign place,
For worth heroic, and a noble race;
Till the whole land, as he encreas'd in fame,
Was call'd Judæa from the leader's name.
From hence (tho' here I numbers more might trace)
Rose David, author of a royal race:
From him, descending thro' a line of kings,
My blood thro' fourteen generations springs.
But claims far diff'rent to this Youth belong;
Tho' from a stock of mortal parents sprung,
He deigns to breathe this vital air of earth,
Yet springs the Hero from cœlestial birth;
And boasts a Sire, who sits enthron'd on high;
Th' eternal Sov'reign of earth, seas, and sky.
Him, a fair maid, by strange and wond'rous birth,
Guiltless of man's embrace, produc'd on earth;
And, as our bards foretold, still free from stains
Her heav'n-defended purity remains:
Th' Almighty Father with his spirit fill'd
This favour'd maid; her womb divinely swell'd.
To style myself his parent I forbear,
The nymph was only trusted to my care;
With whom her days in social peace to spend,
And share the labours which on life attend.

At

Partiri, mox me famæ, niveoque pudori
 Permetuens, eadem dignata est nomine veri
 Conjugis immeritum, nec tali munere dignum.

Hæc erat (ut revocans rem cunctam ab origine
 pandam)

Judæas inter virgo pulcherrima nymphas,
 Centum optata procis (Mariam dixere) parentum
 Unica progenies, urbe edita Nazaræa.
 Ipsa autem æterno præ virginitatis amore
 Oderat et thalamos, et se sacraverat aris.
 Anna tamen grandæva parens, haud nescia vatum,
 Plenaque venturi è nata præviderat olim
 Egregiam factis sobolem, Regemque futurum,
 Qui populos magnos magna ditione teneret;
 Id coelo fixum esse, pios id prodere vates.
 Sæpe illam in somnis monuit vox missa per auras,
 Jungere connubio natam, generosque vocare.
 Jamque erat apta viro, jam nubilis: hætenus au-
 tem

Distulerant superùm monitis parere parentes,
 Cum media ecce iterum sublimes luce per auras
 Vox audita: viro properate ô jungere natam,
 Nec generi longè optandi, de sanguine vestro
 Quærantur de more, omnis mora segnis abesto.

Continuò parvum vulgatur fama per urbem:
 Tum consanguinei pulchræ spe conjugis omnes
 Conveniunt juvenes, complentur virginis ædes:
 Ipse etiam patri consanguinitate propinquus
 Accessi, quamvis ævi maturus, ut ipsi
 Æquævo natæ ob thalamos gratarer amico.
 Stabant innumeri forma, atque ætatibus æquis
 Florentes, cœlum cui munera tanta pararet
 Incerti, et sortem sibi quisque optabat amicam.
 Dum spes ambigæ, dum turba ignara futuri,
 In secreta domus omnes evasimus altæ
 Tecta, ubi Joachides numen placare solebat

Virginis

At length, regardful of her spotless fame,
She deign'd to grace me with an husband's name.

From early times my story to declare,
This nymph was fairest of Judæa's fair.
From distant Nazareth the Virgin came,
An only child, and Mary was her name;
Of num'rous lovers the distinguish'd flame:
But coyly chaste from Hymen's rites she fled,
And shun'd the pleasures of the bridal bed.
Yet had her aged mother, deeply skill'd
In what authentic prophecies reveal'd,
Foreseen, in time's revolving course, a King
Renown'd for glory, from her womb shou'd spring;
And mighty nations in subjection hold;
This heav'n decreed, and this the bards foretold.
A voice in dreams oft gliding thro' the air,
Invites the parents to betroth the fair;
But tho' the maid was ripe for Hymen's bands,
They still obey'd not these divine commands:
When at mid-day the voice this sound convey'd—
In sacred wedlock haste to join the maid;
And seek some son, by kindred blood ally'd,
As custom dictates, for the blooming bride.

Swift spread the news, and soon in crowds appear
The kindred youth, to court the virgin fair.
Ev'n I, tho' old, yet near of kindred, came
Amongst the rest, who sought the beauteous dame;
Not to these arms the damsel to invite,
But share some portion of my friend's delight.
The youths around in graceful circles stand,
As yet uncertain, to whose favour'd hand
Heav'n yields the fair, and of the rival train
Each wish'd in secret the lov'd prize to gain.
Whilst all the crowd were doubtful of th' event,
Within the secret dome retir'd we went,
Where oft the father of this lovely maid,
To heav'n's high throne his holy off'rings paid.

K

Here

Virginis ore pater: fuit ara veterrima, nostræ
 Quam gentis primi posuere, metuque sacratam
 Ter centum totos atavi coluere per annos.
 Hanc humiles circum, et prostrati fundimur om-
 nes,

Orantes pacem superos, superûmque parentem,
 Det signum cœlo placidus quem poscat ab alto.
 In medio astat lacrymans pulcherrima virgo,
 Flaventes effusa comas, demissaque largo
 Rorantes oculos fletu, pudor ora pererrans
 Cana rosis veluti miscebat lilia rubris.
 Qualis, virgineos ubi lavit in æquore vultus
 Luna recens, stellis latè comitantibus, orta
 Ingreditur gracili cœli per cœrula cornu:
 Talis erat virgo juvenum stipata corona,
 Multa Deum verbis testata, Deique ministros
 Aligeros, non sponte sua hæc ad munera flecti.
 Hortatur pavidam pater, et lacrymantia tergit
 Lumina, jussa docens superûm, simul oscula li-
 bat.

Ecce autem, ut præsens aderat quoque pronuba,
 cœtu

In medio Anna parens, subito correpta furore,
 Plena Deo tota (visu venerabile) in æde
 Bacchatur, tollitque ingentem cœlo ululatum,
 Unum in me conversa oculos, me fertur in unum,
 Nil minus hoc ducentem animo, nil tale verentem.
 Corripientque manu: solus tu posceris, inquit.
 Annuit hoc uni superûm tibi connubium Rex.
 Obstupuere omnes: nec tunc ex agmine tanto
 Exortem quisquam seniori invidit honorem.
 Ipse ævi quoddam eram seris minùs integer annis,
 Multa recusabam, multà huc venisse pigebat.
 Equales aderant fidi, simul et renuentem
 Hortari, atque animum mihi blandis addere dictis.
 Cedo igitur victus, tandemque uxorius illam
 Accedo, et lacrymans lacrymantem ad limina
 duco.

BOOK. III.] THE CHRISTIAD. 147

Here crown'd with wreaths an ancient altar stands,
 Rais'd by our great forefathers pious hands;
 Whose sage descendants, full three hundred years
 Have held it sacred to religious fears.
 Round this we kneel, and beg the pow'r divine
 To point the youth by some auspicious sign.
 With hair dishevell'd in the midst appears
 The pensive virgin, drown'd in flowing tears:
 O'er either cheek a blush soft wand'ring, shows
 Like lilies mixing with the vernal rose.
 As when bright Cynthia, with her starry train,
 Bathes her chaste visage in the glassy main,
 And with her lucid crescent tow'ring high,
 Walks graceful thro' the blue ethereal sky,
 So shone the damsel; with such equal grace
 She stands, encircled by her kindred race;
 Attesting heav'n, and all th' angelic choir,
 These rites were foreign to her pure desire.
 Her father warns her with persuasions mild
 To obey heav'n's will, and kiss'd his weeping child;
 But lo! propitious as the mother stands,
 To join her offspring in the nuptial bands;
 Sudden she seems like one with rage possess'd,
 An heav'nly frenzy lab'ring in her breast.
 With piercing shrieks thro' all the dome she flies;
 Then sole on me she fix'd her frantic eyes;
 Me, only me, who least of all aspir'd
 To such fond hopes, the madding dame requir'd.
 My hand fierce grasping, thou alone, she cried,
 So heav'n determines, shalt possess the bride.
 Amazement seiz'd them, yet of all the crowd
 Not one with envy grudg'd the lot bestow'd.
 I, what I cou'd, my years unlike her own,
 Refus'd the grace conferr'd on me alone.
 My faithful equals on my side appear,
 And with kind words my drooping courage cheer.
 At length I yield, by their desires o'ercome,
 And weeping lead the blushing damsel home.

Et jam nox aderat stellis fulgentibus apta,
 Suffundens umbras mundo nigrantibus alis.
 Secretis thalamis pariter succedimus ambo:
 Flebat sponsa, solum lacrymis juxtà omne made-
 bat.

Ac veluti, cùm vere subest uberrimus humor
 Arboribus, lentæ vitis si fortè cacumen
 Falce putans stirpem feriat malè providus unca
 Agricola, immeritam et violarit vulnere matrem.
 Ipse aderam, et dictis solabar mitibus ægram,
 Virginis haud cupidus primùm decerpere florèm.
 Cùm sic longa trahens suspiria, pectore ab imo est
 Orsa loqui: non relligio mihi vana suasit
 Et thalamos odisse, et virginitatis amorem
 Æternum colere: intus agit vis ætheris intus,
 Longævam responsa licet contraria matrem
 Sollicitent, vatūque minæ: sunt et mea contrà
 Vatū jussā mihi, nulli succumbere labi,
 Nullis virgineam tædis summittere mentem:
 Antè retro primos properet revolutus ad ortus
 Jordanis, sistantque suos vaga sidera cursus.
 Hæc ait, inque genas stillantes undique honestæ
 Ex oculis simul incipiunt turgescere gemmæ.
 Nec mora, deinde mihi insinuans quatit ima re-
 pentè

Ossa timor, genua ægra labant, nox plurima o-
 borta

Ante oculos: ter sum conatus pauca profari,
 Ter frustrata sono lingua est, nec verba sequuta.
 Tum quoque vox audita: toro, thalamisque pa-
 ratis

Parce: tamen concessa tibi connubia serva,
 Exurgo, atque oculos jamdudum in virgine fixus
 Horrenda, tali sum tandem voce loquutus:
 Quis mihi te virgo invito conjunxit olympo?
 Quis tantis (non hos equidem quæsiui hymenæos)
 Immeritum implicuit monstribus? haud talia quon-
 dam

Prædixit

Now silent night, her ebon wings display'd
O'er half the globe, diffus'd a grateful shade.
Retir'd, as custom wills, from public view,
Within the secret chamber we withdrew:
Fast wept the bride, all wrapt in thought profound,
And with her trickling tears bedew'd the ground.
As if, in genial spring when trees obtain
Luxuriant moisture; some unskilful swain
Pruning a vine, has turn'd the knife asslant,
And hurt with casual wound the parent plant:
To sooth her grief I urg'd my utmost pow'r,
Nor strove to violate her virgin flow'r.
Then, heaving from her breast a length of sighs,
The maid relenting thus in brief replies:
No vain religion has my fancy led,
To scorn the pleasures of the nuptial bed,
In virgin freedom; but some force unseen,
Prompts the chaste motions of my soul within.
If my fond mother in this act regards;
Th' advice and threat'ning of celestial bards;
I have my prophets too; and their commands
Enjoin my soul to fly from Hymen's bands:
Sooner may Jordan to his native source
Roll back; and planets stop their wand'ring course.
Thus spoke the fair, and in her lovely eyes
Like crystal gems the starting tears arise.
A sudden trembling all my limbs invades,
And my eyes sunk in night's surrounding shades;
Fear shook my knees, and thrice to speak I tried,
Thrice my mute tongue its wonted pow'r deny'd.
Then thus a voice—from nuptial rites forbear,
But hold thy contract with the wedded fair.
At length recover'd from my dream, I rise,
And on the awful virgin fix my eyes.
Then thus exclaim—What fate, oh charming bride!
With heav'n averse, has join'd me to thy side?
What envious pow'rs (I never sought thy bed)
Have show'r'd these evils on my guiltless head?

Prædixit puero genitor ludibria vates,
 Jam senior vates idem, templique sacerdos.
 Ille quidem aut nullos thalamos, mihi nulla manere

Connubia, aut certè clarum fore me inde canebat.
 Verùm age quæ menti surgat sententia, pandam.
 Quandoquidem superi mihi te junxere, sed iidem
 Absterrent monstis; licet, et mox usque licebit
 Virgineum serves intacto corpore florem.

Haud tamen ipse ausim injussus dissolvere sacri
 Connubii vincla ista: domo degemus eadem,
 Ipse tibi ut genitor, mihi tu ceu filia semper,
 Teque adeò casus jam nunc complector in omnes:
 Hoc tua religio velit, hoc mea serior ætas.
 Annuit his, aliâque domus in parte puella
 Secubuit: mitto totam quæ monstra per illam
 Sum passus, quàm mira horrens insomnia noctem.

Jamque dies pulsas tenebris investa rubebat,
 Et face sol rosea nigras disjecerat umbras,
 Corripio è stratis artus, sponsamque reviso.
 Vix thalami impuleram bipatentis cardine portas,

Cum lux ecce oculis ingens offusa repentè:
 Collucent summi radiis laquearia tecti,
 Collucentque trabes, visumque ardere cubile.
 Ipsa autem thalami in medio sedet aurea virgo,
 Attonitæ similis: nec enim me multa roganter
 Dignatur, nihil illa meo sermone movetur.
 Tantum fixa oculos cœlo, palmasque tenebat
 Aut stellæ similis, aut puniceæ auroræ.
 O' illa à solita quantum mutata figura?
 Quantus honos oculis, quantus decor additus ori?

Haud aliter, quàm cum simulacrum excidit acernum

Artificis manus è sylvis, in sede locandum
 Sacrata, quod plebs dehinc supplex omnis adoret,
 Si,

My aged fire far other lot foreshow'd,
At once the prophet and the priest of God.
Either, he cried, his son shou'd never wed,
Or prove illustrious by the marriage bed.
Then hear what I devise—Since heav'n above
Vouchsafes me partner of thy envy'd love,
Yet warns to shun thy charms; for ever be
Thy maiden treasures unenjoy'd by me.
But since I dare not, such is heav'n's command,
Dissolve the chain that links this nuptial band,
Our days in peaceful union let us spend,
My daughter thou, and I thy fire and friend:
Thro' all life's ills to guard thee I engage;
This suits thy modesty, and this my age.
The nymph consented to this fair request,
Then to some secret room retir'd to rest.
I wave the horrors of that dismal night,
Nor what I suffer'd shall my tongue recite.

Aurora now an early blush display'd,
And from her presence chas'd the dewy shade;
When rising from the couch I haste away,
My bride to visit at the dawn of day.
Scarce to the rich apartment was I come,
A sudden lustre shot thro' all the dome;
The beams and cieling catch'd the spreading rays,
And the bed sparkled with a quiv'ring blaze:
But in the middle of the couch, array'd
In golden splendors fate the dazzling maid,
Like one entranc'd; and tho' with warmth address'd,
She deign'd no answer to each kind request:
Unmov'd she seem'd, her hands to heav'n upborne,
Like some bright star, or like the golden morn.
How chang'd her form! around what glories rise!
What heav'nly radiance sparkles in her eyes!
So bright she shines, as when the workman's hand
A maple image carves, decreed to stand
For pure devotion at some sacred shrine,
Where throng'd assemblies pay their rites divine;

Si, postquam effigiem poliens trunco extudit arte,
 Extremum super imposito decus induat auro.
 Immotam penitus circumdat lucida nubes,
 Solis inardescens radiis, stellæque videntur
 Lucentes capiti circum aurea tempora pasci,
 Sub pedibusque deæ lumen dare candida luna.
 Pertimui, et mira stupefactus imagine rerum,
 Talia voce dabam: Pater his ô me exue monstis
 Omnipotens, non hæc superi sine numine ves-

tro.

Vestra hæc portenta, agnosco, manifesta que
 signa.

Aspirate animo placidi, dubiumque monete
 Quid sequar, aut quænam vobis sententia con-

stet.

Tantum effatus eram, tandem pulcherrima vir-

go

Ad sese redit, abrupto velut excita somno
 Suspirans, lacrymisque sinus humectat obortis.
 Accedo, atque rogo nova per connubia supplex,
 Atque illum æternæ per virginitatis amorem,
 Unum quem niveo colit intemerata pudore,
 Admittat socium curarum, et magna recludat
 Rerum arcana, nihil metuens, mihique omnia cre-

dat.

Illa solo vultum, atque oculos dejecta nitentes,
 Rore velut demissa caput rosa matutino,
 Cunctatur, demum incipiens sic ora resolvit:
 Dicam equidem pater, haud patiar te nostra la-

tere

Gaudia, sed quæ nunc, aut unde exordia su-

nam?

Nam quis narranti rerum miracula credat
 Tantarum? per ego has lacrymas, quas excutit

ingens

Lætitia, obtestor, quæ fabor, pectore condas,

Ne

If, when his touch has shap'd the beauteous mould,
 He clothes the figure in refulgent gold.
 Fix'd as she fate, around the damsel shone
 A radiant cloud that glitter'd like the sun:
 Bright stars, encircling with their vivid rays
 Her golden temples, cast a burnish'd blaze;
 While Cynthia from her silver horn was seen,
 Beneath the goddess' feet to shed a light serene.
 At this appearance seiz'd with trembling fear,
 To heav'n's high throne I thus address'd my pray'r:
 Almighty Sire! and oh! ye pow'rs above!
 These signs portentous from my breast remove;
 In these events your heav'nly hand is shown,
 These golden dreams, and visions are your own:
 Propitious smile, whilst lost in doubts I stray,
 And safely guide me thro' this mystic way.

Thus far with holy vehemence I pray'd;
 At length recover'd from her trance, the maid
 Heav'd from her panting breast a length of sighs,
 While streaming tears flow'd copious from her eyes:
 Soft I approach, and press the lovely dame,
 By the new rites that crown'd our spotless flame;
 By that dear love to virgin honour shown,
 Which she preserves inviolate alone;
 T'admit me partner of her secret woes,
 Each fear resign, and all her soul disclose.

Pensive on earth she fix'd a thoughtful view,
 Her head declin'd, as wet with pearly dew
 The morning rose appears; awhile she stay'd,
 In deep suspense; then thus began the maid:
 These lips no longer shall the truth conceal,
 But all my joys to thee, oh Sire! reveal;
 Yet how, or whence shall I begin the tale?
 For who to my report will credit give,
 Or these stupendous miracles believe?
 By all these tears I beg; which not from woe,
 But scenes of joy alone spontaneous flow,

The

Ne prius incipiant in vanum serpere vulgus,
 Quàm Deus ipse aliis vulgaverit omnia signis.
 Jam monitrix operum stellas aurora fugarat,
 Et sol pallentes lustrabat lampade terras:
 Ipsa revolvebam vatum monimenta priorum,
 Dicta animo recolens: sed præ tunc omnibus
 unum

Fortè mihi ante oculos (neque enim sine numine
 certo

Oblatum reor) immotum, fixumve manebat,
 Quod cuncti pariter super omnia prædixere
 Affore, concubitu nullo cùm regia virgo
 Impatiens, exorsque viri (mirabile dictu)
 Cœlicolùm regem sub luminis ederet auras,
 Cujus in adventu lætentur cuncta per orbem
 Protinus, et toto surgat gens aurea mundo.
 Illam felicem tacitè mecum ipsa vocabam,
 Quam Pater omnipotens tanto cumularet ho-
 nore.

Jamque Dei matrem venerabar mente futu-
 ram:

Infantique Deo, si fortè his ille diebus,
 His si fortè oris nascatur, dona parabam.
 Talia dum mecum eventus ignara voluto,
 Ecce mihi nova lux oculis oblata repentè:
 Suspicio, liquidas sine nube remetior auras.
 (Mira loquar) video medium discedere cœ-
 lum,

Pennatasque acies, populos felicitis Olympi,
 Exultare polo, superùmque applaudere Re-
 gi.

Non obstant clausi postes, non pariete tectum
 Marmoreo circumseptum, video ignea cœli
 Sidera, fidereosque globos, superùm aurea
 tecta.

Tum mihi se puer ante oculos allapsus Olym-
 po,

Ora Deo propior radiantibus obtulit alis,

Et

The wond'rous secret that my words impart,
Hide in the close recesses of thy heart;
Nor thro' the crowd divulge this fact divine,
Till heav'n confirm it by some future sign.
Aurora now had chas'd the stars away,
And tipt the mountains with her golden ray;
Within my breast in fair succession roll'd,
Each strange event prophetic bards foretold.
When one peculiarly employ'd my thought,
(T'was heav'n, I deem, the blest'd occasion wrought)
A fact, which far distinguish'd o'er the rest,
The holy prophets with one voice express'd.
That borne on wings of time the hour wou'd come,
When, without man's embraces, from her womb,
A royal virgin, by uncommon birth, [earth;
With heav'n's high King shou'd blest this favour'd
The world with joy his advent shou'd behold,
And view once more a rising age of gold:
I deem her happiest of the female race,
Whom heav'n shou'd honour with such envy'd grace.
I blest the virgin-parent, and design
Illustrious presents for the babe divine;
If chance, in these fair days, he visit earth,
If this blest'd coast be witness of his birth.
While thus I muse on this event unknown,
Before my view a sudden glory shone:
To heav'n's blue arch I lift my trembling eyes,
And mark the air serene, and cloudless skies.
Wond'rous to tell, I see the heav'n's display
A radiant chasm; and thro' th' ethereal way,
The winged armies hymns of triumph sing,
In loud hosannas to th' eternal King.
No bars, or bolted portals intervene,
Or dome with marble walls obstructs the scene;
I see the starry seats, ambrosial bow'rs,
And golden mansions of th' ethereal pow'rs.
When lo! swift gliding from the blest'd abode,
A radiant youth descends, in form a God;

Et placidus tendens candentia lilia dextra
Me sic affari, lætasque expromere voces:

O' una ante alias cœlo acceptissima matres,
Magnus adest tibi præfenti Regnator olympi
Numine, tu nuribus felix magis omnibus una.

Hic mihi vix paucis auditis talibus ingens
Miranti gelidos subito tremor alligat artus.
Tum sic ille animum divino pignore firmat:
Parce metu virgo, placuisti ex omnibus una
Cœlituum regi, faciat quam prole parentem,
Et jam concipies puerum gravis: ille erit in-
gens,
Progeniemque Patris summi secla omnia dicent.
Et quoniam multis olim feret ipse salutem,
Servabitque pios, patrio dic nomine JESUM,
Sedibus infernis jam nunc lacrymabile nomen.
Supra homines, supra aspicias se tollere et ipsos
Cœlicolas, fama insignem, ac præstantibus ausis.
Nam pater omnipotens atavorum in scepra repo-
net
Pristina regnantem latè, regumque sedebit
In folio: neque enim metas, neque tempora regni
Accipiet, toto æternùm dominabitur orbe.

Dixerat: ipsa autem paulatim abeunte timore,
Subjicio: sed qua verò ratione, quod inquis,
Conferi poterit? nam mens mihi denique fixa,
Atque immota manet, nunquam violare pudorem
Virgineum, semperque virùm commercia fugi.

His ego finieram paucis, his ille sequutus;
Te superùm Pater affabit cœlestibus auris
Desuper, afflatu quo solo plena, sine ullo
Concubitu, exacto gravis edes tempore partum.
Atque ideo, quem fœra dabis, Deus ille feretur
Æterno genitore fatus, qui temperat orbem.

Quæ

A bunch of lilies in his hand he press'd,
And thus his errand in mild terms address'd.

Hail thou! that far above the beauteous race,
Art highly favour'd with celestial grace;
Unnumber'd blessings are to thee convey'd,
Beyond thy sex, oh! heav'n-distinguish'd maid!

This short address I scarce with wonder hear,
When all my limbs were stiff with sudden fear.
Then thus the youth confirm'd my trembling mind;
Oh! happy virgin! be these fears resign'd.
Thou, thou alone hast pleas'd heav'n's gracious King;
Hence from thy womb a fav'rite son shall spring.
The babe from this blest'd moment thou shalt bear; }
Divine atchievements will his fame declare,
And men shall call him God's eternal heir:
But as the world from sins he shall reclaim,
On earth let JESUS be his sacred name;
A name, that ev'n now presages woe,
And sure destruction to the realms below:
In glorious deeds and fame he shall aspire
Above mankind, above th' ethereal choir.
For He, who rules with sov'reign sway alone,
Will seat him in his great forefathers throne;
O'er the wide world extend his large domain,
And fix no measures to his boundless reign.

Thus spoke the youth; my fears at length allay'd
By words so gracious, this reply I made:
How can th' event be true thy lips relate?
For in my soul I stand resolv'd as fate,
Never my virgin honour to forego;
And with man's sex no intercourse I know.

On thee, return'd the youth, heav'n's Sire above
Will breathe the spirit of celestial love:
Impregnate by this genial breath alone,
The time compleated, thou shalt bear a Son;
His offspring shall he be who rules on high,
Th' eternal Sire, and Sov'reign of the sky.

And

Quæ ne vana putes, scis quæ tibi sanguine juncta
est

Elisabe, sobolis ut degerit hætenus exors,
Ut sterili secils jamdudum effœta senectus
Spem cunctam abstulerit partûs, prolisque creandæ:
Plena viro pariet tamen illa, et tempore luna
Perfecto gravidæ jam sextum circuit orbem.
Cuncta potest etenim, qui me tibi mittit ab alto
Æthere, sideri Rex idem, atque auctor Olympi.

Hæc ait, et paribus se in cælum proripit alis.
Quem supera aspiciens tali sum voce sequuta:
Quisquis es ô cœli juvenum pulcherrime præpes,
Obsequor: ac votis, quod Rex jubet, omnibus
opto.

Interea nubes maculoso discolor auro
Demissa ad terram, croceis me amplectitur alis.
Diffulgent intus radiique, ignique coruscæ
Scintillant veluti squamæ vario ordine circûm:
Squamæque, stellæque auri fulgore micantes.
Adverso quales imitatur sole colores,
Cum picturato cælum distinxit amictu,
Nubicolor liquidis effusis imbribus arcus.
Hanc simul omnipotens Genitor perflavit ab
alto,

Continuò ruit ecce voluta liquentibus astris
Aura potens, quaque illa venit, procul undique cir-
cûm

Scintillæ absiliunt radiis vibrantibus aureæ.
Turbine corripior rapido, visque illa per omnes
Auraî vis omnipotens mihi diditur artus,
Æthereusque vigor toto se corpore miscet:
Visaque prædulci mihi corda liquefcere amore.
Qualis secreto naturæ fœdere tellus
Concipit, et vario clâm fœtu plena gravescit,
Matris ubi in gremium descendit plurimus
Æther,

Auraque fœcundos afflavit verna tepores.

His

And that my words may due attention claim,
Thy near of kin, Elizabeth by name,
Thou know'st as yet has pass'd her days in care,
Deny'd the wish'd-for blessing of an heir,
Nay, that the dame, now old and barren grown,
Has lost all prospect of a fav'rite son:
Yet in her womb she shall at length conceive,
And one fair offspring to her husband give:
To speed this birth, already has the moon
Around the earth six circling journies gone.
For He, whose sov'reign orders I obey,
Directs events with unresisted sway.

This said, he wing'd his flight; my ardent eyes,
In wonder lost, I lifted to the skies;
Whoe'er thou art, I cried, oh youth divine!
What heav'n shall dictate, to obey be mine.
Meantime a cloud distinct with spots, and bright
With golden lustre, sail'd before my sight;
Hov'ring with slow descent it reach'd the ground,
Then with its saffron wings embrac'd me round.
Thick streams of rays refulgent shone within,
And golden studs, like spangled flames, were seen
O'er the bright cloud with various lustre spread;
The studs and stars a golden gleam display'd.
Such and so bright the vivid colours glow,
That paint the surface of the show'ry bow.
This golden cloud th' eternal Sire on high
Fill'd with his breath; and thro' the melting sky,
With rapid whirl the genial gale roll'd on;
Swift as it pass'd the radiant sparkles shone.
Rapt in the furious gust, the heav'nly flame
Shot in a moment thro' my trembling frame;
Th' ethereal breath thro' all my senses drove,
And my heart seem'd to melt in flames of love.
So, by great nature's secret law, the earth
Conceives, and fruitful teems with various birth,
When she th' embraces of moist Ether shares,
And genial warmth is breath'd from vernal airs.

This

His actis, clarum sonuere per æthera cœtus
 Aligeri, cantu vario, plausumque dedere.
 Hinc tonitru ingenti tremuerunt ardua olympi,
 Crebraque per cœlum hic illic rima ignea fulsit.

Talia narrabat virgo, simul ora rigabat
 Lætitia illacrymans: tum tendo ad sidera pal-
 mas,
 Multa orans, animi ambiguus: nec credere quibam
 (Mens aded mihi læva fuit) tam mira ferenti.
 Quandoquidem juvenes plerumque innectere
 fraudes
 Virginibus soliti incautis, et fallere furto,
 Ah faciles dictis aurem præbere puellas.
 Quinetiam hanc volui (scelus) olim linquere de-
 mens.
 Verùm eadem in somnis pueri redeuntis imago
 Visa mihi, vultusque habitusque simillimus illi,
 Ipsa sibi modò quem memorabat sponsa loquutum,
 Nudus erat roseos humeros: tantum aurea lævo
 Pendebat demissa chlamys, quam fibula subter
 Ilia ter gemino mordebat rasilis auro,
 Rubraque compactis pendebant cingula bullis,
 Molles à tergo tractim succrescere plumæ,
 Ac sensim geminas humeris assurgere in alas:
 Tum furas gemmis inclusit, cætera nudus.
 Oris multus honos, gratique in corpore mo-
 tus,
 Haud nostri puerum generis testantur adeste,
 Sed cœli sobolem, atque aulæ stellantis alum-
 num.
 Nec minus ipsa etiam mira spectabilis arte
 Vestis erat baccis superas illusa per oras.
 Textile mæandro duplici infrà circuit aurum,
 Admirabile opus: tres hic impunè per ignes
 Læti ibant pueri intexti, pariterque cane-
 bant
 Cœlicolùm Regi conversi ad sidera laudes.

Cernere

This done; at once th' etherial mansions rung,
 With glad applauses from the heav'nly throng;
 Loud thunder shook Olympus' tops on high,
 And forkey lightnings flash'd along the sky.

Here the fair daniel ceas'd her wond'rous tale,
 While down her cheeks soft tears of transport steal.
 At this, on high my suppliant hands I rear,
 Doubtful of mind, and breathe to heav'n my pray'r.
 So blind my thoughts, no credit cou'd I give
 To such narration, or the truth receive:
 Since youths too often with industrious care,
 For heedless virgins spread their wily snare;
 And heedless virgins, when soft love assails,
 Too often listen to their flatt'ring tales.
 Ev'n to such madness was my mind betray'd,
 I rashly purpos'd to forsake the maid.
 When in my dreams a radiant vision came,
 The same in features, and in mien the same,
 With that bright youth who late approach'd the fair;
 His beamy shoulders to the view were bare;
 But bound with clasps of gold beneath his breast,
 Down the left side depends a golden vest:
 A crimson girdle richly wrought, and grac'd
 With studs of gold, adorn'd his beauteous waste:
 Smooth o'er his back, soft plumes in many a row
 Rise by degrees, and on his shoulders grow
 To two fair wings; his manly legs were dress'd
 In starry gems, uncover'd all the rest:
 His shining looks and graceful motion prove
 The youth descended from the realms above.
 Rich was his vest, and work'd with curious art,
 Large rows of pearls adorn'd the outward part;
 With gold neat woven in mæandring lines,
 A wond'rous work! the splendid lining shines.
 Embroider'd here three youths of graceful mien,
 To pass uninjur'd thro' the flames are seen;
 And while to heav'n their conscious eyes they raise,
 To heav'n's high King they tune their songs of praise.

L

From

Cernere erat mediis acres fornacibus ignes
Parcere corporibus, longeque absistere flammās.
Mirabar tacitus, cū sic pulcherrimus ore
Affatur trepidum juvenis: sate sanguine regum,
Quod tantum irrepsit menti scelus? omnia non te
Signa movent, haud hæc fieri sine numine certo?
Ne dubita, nam vera canit sanctissima virgo.
Jam nunc congressus nunquam perpessa viriles
Concepit, gravis ætherea divinitus aura.
Nam Pater omnipotens cœlesti afflavit ab arce,
Atque uterum implevit dilapsū numen ab astris.
Casta fides nobis colitur, desiste vereri.
Hæc vates olim vestri cecinere futura,
Cuncta sed obscura implicuere ambage tegentes:
Namque hæc illa quidem cœli in penetralibus
altis
Porta ingens clausa æternum, nec pervia gressu
Ulli hominum, tantū omnipotens Deus ipse per
illam
Itque, reditque viam, nec claustra immota resignat.
Hanc tibi commendat summi Regnator Olympi,
Conjugio adjungens stabili: sed conjugis usum
Effuge, securum tecum sponsa exigit ævum,
Quamvis tuta Deo jam nunc sit præside virgo,

Sic fatus, subito in tenues evanuit auras
Pernici liquida arva fuga per nubila carpens,
Et simul incussit mihi blandum in pectus amorem:
Utque rigor ferri rutilo lentescit in igne,
Sic mihi cor rapido sensu mollescere motu.
Consurgo, et veniam conversus ad æthera posco.
Meque ipsum incuso amens, et lux reddita menti,
Inque dies magis atque magis cœli alta patefcunt
Consilia, antiquis quæ vatibus omnia quondam
Obscuris vera involvens Deus ostendebat.
Hæc virgo est rubus ille, procul quem in monte vi-
debat

Ardentem vates igni crepitante cremari

Corniger,

From all their limbs th' obedient fires refrain,
 Thro' the fierce furnace, and their heat restrain.
 Whilst at this sight a sudden trembling ran
 Thro' all my frame, the beauteous youth began:
 A crime so impious can thy heart design,
 Oh! true descendant of a royal line!
 What yet is wanting to convince thy thought,
 That heav'n itself this bless'd event has wrought?
 No more with scruples teize thy anxious breast,
 This holy Virgin has the truth confess'd.
 Within her womb she has conceiv'd a Son,
 Yet never man's impure embraces known;
 The work of heav'n's immortal Sire alone. }
 Each vain suspicion from thy mind remove,
 Chast faith is rev'renc'd by the pow'rs above.
 Your ancient prophets this event beheld,
 But in ambiguous types the truth conceal'd.
 For this high gate amid th' etherial plain,
 Is barr'd for ever from access of man;
 And the abstruse mysterious passage known,
 To the great footsteps of high heav'n alone.
 To thee in wedlock He consigns the fair,
 Yet thou an husband's privilege forbear:
 To guard her person to thy charge belong,
 Tho', heav'n protected, she can fear no wrong.

He said; and instant vanish'd from my eyes, }
 Cleaving with sounding wing the liquid skies;
 While love's pure joys within my bosom rise.
 As fires all hardness from the steel remove,
 My heart thus melted in the flames of love.
 I rise; and pardon for th' offence implor'd,
 Feel my glad mind to wonted light restor'd.
 Now more and more, the clouds dispers'd, I find
 Heav'n's secret counsels op'ning on my mind,
 Which all the sacred bards in times of old,
 Involv'd in mystic prophecies, foretold.
 This virgin is the bush, the seer beheld
 In flames conspicuous on the mount reveal'd;

Corniger, attactu cū nullo innoxia flamma
 Lamberet, et frondes illæſæ in ſtirpe virent.
 Hæc eadem nivæ quondam impenetrabile lanæ
 Nimbis vellus erat cū latè cuncta maderent
 Imbribus effuſis circū, telluſque nataret
 Humida: ni veterum vana eſt prudentia vatum.
 Hæc mecum, et toto penitus nox pectore abacta
 eſt.

Haud mora, prodigiis tantis facit ipſa fidem res.

Jam diſfuſa canit Galilæa per oppida fama,
 Inventam (portentum ingens) in montibus altis
 Nuper anum, quæ ſuprema jam affecta ſenectæ
 Plena viro attulerit ſobolis ſpem: cū tamen acta
 Infœcunda illi fuerit, ſteriliſque juventa.
 Tum mihi ſponſa: puer cœli demiffus ab oris
 Hoc, inquit, mihi prædixit, nam cuncta recor-
 dor.

Hæc anus eſt, hæc Eliſabæ mihi ſanguine junctæ,
 Cui ſextum luna gravidæ jam circuit orbem.
 Nec plura: extemplò placet ire, et ſtirpe propin-
 quam.

Viſere anum, gradimurque ambo ſuper alta loco-
 rum,

Teſtaque Zacchariæ petimus procul ardua vatis.
 Vix primum attigeram limen (mirabile dic-
 tu)

Occurrit tremebunda anus, intransique puellæ
 Optatos dedit amplexus: Deus amplexantem
 Invaſit, ſubituſque ſub oſſa repentè cucurrit
 Ima calor, taleſque dedit venerata loquelas:

Longè una ante alias tu fortunata parentes,
 Tuque, uterique tui, virgo ſanctiſſima, pondus,
 Unde repentè mihi tanta indulgentia cœli?
 Unde hæc affulſit ſeræ tam clara ſenectæ
 Tempeſtas? fas ecce Dei vidiffè parentem,
 Et coràm affari lectam de millibus unam

Dignantem

When thro' the leaves the blaze innoxious stray'd
Awhile, and lambent on the branches play'd.
She too resembles that mysterious fleece,
Which, when the earth was wet with large increase
Of hasty show'rs, that pour'd upon the plain,
Was proof to moisture, nor imbib'd the rain;
Unless prophetic bards have sung in vain. }
Th' event itself, as light still clearer shines,
Gives ample credit to these wond'rous signs.

Now fame, as o'er the spacious towns she fled
Of northern Galilee, this rumour spread;
That 'midst Judæa's barren mountains wild,
An ancient matron had conceiv'd a child;
Who in her earlier days had never known,
The envy'd blessing of a darling son.
If right I recollect, the damsel cries,
The youth, who late descended from the skies,
Such fact foretold; this, doubtless, is the dame,
To me allied, Elizabeth by name:
To speed whose growing infant into birth,
Six circling moons have journey'd round the earth.
Assur'd of this, we haste without delay
The dame to visit; and direct our way,
O'er rocky mountains, till fatigu'd we come,
To Zacharias's hospitable dome.
Scarce had we reach'd with weary'd step the gate,
When the sage matron (wond'rous to relate)
The God descending to her glowing breast,
Close in her trembling arms the Virgin press'd;
A sudden warmth thro' all her vitals ran,
And thus the venerable dame began:

Oh! happy thou! beyond a mortal's doom,
And bless'd the Babe that swells thy teeming womb!
Whence springs this favour of kind heav'n to me?
How comes it that these eyes with rapture see,
The Mother of our Lord, this mansion grace,
So far distinguish'd o'er the female race?

Dignantem has sedes, meaue ultro in tecta profectam.

Nam mihi (vix primùm attigeras hæc limina) pectus

Emicuit, saliensque utero signum edidit infans.
Felix diva parens, superùm gratissima Regi,
Sincera spectata fide, quæ credere veris,
Dum tuâ nondum animo prælagis gaudia, dictis
Haud verita es: promissa manent pueri alitis ecce
Certa tibi: jam nunc ades, orbisque aspice casus
O cœli regina, hominum miserata labores.

Dixerat: at teneri qualis rosa plena pudoris,
Haud animis elata tumentibus aurea virgo,
Cœlicolùm Regi laudes lætata canebar,
Quòd se tam propè fidereo aspexisset olympo
Indignam bonus, atque humilem, nil tale merentem:
Exultansque suos sibi vaticinatur honores
Promissos atavis, priscisque parentibus olim.

Ex illo quanta immensum portenta per orbem
Terruerint hominum mentes, prælagaque signa,
Limina dum vitæ omnipotens attingeret infans,
Longa renarrare est mora. Jam tunc Caspia regna
Responsis vaturn horrebant: jam Nilus, et omnis

Ægyptus trepidare, omnes orientis et urbes.
Vestri etiam audierant (si vera est fama) per oras
Ausonias jamjam venturum lucis ad auras
Invictum Regem, cui passim cederet orbis
Regnandus, qui se patria virtute potentem
Seque suumque genus sublimi inferret Olympo.

His tandem certus signis ego numinis instar,
Plenam utero supplex sponsam venerabar, et ultro
Parebam: victum gravidæ, et divina ferebat
Pocula de cœlo volucer puer: illum ego sæpe
Intrantem thalamum manifesto in lumine vidi.

Jamque

For lo! (when scarce you had approach'd the dome)
The babe exulting leap'd within my womb.
Thrice happy parent! of heav'n's King belov'd,
Unstain'd in honour, and for faith approv'd;
Who, e'er thy breast cou'd future joys divine,
Gav'st early credit to each sacred sign!
This promise of the youth, by heav'n's decree,
Shall boast its full accomplishment in thee.
Ev'n now propitious thy compassion show,
Great queen of heav'n! and pity human woe:

She said; the damsel's modest cheeks disclose
The hue, that blushes on the maiden rose;
While with an humble decency express'd,
To heav'n her songs of triumph she address'd:
Thankful, that God had deign'd to view from high,
Her lowly fortune with benignant eye.
Then sings the honours in prophetic strain,
Which bards had promis'd to her future reign.

To tell what prodigies alarm'd the earth,
E'er yet th' expected Infant rose to birth,
The tale were tedious; a foreboding dread
Of strange events, thro' barb'rous Caspia spread;
Portentous signs o'er Nilus' bounds encreas'd,
And shook the kingdoms of the distant east.
Ev'n Rome herself (if fame a truth can boast)
Heard the report, thro' all th' Ausonian coast;
That soon some glorious Prince shou'd spring to birth,
Spread his wide empire o'er the subject earth;
In future time to nobler heights arise,
And with his true descendants claim the skies.

Convinc'd at length by each undoubted sign,
My bride I rev'rence, as some pow'r divine;
And till the Babe shou'd bless the wish'd-for day,
Her just behests implicitly obey.

A winged youth, descending from the skies,
With rich repast the teeming maid supplies:
Oft the fair form before my wond'ring sight,
The chamber enter'd, cloath'd in radiant light.

Jamque optanti animo divini tempora partûs
Expectabam ardens, sed spem mora iniqua trahe-
bat,

Et sæpe hæc cupido repetebam pectore mecum:
Si modò, si mihi cœlestis se ostendere coràm
Non fugiat puer ante obitus, quando omnia de se
Rettulit ipsa mihi virgo pulcherrima vera:
Purpureos flores metite, et candentia plena
Lilia ferte manu, venienti ad limina lucis
Dona parate Deo, puerumque invisite Regem.
O mihi si quoque tam longè suprema senectæ
Pars maneât, quantum valeam tua cernere facta,
Sancte puer, cùm sublata formidine mundum
Pacabis, patrioque Deus regnabis olympo!
Tum pax alma colet terras, pietasque fidesque,
Quæque labat nunc religio, atque resurgere ubi-
que

Justitiam in melius versus mirabitur orbis.
Tum ferus in falces curvas conflabitur ensis,
Aureaque incipient mundo succedere secla.
Sic ego sæpe moras mecum lenire solebam,
Et magis usque animo mihi spes accensa vige-
bat.

Fortè recognoscens populos numerare jubebat
Augustus Cæsar, rerum cui summa potestas.
Ipse igitur veteris repetebam mœnia Bethles,
Unde genus duco, quo me quoque civibus urbis
Insererem, nomenque meum, nomenque meo-
rum:

Sponsa sequebatur Nazaræ ab sede profecta.
Vix patriæ intrâram muros, et rara domorum
Tecta, soporiferis cùm nox cœlum abstulit um-
bris.

Est sedes deserta humilem ingredientibus ur-
bem,

Horrenti culmoque et carice tecta palustri,
Agricolis olim statio gratissima, siquos
Rure procul patrio nox deprendisset in urbe:

Namque

And now I long impatient to survey
Th' expected birth; but still unkind delay
Mocks all my hopes, and anxious thus I say:
Oh! might the heav'nly Infant spring to light,
And blest these eyes, e'er yet they close in night!
Since what the beauteous Virgin yet has told,
In ev'ry point accomplish'd I behold!
Lilies and purple roses hither bring,
With all the incense of the fragrant spring;
The costliest tribute, earth affords prepare,
To crown th' auspicious birth of God's eternal Heir.
And oh! wou'd heav'n's indulgent love, to me
An ample portion of old age decree,
Enough, bright youth! thy glorious acts to see;
When thou all terror shalt from earth remove,
And reign triumphant on thy throne above!
Then, oh! blest'd land! shall sacred peace be thine,
And meek-ey'd piety, and faith divine:
Once more religion shall her influence spread,
Returning justice lift her awful head;
Destructive swords shall into sickles bend,
And a new age of gold o'er earth extend.
With thoughts like these I sooth the long delay,
While hope springs forward each approaching day.

It chanc'd Augustus issu'd forth command,
To tax the subjects of each conquer'd land;
When I, th' imperial edict to obey,
To Bethle's walls direct my destin'd way,
(The seat from whence in early youth I came)
T'enroll my tribe, my family, and name;
The bride slow follows with unequal pace:
Scarce had I reach'd my ancient native place,
When night descending with a grateful shade,
O'er the still earth her mantling curtain spread.
There stands a place, as near the town you draw,
A plain mean structure, thatch'd with coarsest straw;
An inn of some resort, in times of yore,
To swains benighted, when their course they bore

To

Namque aliis procul à tectis summoti recedit.
 Huc igitur fessi pariter succedimus ambo
 Seu calu, seu sic rector sortitus Olympi,
 Ut potius reor, et potius fas credere duco.
 Natum etenim non solum extrema per omnia vi-
 tam

Ducere, et in terris indignos volvere casus,
 Verumetiam tecto voluit sub paupere eundem
 Nasci, humilique domo miserabilem, et omnium e-
 genum.

Principiò in stabulis pandum ad præsepia sisto
 Quadrupedem, auxiliumque viæ, onerumque leva-
 men:

Quem juxta in stipulis sese locat inclita virgo.
 Quippe alia interior domus ulla haud parte vacabat.
 Bos erat à læva tepidum flans ore vaporem,
 Quem pauper campis luce exercebat arator,
 Pauca soli curvo suspendens jugera aratro:
 Nec sera nisi nocte domum repetebat ab agro
 Conducto, vitam ut posset tolerare labore
 Ipse suo, atque famem parvis avertere natis.

Et jam nox medium spatium confecerat horis,
 Cum mihi, qui saxo hærebam jam lumina victus,
 Somnus abit: neque enim mersum tunc me altus
 habebat.

Ecce oculos fulgore novo lux occupat ingens:
 Diffulgent intus latè magalia, quæque
 Stramina tetra modò horrebant, nunc aurea cer-
 nas.

Exurgo, aspicio juxta præsepia nudum
 Infantem radiis illustrem, ac luce coruscum:
 Quem virgo tenerum in duris modò pauper ave-
 nis

Ediderat nullo nixu, nullo ægra dolore.
 Astabant taciti, bos hinc, hinc tardus asellus,
 Pabulaque obliiti pariter capita alta tenebant.
 Ipsa etiam radiis fulgebat mater, utroque

To Bethle's walls; the building stands alone,
Detatch'd, and distant from the crowded town.
Here in this humble and obscure retreat,
O'erspent with toils, we rest our weary'd feet;
By chance perhaps; or rather if my mind
Conjecture rightly, heav'n this place design'd:
Not only dooming his cœlestial Heir,
On earth dire scenes of misery to share;
But, in a wretched cottage, feel the weight
Of life's afflictions, from its earliest date.
First, the slow beast whose crooked back sustain'd
Our heavy burdens, at the rack remain'd:
Next, on a bed of straw the Virgin rests;
No costlier welcome for such needy guests.
Close on the left a patient ox stood near,
And from his nostrils breath'd the tepid air;
Whom, at each rising morn, some plodding swain
Goads with slow pace along the furrow'd plain;
Nor, till the night extends her shade around,
Seeks the lone cottage from his rented ground:
Life's ills by constant labour to sustain,
And chase pale famine from his infant-train.

Now had still night her midway journey sped;
When, on a rock as I reclin'd my head,
Sleep's gentle vapours from my eyelids fled:
Sudden there shone around a streaming blaze,
The cottage glitter'd with refulgent rays:
And what our eyes but lately might behold
Coarse homely straw, now shone like dazzling gold.
I rise; and view a naked Babe recline
On the hard manger, crown'd with rays divine:
Whom, void of pain, as on the straw she lay,
The sacred Virgin had disclos'd to day.
The ox and sluggish ass in dumb surprize,
Neglect their food, and lift their wond'ring eyes.
Lo! as she sate, a glory beam'd around
The heav'nly maid; and bending to the ground

Her

Poplite subsidens, oculos demissa nitentes,
Ah nudum lacrymis parvum spectabat obortis,
Tendebatque manus suffuso lumine junctas.
Astrorum qualis facies rorantibus umbris
Post imbrem, siccis Boreas ubi frigidus alis
Ingruit, ac cœlum populans cava nubila differt:
Talis virgineo species accesserat ori.
Quid facerem? partem subjeci ambobus amictus
Iple mei, atque olidæ substravi terga bidentis
Pro picturatis cunis, pro murice, et auro.
Cætera pauperies, noxque intempesta vetabant.
Nec dum clara dies merso diluxerat orbi,
Jam conferto aderant pastores agmine, et antri
Floribus, ac variis auxerunt limina fertis
Rustica multifori fundentes sibila canna.
Ut stabula ingressi, ad præsepia lumina vertunt
Summissi, terramque petunt, et numen adorant:
Mirabar mecum tacitus, fama unde per agros
Hæc subito exisset, deque ipsis querere cœpi.
Unus querentem sic est assarier orsus:
Pastores sumus, in vicinis saltibus omnes
Pascimus: insomnem ut nobis mos ducere noctis
Haud partem exiguam, atque gregem servare coactum
Nocte ferè media vigilantibus astitit ingens
Lux cunctis supra caput, attonitisque pavore
Ingenti talis vox est audita per auras:
Ne trepidate viri, vobis nova gaudia porto.
Ille piis toties promissus vatibus olim,
Finibus his hodie natus Deus: eximet ille
E tenebris hominum genus, atque in pristina reddet.
Illum vicina fas vobis cernere in urbe
Effultum stipula, atque humile ad præsepe jacentem.
His moniti, vicinam oculos torquemus ad urbem.
Ecce autem volucer pictis exercitus alis,
Cœlestes suprâ pueri toto æthere visi,
Nubibus impositi liquidas equitare per oras,
Et mirum in morem celeri proludere coetu.
Atque ubi ter cœlum ternis toto agmine versi
Lustravere

Her radiant eyes, the naked Babe she view'd,
 While falling drops her matron cheeks bedew'd.
 As, after show'rs, each glitt'ring star appears,
 O'er heav'n's bright concave, hung with pearly tears,
 When northern gales with fanning wing arise,
 And sweep th' incumbent vapours from the skies,
 So shone the Virgin; such resplendent grace,
 Attemper'd mildly, gilds her angel face.
 For the rich canopy and golden bed,
 A fleecy skin ('twas all I cou'd) I spread;
 My own mean garb their present wants supply'd,
 Night and hard poverty the rest deny'd.

Scarce had the morn her orient visage rear'd,
 When num'rous swains in rural bands appear'd,
 Gay flow'rs and garlands o'er the roof they hung,
 And on their oaten pipes rude carols sung:
 Their footsteps to the manger strait they bore,
 Then bow submissive and the Babe adore.
 I muse, admiring how report cou'd run
 So swift abroad, when thus a swain begun:
 Strangers! our wonted province is to keep,
 Upon these neighbouring hills, our fleecy sheep,
 Which as we lately watch'd in dead of night,
 Around our heads there shone a radiant light:
 Wond'ring we gaz'd, oppress'd with sudden fear,
 When thus a voice approach'd our trembling ear:
 Let no vain dread your anxious hearts annoy,
 I bring glad tidings of cœlestial joy;
 On this auspicious day is born the God,
 Whom bards so oft in holy strains foreshow'd:
 He from the realms of night shall bear away
 The souls of sinners, and restore to day.
 To yonder neighbouring city point your eyes,
 Wrapt in coarse straw the heav'nly Infant lies.
 Strait to the town our eager view we bend;
 When lo! from heav'n triumphal hosts descend,
 And thro' the sky in wond'rous choirs appear,
 Borne on light clouds, to ride the liquid air.

When

Lustravere choris, ter lustravere choreis,
 Concentu petiere polum, longè ardua olympi
 Responsant, lætis dissultat plausibus æther.
 Talia narrabant, nec sese explere corusci
 Infantis facie poterant, fixique manebant
 Hærentes oculis, hærentes pectore toto.
 Fulgebat puer ore, oculis, ac corpore ab omni,
 Divino longè circum loca lumine complens:
 Quâlis puniceo se pandens ore, rosarum
 Cum primum dias flos visit luminis oras,
 Aut ubi sole novo roseis orientis in oris
 Enituit verni species patefacta diei.

Nos vero interea, quanquam indubitabile numen
 Novimus, atque Deum, nec opis, nec lactis egentem,
 Parvum alimus tamen, ut mortali semine cretum,
 Ubra siccantem matris, tenerumque fovemus,
 Invalidumque artus: mortalem quippe creatus
 Mortali matris traxit de corpore partem.
 Atque ideo, ut veterum mos est antiquus avorum,
 Imprimimus generis signum, Samiaque putamus
 Exiguam testa pellem genitalia circum:
 Addimus et nomen, memoresque vocamus IESUM,
 Ut quondam admonuit puer actus ab æthere præpes.
 Idem etiam quod sit regum de stirpe sacerdos,
 Gentibus est Graio dictus de nomine CHRISTUS.
 Quinetiam, quamvis nullo intemerata remansit
 Concubitu mater, tamen intra tecta morata est,
 Usque quater denos dum solis cerneret ortus.

Tum demum sacram Solymorum advenimus urbem,
 Cum puero, quod se lustraret regia virgo,
 Torquatasque aræ attulimus de more columbas.
 Stabat sacra ferens altaria ad ipsa sacerdos
 Succinctus lino albenti, capitique bicorni
 Tegmine pervigilem adservans penetralibus ignem.
 Hunc circum ante aram natorum intonsa corona
 Fundebant pateris vituli, ut tunc fortè, cruorem:
 Quem pater, ut fontis populi commissa piaret,
 Macâtât superùm Regi, veniamque precatus
 Suppliciter

When now, three several times, the youthful race
Had danc'd in circles thro' th' etherial space,
Aloft they flew; Olympus' summits rung,
And heav'n resounded with the choral song.
Thus spake the swains, then fix'd their wond'ring sight
On the fair Babe, with rapture and delight.
Radiant he look'd; nor from his eyes alone,
But ev'ry part, coelestial splendors shone:
As, when with op'ning bloom the purple rose
Begins her infant beauties to disclose,
Or as, when first the sun's bright beams arise,
Resplendent glories gild the vernal skies.

Meantime, tho' in the Babe our eyes beheld
Th' undoubted tokens of a God reveal'd,
That such a Being cou'd no succour need,
Yet Him with human nourishment we feed:
On his weak helpless limbs our care bestow,
And pay the duty tender parents owe.
For as in part from human stock he came,
He took some portion of this earthly frame.
Hence, as our law directs, the skin around
His manly part, with sharpen'd flint we wound;
And mindful of the angel's warning sign;
We call him JESUS by command divine:
But as the stamp of high descent he wears,
Among the Greeks the name of CHRIST he bears.
Full forty days, tho' free from legal stains,
The Virgin-parent close confin'd remains.

At length to sacred Solyma we came,
With the fair Infant and the royal dame,
Studious the law's injunctions to obey;
And turtle doves, for costlier tribute, pay.
The mitred priest, array'd in robes of white,
Attends the altar, and performs the rite.
His sons, assistant at the off'rings, pour
In sacred bowls, the destin'd heifer's gore;
Slain by their pious father, to atone
For all our tribes transgressions, and his own.

The

Suppliciter solitos aris adolebat honores.
 Circumfusi aderant primores gentis, et omnes
 Tempora tangebant dextris vittata iuveni.
 Jamque levi fusum delibans ille cruorem
 Terque, quaterque sacram digito irroraverat aram,
 Aræque impositam flammam, et septem ordine
 lychnos,

Linteaque ampla, quibus sacrorum arcana tegun-
 tur.

Et jam finis erat sacris, fessusque sacerdos
 Cum natis, dapibus sese accingebat opimis.
 Tunc humili gressu virgo procedit ad aram,
 Infantem læva gestans, dextraque volucres.
 Quid memorem, quæ signa polo Pater edidit
 alto,

Testatus veram sobolem? quantum ipse sacerdos
 Horruerit pueri aspectu? quam mira repente
 Ignibus insolitis lux circumfulserit aram?
 Ter thura accensos venerans coniecit in ignes,
 Ter subjecta tholo subito ingens flamma reluxit.
 Ille tamen collo, patrio de more, volucres
 Immolat intorto, atque effundens ritè cruorem.
 Porrigit et plumas, et aperti gutturis exta,
 Solis ab occasu nitidos conversus ad ortus,
 Diffringitque alas: tum sacros suggerit ignes
 Visceribus, grato vapor it super æthera fumo,
 Araque Panchæos flagrans exhalat odores:

Ecce hominum subito turbantur pectora casu.
 Nomen avi Simeon referens erat oblitus an-
 nis,

Quo nemo tota urbe fuit servantior æqui.
 Huic, ut erat longè venturū præscius, olim
 Æthereæ vis omnipotens promiserat auræ
 Visurum sese antè Deum, auctoremque salu-
 tis,

Expectatum orbi, quàm lucis linqueret au-
 ras.

Jamque

The rev'rend priest in suppliant posture stands,
 And burns the incense with his holy hands.
 The rulers of the nation throng around,
 And touch the victim's head, with garlands crown'd.
 And now the priest, some portion of the gore
 Thrice with his holy finger sprinkles o'er
 The sacred altar, and the hallow'd flame;
 Next, on the sev'n bright lamps distills the stream;
 Then touch'd the spacious veil, that parts the shrine,
 And shades from vulgar eyes the mysteries divine.
 Thus ceas'd the rites, and now the weary'd priest
 Was sharing with his sons the genial feast,
 When to the shrine the pious Virgin moves.
 Her left the Babe, her right sustains the doves.
 Why shou'd I tell, what wond'rous signs were shown,
 By heav'n's dread Sov'reign, to proclaim his Son?
 How the priest trembled at his looks divine?
 What sudden fires around the altar shine?
 Thrice the rich incense on the flames he threw,
 Thrice o'er the vaulted roof the vapours flew.
 Now in his hands he takes the doves, and wrings
 Their struggling necks, and wide expands the wings;
 Then, with his face as tow'rd the east he stood,
 Pours on the thirsty soil their reeking blood;
 Then breaks the pinions, then the entrails lays
 On the warm hearth, and wakes the sacred blaze:
 In grateful smoke the curling vapours rise,
 And all Panchæa's sweets perfume the skies.

But lo! some sudden strange event appears,
 That fills the nation with alarming fears.
 A man there was, of fair and honest fame,
 Advanc'd in years, and Simeon was his name:
 None walk'd the earth, of whatso'er degree,
 For sacred justice more renown'd than he.
 To him, in arts of holy prescience skill'd,
 The great prophetic spirit erst reveal'd;
 That gracious heav'n wou'd bless his longing sight
 With the world's Saviour, e'er he sunk to night.

M

Now

Jamque erat hunc vitæ pertæsum, ægerque senectæ

Optabat duros leto finire labores:

Sed spes illa animo cupido usque infixæ manebat.

Ergo ubi adesse Deum præsensit numine plenus:

Qualis, ubi gressum per agros comitatus herilem

Fortè canis leporem vi longè sensit odora,

Continuò intenditque aures, atque aëra captat

Naribus, et cœptum rumpens iter avitus errat;

Atque oculis incerta feræ vestigia lustrans,

Nunc hos, nunc illos cûrsus fert, atque recursus

Incertus, longè latratibus arva resultant:

Talis erat senis in templo exultantis imago.

Tum puerum tremulis correptum amplectitur ulnis,

Atque arctè premit: hinc lacrymis ita fatur obortis:

Macte infans virtute, Dei indubitata propago,
Mundi opifer, qui nostra venis, veterumque parentum

Sponte admissa tui largo lavere amne cruoris,

Et liquidas aperire vias ad fidera cœli:

Exoptatus ades, nec me tua maxima fallunt

Summe Pater, promissa, mori me denique fas est.

Nunc ô me, nunc ad requiem, finemque laborum

Corporis exutum vinclis dimittis, ut olim

Pollicitus: jam viderunt mea lumina, quem tu

Auxilium mundo misisti, ut gentibus esset

In tenebris lux, Isacidos nova gloria prolis.

His dictis, matrem versus mox fatur ad ipsam:

O cui te forma affimilem? cui laudibus æquem?

Quasve tibi referam grates, quæ sola salutem

Felici peperisti utero mortalibus ægris?

Quanquàm etiam exitio multis hunc affore partum,

Et tempus fore prædico, illatabile tempus,

Cùm tibi cor gelidum gladius penetrabit acutus

Ah

Now sick of labour, and oppress'd with years,
He wish'd in death to end a life of cares;
But the dear thought, his Saviour to behold,
For ever in his raptur'd bosom roll'd.
Hence, when inspir'd by pitying heav'n, he found
Messiah's presence; as some faithful hound,
Wont with his lord to pastures to repair;
If chance his nostrils scent the tim'rous hare,
Instant erects his ears, and snuffs the wind,
Then flies, and leaves the beaten paths behind;
Each devious track exploring with his eyes
In doubtful search, now this now that he tries;
Incessant clamours thro' the fields are heard—
Such, and so joy'd th' exulting sage appear'd.
Then in his trembling arms the Infant takes,
And thus in tears of holy transport speaks:

Proceed, sweet Babe! may ev'ry virtue crown
Thy blooming years, oh! heav'n's undoubted Son!
Who com'st, of unexampled love alone,
For human crimes and frailties to atone;
In streams of blood to wash each guilt away,
And smooth our passage to the realms of day.
Long-wish'd thou com'st, to crown my just desire,
Now is thy word fulfill'd, Almighty Sire!
Then oh! thy servant from life's toils release,
And lull my spirit in ambrosial peace.
Mine eyes have seen the Infant, gracious Lord!
So often promis'd in thy holy word,
With heav'nly light on Gentile hearts to shine,
And prove the glory of thy chosen line.
Then turning to the Virgin-dame; he said,
How shall I sing thy praise, illustrious maid!
Or how return thee thanks! who gav'st by birth
So rich a treasure to this favour'd earth.
Yet oh! I see the fatal time will come,
When this fair Issue of thy sacred womb,
To num'rous souls destruction shall impart,
And with a naked sword transpierce thy heart.

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Yet oh! I see the fatal time will come,
When this fair Issue of thy sacred womb,
To num'rous souls destruction shall impart,
And with a naked sword transpierce thy heart.

Ah miseræ! et magno virgo dotabere luctu,
 Mutataque fluet Jordanis decolor unda.
 Tum ferus, segnisque dies nascetur, et ægrè
 Lutea vix terris ostendet pallidus ora,
 Atque gravi tellus optabit mole relinqui
 Ipsa sua, et rupto per inania fœdere labi.
 Hæc ubi, confestim veluti cedentia somno
 Lumina demisit, placidaque ibi morte quievit.

Obstupere alii: sed nos, quæis cætera nota,
 Terremur magis, inque vicem disquirimus ambo,
 Solliciti, quosnam matri denunciaret enses,
 Aut quibus exitio tantum puer ipse futurus.
 Haud longum fuit in medio dehinc tempus: utrum-
 que
 Exitus edocuit, dubiosque ambage resolvit,
 Nî nobis majora etiam nunc vulnera restant,
 Atque alia ex aliis semper graviora parantur.

Illis extremo quippe ex Oriente diebus
 Tres aded magni reges ditione profecti,
 Huc sese intulerant, puero dona ampla feren-
 tes,
 Aurumque, et thuris glebas, stactæque liquorem.
 His vis astrorum, ac ratio volventis olympi,
 Monstrarat regem nostris in finibus ortum,
 Quoi cœli, terræque paterent debita sceptrâ.
 Sancti igitur partus studio huc venere videndi:
 Stella facem ducens venientibus usque coruscant
 Dux erat, atque viam signabat lumine largo,
 Ceu quondam patribus deserta per avia nostris
 In patriam tandem Pharia redeuntibus ora
 Præcurrens monstrabat iter nocte ignea lam-
 pas
 Desuper, et mirum spargebat lucida lumen.
 Jamque urbem ingressi, sedes adiere tyranni
 Herodis, causamque viæ docuere, rati olli
 Hanc sobolem, quod erat Rex his in finibus, ortam.
 5 Obstupuit

Ah! hapless Virgin! streams of kindred blood,
 Thy dreadful dow'r, shall crimson Jordan's flood.
 Then shall the morn all flow and sullen rise,
 Nor with his wonted lustre gild the skies;
 Earth trembling at th' event shall strive to fly
 From her unbalanc'd orb, and nature wish to die.
 Thus spoke the sage, and as with sleep oppress'd,
 Clos'd his dark eyeballs in eternal rest.

The thronging crowds alarm'd and silent stood;
 But greater fears our trembling hearts subdu'd:
 And fill'd with doubt we mutually enquire,
 What swords were threaten'd by the warning Sire;
 And how this Infant of cœlestial birth,
 Cou'd bring destruction to the sons of earth?
 Th' event soon witness'd what the prophet told,
 And taught this mystic riddle to unfold.
 Unless severer wounds are still to come,
 And heav'n reserves us for some mightier doom.

Lo! from those distant regions, where the day
 First blushes with Aurora's purple ray;
 Three potent chiefs their eastern treasures bring,
 Gold, myrrh, and incense, to the new-born King:
 These, as they mark'd the rolling orbs on high,
 And watch'd the various motions of the sky;
 Saw that a King was born in Juda's land,
 Whose sceptre shou'd the earth and heav'n's command,
 Thence to behold this wond'rous birth they come,
 A length of journey, from their native home.
 A new-discover'd star, whose beams display
 A radiant light, conducts them on the way.
 Thus to our great forefathers, when they pass'd
 From treach'rous Egypt o'er the dreary waste;
 The fiery pillar shot a blazing light,
 And mark'd their progress thro' the gloom of night,
 Strait to the King's imperial seat they went,
 And told the jealous monarch their intent;
 Deeming the royal Babe his Son alone,
 Who held with sov'reign sway Judæa's throne.

Obstupuit simul, atque animo perterritus ille est.
 Nec mora, permetuens sibi ne succederet hæres,
 Quæsitus puer in regnis externus avitis,
 Indigenas vates jubet intra mœnia cogi
 Regia, scitarique omnes tempusque, locum-
 que
 Nascentis pueri, patriamque domumque requi-
 rit.

Illi autem Bethlen veterum mœnimenta minari
 Cuncta docent, dux unde ortus se tolleret olim,
 Fama ingens, claris ingens super æthera factis.
 Tum magis atque magis curarum fluctuat æstu,
 Sollicitamque gerit casta formidine mentem.
 Tandem his affatus reges dimittit Eoos.
 Quæ vos causa viri nostris nunc applicat oris,
 Hæc eadem longè spe nos suspendit, aventes
 Cernere promissos pueri tot vatibus ortus.
 Haud procul hinc saxo Bethle fundata vetusto
 Urbs colitur nostris: natum illuc quærite Regem.
 Mox jubeo, inventum nobis qui nunciet, inde
 Mittite; nostro etiam puer accumulètur honore.
 Sic ait, et falso simulat nova gaudia vultu.
 Verùm longè aliud malè amico pectore agebat:
 Demens, qui cœli Regem, cui sidera parent,
 Crederet in terris mortalia regna morari.

Ergo iter instaurant, conspecto fidere læti,
 Jamque propinquabant magna stipante caterva,
 Cùm subitò supra tectum ingens substitit astrum,
 Irradians, largoque mapalia lumine com-
 plens.

Qualès cùm belli motus, aut funera regum
 Portendunt, crinem irato sparsere minacem
 Æthere, ni diri rubeant lugubre, Cometæ.
 Tres adeo angusti subter fastigia tecti
 Pauper ego excepi reges, in rebus egenis.
 Vidi illos auro illustres, ostroque decoros
 Ante pedes pueri sese demittere pronos,

Suppliciter,

At this, his mind was seiz'd with sudden fear,
And cautious dreading lest some foreign heir,
Shou'd to his sceptre and his throne succeed,
He calls the nation's holy seers with speed :
Then bids them search, and with precision say,
Where, and what time the Babe shou'd spring to day?
They with one voice the trembling monarch told,
That Bethle was the seat, ordain'd of old;
Whence a great Chief of heav'nly worth shou'd rise,
And lift his fame and glory to the skies.
Now anxious, fearful, to the future blind,
Cares crowd tumultuous on his tortur'd mind.
At length the kings he thus address'd— The cause
Oh! thrice-renowned chiefs! that hither draws
Your footsteps, from the distant realms of earth,
Inflames my mind to see this promis'd birth.
Know then; not far from hence, of ancient fame
A city stands, and Bethle is the name;
There seek with diligence the new-born King:
And when discover'd, let some herald bring
The gladsome tidings; that without delay
I too my homage to the Babe may pay.
He spoke; and with a subtil smile of art,
Disguis'd the rancour lurking in his heart.
Madman! to think a Youth of heav'nly birth,
Cou'd want the paltry kingdoms of the earth.

Soon as the star these royal sages view,
With joy their destin'd journey they pursue;
When on the roof it stands in open sight,
And fill'd the cottage with a stream of light.
So, threat'ning death to kings, or dreadful war,
Shines with disast'rous gleam the fiery star,
And shakes dire sparkles from its blazing hair. }
I, in hard want and lowly fortune bred,
Three monarchs welcom'd to my humble shed.
These eyes beheld them, in their gorgeous dress
Due rites of homage to the Babe express;

Suppliciter, genibusque piæ procumbere matris,
 Dum sua quisque facit sortiti ex ordine dona.
 Babarici ante fores expectabant comitatus
 Interea, Tyrioque instratus murice terga
 Stans sonipes, teres exercebat dentibus aurum.

His dehinc perfectis abeunt, lætique sequun-
 tur,

Quod longo irradians aperitur tramite fidus.
 Sed non inde via moniti referuntur eadem,
 Regia linquentes à læva mœnia longè,
 Rursus Idumæi sedem ne regis adirent.
 Ille autem, ut sese delusum denique sensit,
 Accensus furiis, suspectam misit ad urbem
 Mille viros ferro instructos, qui mœnia furto
 Per noctem ingressi teneros, quicunque reperti,
 Infantes matrum jugularent ubere raptos,
 Quo numero in tanto caderet quoque Regius hæ-
 res.

Ipse sed in somnis visus sum voce moneri,
 Præcipitem celerare fugam, loca relinquere nota :
 Surge age, rupe moras, puerum tecum arripe, ma-
 tremque,

Et septengemini cursu pete flumina Nili.
 Hinc terram cole, quæ procul his haud diffidet
 oris,

Nec refer inde pedem, nisi te prius ipse vocâro :
 Rex etenim letum infanti molitur acerbum.
 Confurgo, et plenus monitis matri omnia pando.
 Vidisses visu exanguem, exanimemque puellam
 Huc illuc trepidare fuga, et vix fidere nocti.
 Jam tum illi pectus gladius trajecit acutus
 Ah miseræ ! ingenti labefactaque corda dolore.

Cedimus, et taciti malefidam linquimus urbem,
 Per noctem, ac propero petimus nemora avia
 gressu :

Et jam palmosæ saltus, atque ardua Idumes

Prætervectus

Then to the Virgin bow submissive down,
Ope their rich gifts, and each present his own,
In grand retinue at the humble gate,
Barbaric slaves their royal masters wait:
The sprightly courser, beauteous to behold,
In purple trappings proudly champs the gold.
Theserites perform'd; they chearful bend their way,
Where the bright star directs its glitt'ring ray:
But warn'd a diff'rent journey to pursue,
They leave the beaten track, and seek a new;
Left by the same returning, they shou'd bring
Th' expected tidings to this foreign king.
But when the monarch saw with proud disdain
His hopes defeated, and his project vain;
Inflam'd with wrath, he bids without delay
A thousand soldiers speed by night away,
Surprize the town, and ev'ry infant slay:
That by the sword, ordain'd to level all,
The royal Offspring might a victim fall.
But in my dreams I'm warn'd to haste away,
And thus a voice soft-whisp'ring seem'd to say:
Arise, and instant leave thy native soil,
Thou and thy charge; and seek the sev'n-fold Nile;
A pleasant land, that not far distant lies,
There stay; till I thy safe return advise:
For lo! the raging king with savage joy
Will seek this heav'n-born Infant to destroy.
I wake; and full of this advice, declare
The warning vision to the trembling fair;
The trembling fair, all pale with wild affright,
Distracted flies, and scarce can trust the night.
Then, then the sword with agonizing smart,
Ah! hapless Virgin! pierc'd thy tender heart.
We yield, and silent quit the faithless town,
Favour'd by night, and wander paths unknown.
And now the groves with verdant palm-trees grac'd,
Now rich Idume's arduous hills I pass'd;

The

Prætervectus eram, veteris tam moenia Elusæ,
Quaque Asiam Libycis disjungit finibus omnem
Mapla, ferax oleæ: ingredior pluviae inscia reg-
na,

Regna Phari, quibus est cœli vis cognita pri-
mum,

Astraque, Lunaïque globas, Solisque meatus.
Ignotos passim montes, ignota saluto
Flumina, turrigerasque legens prætervehor ur-
bes.

Jamque papyriferi ripis Anthedonis ibam.
Auræ omnes terrent pavidos, capitique timen-
tes

Tam charo: at puero blandiri murmure sylvæ
Lauricomæ, et ramis capita accurrare re-
flexis,

Aurarumque leves animæ indulgere susurro.
Ipsæ etiam nobis cautes, ipsique videntur
Verticibus leviter motis alludere montes,
Signaque lætitiæ dare stagna loquacia cir-
cum.

Audires blandum fessas erroribus undas
Perstrepere, et molli lapsu per saxa sonare,
Humida saxa super nitido viridantia musco.
Præcipue ripis volucres, et fluminis alveo
Assuetæ liquidis mulcebant vocibus auras,
Et jactu alarum resonabant corpora plausa.
Sese etiam omnifero gremio venientibus of-
fert,

Læta Dei aspectu tellus: flant gramina odo-
rem

Cuncta suum, et mollem prætexit amaracus um-
bram.

Nec verò incerta latebrosus origine Nilus
Non manifesta dedit salienti flumine signa
Adventante Deo, lætis se sustulit undis
Stagna arcana ciens, fundoque apparuit
imo.

The tow'r-crown'd walls where old Elusa stands;
 Where Mapsa's town the narrow tract commands,
 And severs Asia from the Libyan lands.
 Now haughty Pharoah's ancient realms we gain,
 Rich fields, unwater'd by descending rain;
 Where first that science rose, which marks the race
 Of orbs revolving thro' unbounded space.
 I hail the mountains and the woods unknown,
 And pass unnotic'd many a fenced town:
 Till to our view at length Anthedon rose,
 On whose moist banks the fam'd Papyrus grows.
 We start at ev'ry gale; incessant fear
 Alarms our bosoms for a pledge so dear.
 But round the Babe a gentle murmur blows
 From laurel groves, and fans him to repose:
 The trees with heads declin'd obsequious stood,
 And breathing winds soft whisper'd thro' the wood.
 Seem'd the rough rocks themselves, and mountains
 high,

To bend their summits, as we journey'd by;
 The soft impression ev'n dull lakes receive,
 And round us signs of gratulation give.
 The rivers, tir'd with wand'ring thro' the plains,
 Salute our ears in sadly-pleasing strains;
 And o'er the rocks, with moss for ever crown'd,
 With liquid lapse indulge a murmuring sound.
 But chief the birds, each flow'ry bank along,
 Clap their glad wings, and pour the warbling song.
 Th' all-fruitful earth, rejoicing as we pass'd,
 Smiles gaily, with unusual beauty grac'd;
 The fields spontaneous all their sweets disclose,
 And blooming shrubs in od'rous shades arose.
 Ev'n sev'n-fold Nile himself, whose fountain lies
 Obscure, and shaded from enquiring eyes;
 In bounding streams exulting signals show'd,
 As near his banks approach'd the banish'd God:
 High o'er the waves he rear'd his awful head,
 And call'd the billows from their quzy bed.

Lo!

Ad bivias nobis fauces, flexusque viarum
 Increpitans clypeo, fulgentique ense per auras
 Ocius usque aderat cœlo pulcherrimus ales,
 Et monstrabat iter sibi per divortia nota,
 Ne recta regione viæ deprenderet hostis.
 Cœruleis huic terga notis suffusa rubebant,
 Multum illi assimilis qui me connubia quondam
 Solventem increpuit, tenebrasque à mente fugavit.

Supra nos alii pendentes aëre pennis
 Ibant, et noctis resupini infantis ab ore
 Humorem arcebant lentum, plumaque tegebant.

Jamque ego perplexum per iter propè fida tenebam

Arva legens sistris bacchata sonantibus, et jam
 Tutus erat longè nostris à finibus infans:
 Attamen Ægypti penetro interiora, nec ulla
 Fida satis tellus mihi visa, aut regis iniqui
 Sat sceptris divisa: animo timeo omnia tuta.
 Nec placet Hermopolis, nec centum pervia portis
 Visa satis Thebe tanto procul esse periclo.
 Nos igitur regum turritis clara sepulchris
 Accepit Memphis: hac demum sede quievi,
 Paupere sub tecto veteris securus amici.

Jam verò Pelusiacas vulgata per oras,
 Fama Palæstinum subito ferit undique regem
 Florentem teneris orbasse nepotibus urbem,
 Quos frustra infantes passim ferro impius hausit,
 Dulcia linquentes vagitu lumina vitæ.
 Palluit, applicuitque sinu perterrita mater
 Infantem, atque animum sceleris perstrinxit imago;
 Quos ibi tum gentis fletus, qualive per urbem
 Funestam credis matres errasse ululatu?
 Sanguine diluta est tellus, cava tecta natarunt.
 Non si forte olim incautis pastoribus orta
 Ingruerit subito tempestas omnibus arvis,

Omnibus

Lo! at the passage, where the road divides
 Its wonted track, and points to diff'rent sides,
 A winged angel to our sight appears;
 Aloft in air his glitt'ring sword he rears;
 Directs our steps thro' devious paths to go,
 Lest the plain road betray us to the foe.
 His back with ruddy spots was crimson'd o'er,
 And much resemblance to that youth he bore;
 Who, as to break our contract I inclin'd, [mind.
 Once check'd my thoughts, and clear'd my darken'd
 Others with him a like commission share;
 And hov'ring round us thro' the silent air,
 Drive from the sleeping Babe night's dews away,
 And o'er his limbs their downy plumage lay.
 Now thro' dark paths I near approach'd the plain,
 Where Bacchus revell'd with his frantic train.
 No danger here the heav'nly Babe surrounds,
 Secure at distance from our native bounds;
 Yet still to Egypt's farthest tracks we go,
 And deem no country safe from such a foe,
 Imperial Thebes, Hermopolis appear,
 Tho' far remov'd, to danger still too near.
 Hence at fam'd Memphis' walls our wand'rings end,
 Where high in air proud pyramids ascend.
 Here in this calm retreat at length we rest,
 Beneath an humble roof, in safety blest'd.

Now fame reports, thro' all th' Egyptian plain,
 That Juda's king had many an infant slain:
 Soft tender years in vain for mercy plead,
 Unpitied by the ruthless sword they bleed.
 Close in her arms her Babe the Virgin press'd,
 Dire scenes of slaughter rising in her breast.
 Alas! what groans, what shrieks ascend the skies,
 As thro' the streets each frantic matron flies!
 With purple streams the ground is cover'd o'er,
 And hollow mansions float with infant-gore.
 Not, if by chance to some unheedful swains,
 A sudden tempest pours upon the plains,

So

Omniſus et ſylvis, tot fuſi grandine dira
Spectentur per humum afflictiſus cum matribus ag-
ni:

Corpora quot paſſim puerorum abjecta jacebant
Per fora, perque vias urbis: ſic denique multis
Exitio fuit, ut vates prædixerat, infans.
Nunc etiam lugent orbæ ſua pignora matres.
Non tamen ille diu ſcelere eſt lætatus ab illo:
Nam membra immundo correptus tabida morbo,
Illaudatam animam parvo poſt tempore fudit.
Ipſe iterum in ſomnis divina voce coactus
Linquere monſtriferi ſeptemfluæ flumina Nili,
In patriam redeo, atque memor veſtigia retro
Obſervata legens, pignus cum matre reduco.

Forſitan et puero fuerit quæ cura, requiris,
Quæ mens, an virtus illi maturior ævo,
Et quid non puerile annis puerilibus auſus.
Si tibi nunc, quæcunque olim admiranda notavi,
Primævo dum flore virens adoleſceret ætas,
Enumerare vacet, me vox prius ipſa relinquat
Deſeſſum, atque diem clauſo nox condat olym-
po.

Nam quoties dictis tener haud mortalibus am-
bos

Terruit? aut quoties ſanctos expavimus ignes,
Flammarumque globos, et terrificos fulgo-
res:

Sæpe quibus viſus puer eſt ardere nitentem
Cæſariem, cœli dum ſplendet luce coruſca?
Nec referam, quoties Genitorem audivimus il-
lum

Affari ſolum, arcanæque expromere voces.
Alma parens tenues arguto pectine telas
Percurrens, sæpe humana ſub imagine coetus
Coelituum tectum intrantes exterrita vidit
Blandiri puero, et pictis colludere plumis,
Aut violis tegere, et nimbo veſtire roſarum.

Nos

So many lambs with bleeding sheep are found,
 Dispers'd and scatter'd o'er the wastful ground;
 As infants mangled bodies might be view'd,
 Stretch'd o'er each street, and weltring in their blood,
 And thus the Babe, as holy Simeon taught,
 To numbers ruin and destruction brought.
 Now weeping mothers mourn their offspring slain;
 Yet was the tyrant's cruel triumph vain:
 For justice soon a dire distemper gave,
 That sunk his loathsome carcase to the grave.
 Again admonish'd in an heav'nly dream,
 To quit the borders of the sev'n-fold stream;
 In haste we leave the monster-teeming Nile,
 And glad once more salute our native soil.

Perhaps thou may'st enquire, what cares engage,
 What glorious deeds, beyond his tender age,
 In flame the Youth; if ought in Him appears,
 That speaks a soul superior to his years?
 Had I sufficient leisure to pursue
 The signs he wrought, familiar to our view;
 E'er on his chin the springing down began,
 To give the early promise of a Man:
 To speak these wond'rous truths, my voice wou'd fail,
 And night advancing break th' unfinish'd tale.
 How often did the Youth, with words express'd
 In more than mortal sounds, alarm our breast,
 As yet a Child; how often did we dread
 The lambent flames that play'd around his head;
 When his ambrosial ringlets seem'd to blaze,
 With the bright splendor of celestial rays?
 I pass in silence, what discourse he held
 With heav'n's dread Sov'reign, to our ears reveal'd.
 His Virgin-mother, as the loom she plied,
 Has oft with dread astonishment descry'd,
 An host of angels from the skies descend
 In human shape, and on the Babe attend:
 Now o'er his limbs fresh violets they shed,
 Now scatter show'rs of roses on his head.

Meanwhile

Nos tamen interea custodes ille vereri
 Summissus, charæ et mandata faceffere matris,
 Nostraque, et implebat veri genitoris amorem,
 Dum membris habilis vigor, et vis firma veni-
 ret.

Et jam bis senos crescens exegerat annos;
 Nec dum se populis signo detexerat ullo:
 Tum primum cœpit Judæa per oppida vulgo
 Illius apparere, palamque est prodita virtus:
 Fortè dies aderat genti sollemnis, et urbi
 Huic magnæ sacer ante alias, quo regia mecum
 Venerat et virgo: atque sequens sese aureus illi
 Implicuit dextræ puer: et jam ritè litatis
 Ipse domum sacris magna cum matre redibam.
 Jamque labore viæ fessis lux prima peracta,
 Et piceam clauso nox cœlo involverat umbram.
 Defuit hic puer, et genitricem, meque fefellit.
 Tum consanguineos frustra, et scitatus amicos
 Terque, quaterque viam repetens clamore re-
 plevi.

Flebat se incusans unam pulcherrima mater,
 Flaventem fusa crinem per eburnea colla.
 Ora decent lacrymæ, disjecti colla capilli,
 Qualis virginea cùm mollis amaracus urna
 Et pluviam, et ventos pariter perpeffa proca-
 ces
 Demisit turbata comas, iterumque resurgens
 Extulit os cœlo, ac priscum meditatur honorem.
 Dumque viam relego, invitum comes ægra sequuta
 est.

Tres adeò incerti soles erravimus urbe
 Nequicquam: quarta est vix demum luce reper-
 tus.

Namque mihi, et miseræ cùm spes sublata parenti
 Cuncta foret penitus, in mentem venit utrique
 Tempa iterum petere, atque preces effundere ad
 aram.

Vix

BOOK. III.] THE CHRISTIAD. 193

Meanwhile his earthly guardians he rever'd
With due submission, and our precepts heard;
Nor less, as years advanc'd, fulfill'd the love,
And gracious purpose of his Sire above.

Now o'er his head twelve posting years were flown,
Nor yet his wonders to the nation known:
'Twas then, thro' Juda's towns began his name
To soar triumphant on the wings of fame.
By chance approach'd that ancient solemn feast,
For sacred rites distinguish'd o'er the rest,
When to th' imperial town our course we sped;
My lovely bride her royal Infant led.
And now, the rites compleat, without delay
With the fair dame I homeward bend my way:
Of our appointed course one day was past,
And gloomy night the face of heav'n o'ercast;
When lo! the Youth was wanting to our train,
Sought 'midst his kindred tribes, but sought in vain.
Thrice, wild with fear, I measur'd back the road,
And thrice my trembling voice I rais'd aloud.
Conscious of blame in silence wept the fair,
O'er her smooth neck dishevell'd hung her hair; }
Yet thro' the crystal veil a thousand charms appear.
Thus some soft tender flow'r, of virgin kind,
By rains assaulted and the blust'ring wind;
Disturb'd, confus'd, the rude attack receives,
Bows the fair head, and droops the trembling leaves:
Then high to heav'n its blooming honours rears,
And in its native dignity appears.
Whilst my swift steps each obvious track retrace,
The Damsel follow'd with unwilling pace.
Three suns we wander'd o'er the town in vain,
The fourth scarce yields him to our eyes again.
For now, as hopeless and o'erwhelm'd with woes
We roam the streets; a sudden thought arose;
To seek the temple once again, and there
Address the Deity in fervent pray'r.

N

Enter'd;

Vix ingressus eram limen, cùm protinus ambo,
 Ecce sacerdotum in medio conspeximus illum
 (Prima rudimenta, et virtutis signa futuræ)
 Alta recensentem vatum monimenta, patrumque
 Primores ultro scitantem obscura, docentemque.
 Illum omnes admirari, haud vulgata carentem,
 Supra aciem, captumque hominis, mentemque vi-
 gentem,

Humana non vi edoctum, non arte magistra,
 Maturumque animi nimium puerilibus annis.
 Nec minus insigni cunctis spectantibus ore
 Gratus erat: neque enim poterant se explese tu-
 endo

Flagrantesque Dei vultus, blandosque serena
 Luce oculos magis, aut propexum verticis au-
 rum:

Et florem grati, qui vix inceperat, ævi.
 Nam quocunque caput circum torisset honestum,

Luce recens orta, vel sidere pulchrior auro,
 Lata serenato ridebant omnia mundo.
 Et toto dulcem jactabat corpore amorem.
 Inculti qualis nitet inter gramina campi,
 Purpureus se cùm primùm foliis narcissus
 Exeruit, ruptoque caput detexit amictu:
 Aut qualis nitidi species micat alma smaragdi,
 Cùm tenui argento, tenuive includitur auro.
 Prima mali fuit hinc nobis scintilla, puerque
 Ex illo formidata primoribus urbis
 Virtute invisus fuit, et corda aspera movit:
 Atque hoc deinde ingens succensa est fomite flam-
 ma,

Inque dies gliscens furor atque insania crevit.
 Omnia quæ porro ipse videns, metuentisque fu-
 turi

Orabam impavidum, ne vitæ prodigus hosti
 Objiceret, ne se perdendum proderet ultro.
 Verùm luce prius lateant in montibus arces,

Aut

Enter'd; our eyes beheld him as he sat,
 Amidst the rev'rend chiefs in close debate,
 Recounting prophecies of ancient days;
 (An early presage of his future praise)
 And while in questions from the priests he drew
 Th' acknowledg'd types, he shew'd their meaning too.
 The crowds all wonder'd at the truths he taught,
 Admir'd his strength of mind, his reach of thought;
 And how, unlearn'd in schools, in Him appears
 A ripeness, disproportion'd to his years.
 Nor shone to view with less distinguish'd grace,
 His pleasing aspect, and his blooming face:
 Th' assembled throngs with wonder and amaze,
 On his bright cheeks and sparkling eyeballs gaze;
 His golden locks their eager view engage,
 And the first dawn of tender blooming age.
 For wheresoe'er he rears his head on high,
 Bright as a star that gilds the radiant sky;
 All earthly things in beauteous order move,
 And from his limbs he breathes celestial love.
 Such charming form the bright Narcissus wears,
 When 'midst the barren fields he first appears,
 And from th' enclosing folds his visage rears. }
 Thus shines the em'rald, glorious to behold,
 Enclos'd in silver, or the burnish'd gold.
 This was the early spark of growing flame;
 Hence this unhappy Youth too soon became,
 A dreaded rival to each ruling priest;
 And with his virtues fix'd their jealous breast.
 From this beginning the fierce flame arose,
 And still each day the spreading madness grows;
 All which beholding, with prophetic fear
 I warn'd the Youth such courage to forbear;
 Nor rashly prodigal of life, expose
 His sacred person to th' insidious foes.
 But towns may sooner 'scape the passing eye,
 Which rear their proud heads on the mountains high;

Aut nocte in summis celetur turribus ignis:
Obruta quàm longùm jaceat sine nomine virtus.

Non tamen ille odiis magis ussit pectora acerbis,
Quàm cum ter denis jam vir volventibus annis
Fontis aquam latfces Bacchi convertit in atros.
Fortè Canam mecum Gahilææ advenerat urbem,
Mater et ipsa aderat, veteri dum accitus amico
Obsequor, intactam genero qui jungere natam
Conventu procerum magno de more parabat.
Jamque omnes circùm positis discumbere mensis,
Atque alacres epulari, et vina reposcere læti.
Nec dum finis erat dapibus, cum murmur ubique
Exoritur, totasque auditur triste per ædes,
Lætitiæ causam exhaustis liquentia vina
Defecisse cadis, turbarique omnia visa.
Tum res alma parens tenues miserata puellæ
Innuït, et natum summissa voce precata est,
Ferret opem. Vidi hîc juvenem primùm ore moveri,
Turbatum: caræ precibus tamen inde parentis
Annuit, et fesso rerum succurrit amico.
Sex, ut erant ibi tot numero, carchesia lymphis
Impleri jubet actutum, mensisque reponi.
Quæ simul aspexit propiùs Deus, omnibus ecce
Mutatus subitò nigrescere cernitur humor,
Vinaque pro pura mirantes hausimus unda.

Audisti dux et genus, et cunabula nati,
Primitiasque Dei: ne cætera deinde requiras,
Hanc omnem erexit factis florentibus oram.
Quæ si audire tamen tibi nunc fert corde voluptas,
Is longè memoret melior (simul ore sedentem
Signat Ioannem) vidit namque omnia præsens,
Errabunda ducis semper vestigia servans,
Dum mihi cura domi servandæ virginis hæret.

Dixit, et hic factò defessus sine quievit.
Immo, ait, istius causas ab origine partûs

Or tow'rs by night conceal the blazing flame,
Than black oblivion shade his glorious name.

But his fair deeds no more inflam'd their breast
With bitter hatred; till as years increas'd,
Beneath the magic of his pow'r divine,
The bashful water blush'd to purple wine.
By chance with me to ancient Cana came,
This wond'rous Hero and the Virgin dame;
Each by our friend invited as a guest,
To share the honours of a bridal feast.
All stretch'd on couches at their ease recline,
And call for goblets crown'd with foaming wine.
But lo! e'er yet the social banquet ceas'd,
A spreading rumour thro' the dome increas'd;
That the rich casks, which caus'd their joy before,
Were all exhausted, and the wine no more.
The dame beholding this distress with grief,
Implores her Son to grant some kind relief.
He, tho' at first disturb'd in mind; obey'd
The tender parent, and vouchsaf'd his aid.
He bids them on the board six goblets place,
Then with pure water fill each shining vase.
Which when the God approach'd, and nearer view'd;
We see the limpid stream, by force subdu'd,
Its simple nature instantly resign,
And from each vessel quaff the purest wine.

Thus hast thou heard, O chief! the race, the birth,
And first adventures of this God on earth.
As for the rest, his spreading fame resounds
O'er all the coast, and fills our utmost bounds.
Yet if thou seek'st more knowledge to obtain,
This young disciple will the facts explain;
For he, (and then to John he gave the sign)
Saw, and can name each wond'rous deed divine;
A constant follow'r in his Master's train,
Whilst household cares my trembling age detain.

He spoke; and weary'd here concludes his tale—
Then thou, said Pilate, this great birth reveal.

Exequere, aut quæ religio, si vera per oram
Percepi, Judæa Deum non amplius unum
Æternum colit, haud mortali semine cre-
tum,

Indigetæque suis divos altaribus arcet.
Inde tibi notæ recolens ex ordine Divi
Cætera mira refer: namque hunc in corpore
vires

Deficiunt, teque auxilio jubet ipse subire.
Pontius hæc: cuncti intenti simul ora tenebant.

Say too, why ye alone, if right I hear,
In all religious solemn forms, revere
One God eternal, of no earthly line,
And banish others from your rites divine:
Then to our ears, fair youth! in order tell,
What various wonders to thy notice fell.
O'er him, thou see'st, old age too much prevails,
His limbs are feeble, and his spirit fails:
Besides, he begs this favour as a friend—
Thus Pilate spoke; the list'ning crowds attend.

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER QUARTUS.

HIC juvenis, facie quo tum non gravior alter,
Puberibusque annis erat ingrediente juventa;
Multa prius veniam præfatus, multa recusans.
Verba diu premit: inde animo mortalia linquens
Paulatim, oblitusque hominem penetralia divum
Mente subit, cœlum peragrans, fruiturque beato
Cœlituum aspectu, omnipotentique ætheris au-
ra,

Admissus superam depasci lumine lucem,
Inque Deo tota defixus mente moratur:
Qualis ubi alta petens terris aufertur ab imis
Alituum regina, vagas spatia per auras
Dat plausum gyro, atque in nubila conditur
alis,

Ætherea jamque illa plaga levis instat, et acrem
Intendens aciem, criniti lumina solis
Suspicit, obtutuque oculos fixa hæret acuto.
Illum adeo tacitum interea mirantur in unum
Versi omnes velut exanimem, somnoque grava-
tum,

Et crebri excutiant: demum sibi redditus ipse
Cum gemitu, ex imo sic fari pectore cœpit:

Principio Pater omnipotens, rerum fator, et
fons,
Ingens, immensus, solus regnebat ubique:
Nondum

V I D A's
C H R I S T I A D.

BOOK. IV.

HERE the fair Youth, in whose bright form ap-
pears

The grace of beauty, mixt with blooming years;
Confus'd, with humble modesty declines
The arduous task the mighty chief enjoins,
Awhile in silence fix'd; then rapt on high,
His mind, unbody'd, thro' the spacious sky,
Spurning this lower world, pursues her way,
To the bright regions of eternal day;
Beholds the saints that share the blest'd abode,
And dwells in rapt'rous visions on the God.
Thus high from earth the tow'ring eagle springs,
And sails thro' Ether on expanded wings;
Thence soaring upward with advent'rous flight,
Undazzled gazes on the source of light.
Meanwhile the throng'd assembly with surprize,
On Him, thus wrapt in silence, fix their eyes,
As one quite lifeless, or with sleep oppress'd;
And strive to rouse him from this trance-like rest.
Then from his breast while heaving murmurs broke,
The Youth, recover'ing from his vision, spoke.

In the beginning, on his awful throne
Reign'd the great Sire of earth and heav'n alone.
Not yet his hand had shap'd those orbs on high,
That dance harmonious thro' the radiant sky;

Not

Nondum sidereos mundi præcuderat orbés,
Nondum mundus erat, necdum ibant tempora in orbem,

Nullaque cœruleo radiabant lumina cœlo.
Quicquid erat, Deus illud erat, quodcunque, ubi-
cunque

Complexus circum, penitus sese omnis in ipso:
Filius huic tantum, quem non effuderat ulla
Vel dea, vel solito mortalis foemina partu.
Ipse sed æterna genitor conceperat illum
Æternum æternus (dictu mirabile) mente.

Haud olli terreni artus, moribundave membra,
Sed sine corpore erat, patriæ alta ut mente su-
premi

Conceptum, arcanoque latens in pectore VERBUM,
Quod nondum in volucres vox edita protulit auras:
Omnipotens VERBUM, finisque et originis expers,
Quo mare, quo tellus, quo constat maximus æther,
Utque pater Deus, æquæ etiam Deus unica proles,
At geminos tu proinde Deos fuge credere portò:
Numen idem simul ambobus, Deus unus uterque
est.

Quinetiam, quo inter se ambo junguntur, amorem
(Namque ab utroque venit conspirans mutus ar-
dor)

Omnipotens æquæ numenque, Deumque vocamus,
Afflantem maria, ac terras, cœlique profunda,
Afflatu quo cuncta vigent, quo cuncta moventur,
Tresque unum esse Deum, ter numen dicimus unum;
Quove magis mirere, Deus, quem cernimus ipsi
Factum hominem, atque hominum mortali corpore
cretum:

Non minus ac prius, æthereæ nunc regnat in aula
Cum genitore, pari simul omnia numine torquens.
Nempe locis nullis, spatiis non clauditur ullis,
Omnibus inque locis idem omni tempore præsens,
Suffugiens nostras acies, sensuque remotus
Cuncta replet Deus, ac molem se fundit in omnem.

Lux

Not yet was form'd the world's compacted sphere;
 No various seasons mark'd the rolling year:
 No light thro' heav'n's wide circuit yet had place,
 But God was all in all, and fill'd unbounded space.
 One Son he had, who ne'er deriv'd his birth
 From parent-goddes, or bright dame of earth;
 But Him the Sire, e'er nature's frame was wrought,
 Conceive'd eternal in his boundless thought.
 No limbs he had compos'd of earthly clay,
 No mortal members subject to decay;
 But unembodiy'd reign'd, in heav'n's abode,
 Conceive'd, but not reveal'd, the WORD of God:
 That WORD, which never from beginning came,
 Nor e'er shall end, eternally the same:
 By whose almighty fiat and decree,
 Were form'd this ether, earth, and spacious sea:
 Who with the Sire to heav'n asserts his claim,
 In godhead equal, and in pow'r the same.
 Yet think not hence two Deities we own,
 Distinct the persons, but one God alone.
 Nay more, to that consummate love divine,
 With which in mutual harmony they join;
 The same ador'd perfections are allow'd,
 And christians call this glorious person, God:
 He, whose all-quick'ning breath diffus'd around,
 Pervades thro' air, and earth, and seas profound.
 Thus Sire, Son, Spirit, ever-honour'd Three!
 We justly stile one great Divinity.
 Again, to wake thy wonder and surprize,
 That God, who here to our astonish'd eyes
 Seems merely mortal; with his Father reigns,
 Ev'n now triumphant in th' etherial plains;
 With equal title claims the bright abode,
 And rules heav'n's awful empire with his nod.
 By time unbounded, unconfin'd by space,
 His presence spreads at once thro' ev'ry place;
 And veil'd from reach of ev'ry mortal eye,
 Fills the wide circuit of immensity.

Thus

Lux humiles veluti perfundens lumine terras
 Solis ab orbe venit, suppositaque circuit arva,
 Non tamen æthereo divisa ab sole recedit
 Illa usquam, quamvis longinquas ambiat oras:
 Nec sine sole suo est lux, nec sine luce sua sol.

Quid verò impulerit tantos adiuisse labores,
 Atque hæc ferre Deum, dum morti obnoxius errat,
 Dicam equidem, et repetens altas ab origine causas
 Expediam. Cœlum, et cœli quos suspicis orbes,
 Vix opifex rerum extuderat, terrasque jacentes,
 Cùm simul aligeros populos, sanctosque volucres
 Ter ternas acies, celerem et sine corpore gentem,
 Qui cœli incolerent ipsos septemplex orbes,
 Condidit æterno genitor succensus amore,
 Ut sua, qua fruitur solus natusque per ævum,
 Communis foret, et multis concessa voluptas.
 Continuò, fuerat quos æquum dicere laudes
 Autorique, Deoque suo, ac persolvere grates,
 Regnandi vesanus amor (quis ferret inultus?)
 Haud partem exigua invasit, furiisque sube-
 git,

Ut cuperent summo sese præferre parenti
 Immemores, animis victi, cæcique furore.
 Non tulit omnipotens sator, et meliora secutos
 Armavit contra: nulla hinc mora, talia ador-
 tos

Indecorès cœlo sedes detrusit in imas,
 Noctis ubi horrifera nigror, æternæque tenebræ.

Primus natus homo hinc, terris quem maximus
 auctor,
 Et liquidis latè dominum præfecerat undis,
 Quò mox pro superis excussis astra teneret,
 Desertasque domos ipse, et genus omne suo-
 rum,
 Omnigenùmque uni subjecit secla animantum,
 Squamigerùm pecudes, et pennis picta volantum
 Corpora,

Thus light, emerging from the solar beam,
 Spreads o'er the spacious earth its ambient stream;
 Yet never from the sun's bright surface strays,
 Tho' distant regions feel th' enliv'ning rays:
 Still to their parent orb the beams unite,
 Nor light's without its sun, nor sun without its light.

But what induc'd th' eternal Heir of God,
 To quit the glories of the blest'd abode,
 And here on earth such hardships undergo,
 To death obnoxious and all human woe;
 My vent'rous tongue, O chief! shall now relate,
 And trace the subject from its earliest date.
 Scarce had the sov'reign Architect on high,
 Hung the bright orbs amid this azure sky,
 And form'd the globe of habitable earth;
 When with his potent voice He call'd to birth
 The winged seraphs, mov'd by heav'nly love,
 To dwell for ever in the realms above:
 That other Beings might in Him be blest'd,
 And share the pleasures heav'n itself possess'd,
 But some, whom duty shou'd have taught to sing
 Eternal praises to this glorious King,
 Urg'd by ambition, and a lust to reign
 With pow'r despotic thro' th' etherial plain;
 Aim'd to exalt their tow'ring thrones above
 Heav'n's Lord himself; forgetful of his love.
 The Sire indignant saw, and to restrain
 This daring insult, arm'd his faithful train;
 And all who durst against his pow'r rebel,
 Hurl'd down with thunder to the depths of hell.

Hence man was form'd, ordain'd by heav'n's com-
 mand

Imperial ruler o'er the sea and land;
 Who with his future race in time shou'd rise,
 And fill with new inhabitants the skies.
 Beasts of all kinds that range the fields or woods,
 Gay painted birds, and natives of the floods;

Were

Corpora, montivagumque simul genus omne ferarum.

Tantum floriferis dominum cum imponeret arvis,

Arboris unius foetu illum parcere jussit.

At vetito captus mali infelicitis amore,

Conjugis hortatu, quam fraude illexerat anguis,

Immemor heu! superi violavit foedera Regis.

Vix avido arreptum pomum foedaverat ore,

Cum pater imbripotens jam fulva e nube tonare

Desuper auditus, saevasque indicare poenas

Iratus, quas ille olim, quas omnis ab illo

Progenies lueret, lucis ventura sub auras.

Continuo ingenti caelo sunt addita claustra,

Impia tum primum proles exorta repente,

Et subito tellus scelere est imbuta nefando.

Emergit fraus, emergit malesuada libido,

Hinc durus generi humano labor additus: hinc fons

Curarum, et tristis patefacta est janua leti,

Morbique, et dolor, atque fames, et turpis egestas:

Cum genus humanum curis sine degere posset,

Plurimaque in terris vivendo vincere secula.

Ex illo sine more homines, sine lege per agros

Degebant, tantum placabant sanguine fuso

Coelicolam regem, bonus ut gregibusque sibi-

que Afforet, atque satis vim coeli averteret arvis:

Indociles, rerum ignari, ac rationis inanes.

Isque ferè status annorum bis millibus orbi

Constiterat, jamjamque magis pater optimus iras

Oblitus veteres, paulum mitescere coepit.

Nondum

Were all subjected to his sov'reign sway,
And taught this new-born monarch to obey.
Yet when his bounteous Lord vouchsaf'd to yield
To man, the various produce of the field;
His pow'r he bounded by a fix'd decree,
And bade him shun one interdicted tree.
But he, encourag'd by his wife to try
The fruit, that glow'd so tempting to the eye;
(She by the serpent's guileful art deceiv'd,
His specious tales too easily believ'd)
Alas! regardless of th' injunction giv'n,
Transgress'd the gracious covenant of heav'n.
Scarce had he seiz'd the fruit with keen desire,
And rashly tasted; when th' eternal Sire,
In bursts of thunder from an ambient cloud,
Was heard to speak that punishment aloud,
Which he henceforth and all mankind must share,
That draw from him this vital breath of air.
Instant, heav'n-gates th' immortal seraphs close—
Hence first on earth an impious race arose;
Vile fraud, and furious lust advanc'd their head,
And daring crimes the face of earth o'erspread.
Hence stubborn labour and hard toil began
To exercise the suff'ring race of man.
From this dire source of ills too soon appear
Diseases, famine, death, and want, and care;
When man might length of ages have been blest'd,
Exempt from sorrows, and of peace possess'd.
From that sad period, by no laws with-held,
Men liv'd at large, and rang'd the spacious field;
Yet slaughter'd victims to the shrines they brought
Of great Jehovah, and his favour sought,
To guard themselves and flocks from future ill,
Unlearn'd in arts, and blind to heav'n's high will.
Such was the world; and thus its state appears
Savage and wild, for twice a thousand years.
At length, forgetful of his wrongs, the Sire
Calm'd by degrees, remits his vengeful ire.

But

Nondum homini tamen æthereum patefecit olympum,

Sed genus humanum fingens, acuensque monendo,
Et leges dedit, et ritus, moremque sacrorum,
Instituitque genus nostrum, discriminis ergo
Lege jubens testa circum præcidere acuta
Exiguam, unde viri fumus, omni in corpore partem:

Tum vatum implevit venientis pectora veri,
Qui populis lætum canerent demum affore tempus,
Janua aperta piis cœli cùm sponte pateret.

Casti autem interea manes, animæque piorum
Sub terram umbrosa expectabant valle sedentes.
Jam vatum memores numerabant tempus, et ambas

Tendebant paribus votis ad sidera palmas,
Cœlestum regem orantes, desisteret ira,
Parceret unius genus omne extinguere noxa:
Parce Pater, parce omnipotens (vox omnibus una)

Nos promisso olim, longè disjungimur unde
Luminis expertes blandi, memor affere cœlo.
Haud nos eduxi nequicquam lucis ad auras.
Si qua tamen veteris superant vestigia culpæ,
Dilue rore tuo facilis, fontesque reclude
Divinos: ô quis superùm cœlestia tandem
Flumina, cœlestes nobis bonus irriget imbres.
Vos ô flammiferi labentes ætheris orbes
Irrorate, vagæ nobis succurrite nubes;
Optatam pluviam, felicem effundite rorem.
Tuque adeo, quem jam expectant tot secula votis

Promissum, inferni cui nutant mœnia mundi,
Summi vera Patris soboles, cœli aureus imber,

Rumpe moras age, sidereos rumpe ocios orbes,
Ætheris huc fractis vi multa allabere portis.

Talibus

But had not yet to man's offending race,
Prepar'd a mansion in th' etherial space;
Yet gave them laws, to favour this design,
And form'd their hearts by discipline divine.
Then chose our race, selected from the rest;
Ord'ring the sons of Abr'ham, as a test
Of prompt obedience, and for diff'rence sake,
Incision on our manly parts to make:
Then bade his prophets to the world display
Tidings of joy; that heav'n had fix'd a day,
When pious spirits shou'd from earth remove,
And share the glories of the realms above.

Meanwhile the souls of saints beneath the earth,
In flow'ry vales await time's rising birth:
Anxious they sit, and count the years to come,
Then lift their hands to heav'n's resplendent dome;
Imploring God his anger to forego,
Nor for the guilt of one condemn mankind to woe.
Look down, oh Sire! look down with pitying eye,
And spare thy people was the gen'ral cry!
Grant us to reach the promis'd realms of light,
Tho' here we wander in the gloom of night,
Far from that world disjoin'd; for not in vain,
Thy hand creative form'd the race of man.
But if thine eyes some stains of guilt yet view,
Oh! gently wash them in cœlestial dew,
And ope thy sacred founts—what pow'r on high,
With streams and fountains will our wants supply?
Ye stars, that thro' the radiant Ether roll,
Ye wand'ring clouds, that sail from pole to pole;
Oh! carry not those fust'ring stores in vain,
Pour on our heads the kindly-dropping rain:
But chiefly Thou, whose blest'd auspicious birth
Has long been promis'd to the sons of earth;
To whom ev'n now hell's tott'ring regions nod;
Thou genuine offspring of th' eternal God!
Bright show'r of heav'n! no more thy influence stay;
Burst from yon ambient clouds, and spring to day.

O

Thus

Talibus orabant omnes, eademque caneant:
 Quos Pater omnipotens superum sarcire ruinas
 Jam meditans, cœli penitus miseratus ab arce
 est.

Cum verò æthereas nutu recludere portas
 Possset, et alitibus potiùs de civibus unum
 Mittere, qui regnis manes divelleret atris,
 In superum referens sedes, stellantia templa:
 Ipse sui ut memores magis, ac majoribus arctos
 Vinciret meritis homines, qui cuncta piaret,
 Factum hominem è summo natum ipsum misit o-
 lympo.

Ne tamen ignaris mortalibus appareret
 Ignotusque, novusque, suis neve ilicet illum
 Finibus arcerent pulsum, quod se ipse Deimet
 Progeniem leges contra memoraret avitas:
 Præmisit vatem egregium, his in finibus or-
 tum,

Nomine Iöannem, Elisabe quem numine ple-
 num

Zachariæ extrema parit infœcunda senecta:
 Gentibus ipse Deum ut natum prænuncius ore
 Proderet, atque suas spes fessò ostenderet orbi.
 Ille hominum primis vitans vestigia ab annis,
 Horridus in solis agitavit montibus ævum,
 Montibus et sylvis, et littoribus desertis.
 Speluncæ tectum horrentes, victum aspera
 nullo

Arbuta terra dabat cultu, aut sudantia truncis
 Mella cavis, liquidi præbebant pocula fon-
 tes.

Vestis erat pellis hirsutis horrida villis.
 Tantùm lætificas gaudebat spargere voces,
 Affatus nemora, et montes, ac littora pon-
 ti.

Tanta sed haud latuit virtus tamen: ilicet in-
 gens

Fama viri circumfusas penetravit ad urbes.

Jamque

Thus all in fervent pray'rs with one accord
 High heav'n petition'd; whom th' Almighty Lord,
 Resolv'd the loss of angels to supply,
 Beheld with pity from his throne on high.
 And tho' his potent and all-sov'reign nod
 Cou'd ope the portals of the bless'd abode,
 And send some winged messenger, from death
 To rescue spirits in the realms beneath;
 And with triumphant victory convey,
 To happy regions of eternal day:
 But that the world he might for ever bind,
 By endless favours heap'd on human-kind;
 For sins of wretched mortals to atone,
 He sent incarnate his begotten Son.
 But lest a Stranger he shou'd seem on earth,
 Unknown his errand, unproclaim'd his birth;
 And hence, imposter-like, the Son of God
 By chance be exil'd from his new abode;
 Heav'n sent a messenger before his face,
 An holy prophet, sprung from Israel's race;
 Whom, by strange birth, her years of breeding o'er,
 To Zacharias fam'd Eliza bore;
 Messiah's glorious advent to display,
 Point the great Saviour, and prepare his way.
 He from his youth to solitude inclin'd,
 Shun'd the frequented paths of human-kind;
 On barren mountains and in woods alone
 He pass'd his days; to social life unknown.
 Herbs and wild honey were the prophet's food,
 Rocks, his retreat; his drink, the crystal flood.
 An homely garment o'er his shoulders cast,
 Form'd of rough shag, his hardy limbs embrac'd:
 And thus retir'd he sung Messiah's reign,
 To woods, and mountains, and the bord'ring main.
 But such rare virtue never long cou'd lie,
 Obscur'd and shaded from the public eye;
 By swift degrees his fame and high renown,
 From forth the desert reach'd each neighbouring town.

Jamque illum cœlo demissum credere gentes,
 Qui, tot veridicæ ut quondam cecinere Sibyl-
 læ,
 Humanum genus horrificis educeret umbris.

Et jam concursu populi illum accedere
 magno
 Scitatum, quisnam, unde domo, quid ferret? an
 ipse
 Afforet è cœlo, miseris qui gentibus olim
 Auxilio venturus? eum bis, terque rogabant.
 Ille sed umbrosis repetebat talia ab antris:
 Gaudete, ô tenebris jamdudum, ac nubibus a-
 tris
 Obductæ gentes: lux ecce optata propinquat.
 Ne verò, ne me ignari vos credite lucem
 Promissam (immeritos neque enim furamur hono-
 res:)

Tantum ego, ceu solem nascentem lucifer ante
 Exoritur, nitidoque diem denunciat astro,
 Prædico actutum vobis jubar affore vestrum.
 Jamjam aderit Deus, ecce, Deus mortalibus
 oris

Ceu mortalis adest, venienti occurrite læti:
 Fronde vias festa decorate, tapetibus agros.
 Et numen digno venerati agnoscite honore:
 Discite justitiam interea, atque assuescite recto,
 Et duce me scelus infectum lavite amne liquen-
 ti.

Ipse autem ætherea divinitus eluet aura
 Omne malum, ac veteris penitus contagia cul-
 pæ,
 Seculaque mutato succedent aurea mundo.

Talibus auditis, cunctis ex urbibus ibant
 Finitimi, quæ Jordanis fluit agmine dulci,
 Orantes pacem, atque ultrò commissâ faten-
 tes:

Quos

At length our tribes, by specious forms deceiv'd,
 This youth the Saviour of the world believ'd;
 By heav'n ordain'd to lead mankind to light,
 As seers predicted, from the realms of night.

Now from all parts in troops the people came,
 To learn his birth, his family, and name.
 Were He the person (thus they oft enquire)
 Sent from above by heav'n's Almighty Sire,
 To break the groaning nation's galling chain,
 And bring fair freedom to their tribes again?
 To each request the sacred prophet gave,
 This mystic answer from his gloomy cave:
 Rejoice, oh nations! wrapt in shades of night,
 Lo! now appears th' expected dawn of light.
 Yet deem not me the man by heav'n design'd,
 To prove the light and blessing of mankind;
 Far be such honours from my humble mind. }
 I, like the morning star, whose beams display
 A glimm'ring light, to point th' approach of day;
 Foretell, to you this Sun will soon arise,
 And with new glories gild the radiant skies.
 Your God, oh! happy tribes! your God appears,
 Gracious on earth an human form he wears.
 Where'er he comes, let heart-felt joy abound,
 Bring festal boughs, with carpets spread the ground;
 Let all due honours to his birth be shown,
 And with a thankful heart this glorious Godhead own.
 Meanwhile, let justice in your bosoms sway, }
 My words, as heav'n's great messenger obey,
 And wash your vices in this stream away.
 Himself, descending from the realms above,
 Will all contagion from your hearts remove;
 Of human sin purge ev'ry guilty stain,
 And on the joyful world bring golden years again.

This heard, from all their cities numbers came,
 Where sacred Jordan rolls his silver stream;
 With willing heart confess their sins, and pray
 Heav'n's gracious Sire to cleanse their guilt away.

Quos vates puro nudos lustrabat in amne,
Ritè cavis capiti invergens sacra flumina pal-
mis.

Ecce autem Deus ipse etiam, ceu cætera turba,
Lustrandi sese studio clàm tendit ad amnem,
Nil ut inexpertum moribundo in corpore lin-
quat,

Mortali quod fas homini, et subiisse necesse est,
Ne pigeat seros imitari facta nepotes.
Abstinuit primùm vates, tactusque refugit,
Agnoscentque Deum, palmas utraque tetendit
Supplex, accurvusque vadis mirantibus ipsis:
Paruit inde tamen jussus, divinaque membra
Horrescensque, tremensque liquenti perluit am-
ne.

Protinus aurifluo Jordanes gurgite fulsit,
Et superùm vasto intonuit domus alta fragore,
Insuper et cœli claro delàpsa columba est
Vertice per purum, candenti argentea pluma,
Terga sed auratis circùm et rutilantibus alis.
Jamquè viam latè signans super astitit ambos,
Cœlestique aura pendens affavit utrumque.
Vox simul et magni rubra Genitoris ab æthra
Audita est, nati dulcem testantis amorem.
Interea aligeri juvenes, gens incola cœli,
Missi aderant liquido pendentes aère circùm,
Carbaseosque sinus, mantiliaque alba ferebant,
Jussa ministeria, ut nati membra humida herilis,
Rorantemque sacro siccarent flumine crinem.

His actis Deus evasit, fluviumque reliquit,
Quem vates longo ripam ordine circumfusus
Ostendit, talique abeuntem est voce sequutus:
En, ego quem terris toties jamjam affore quondam
Pollicitus, Deus, ecce Deus, qui crimina nostra,
Thuricremas agnus veluti mactatus ad aras,
Morte luet, superoque volens cadet hostia Patri.

Hunc

All these the prophet to the river led,
And pour'd the pure libation on their head.

Amidst the rest, these precepts to obey,
The God himself to Jordan bends his way;
E'er death approach, to bathe his human limbs,
Tho' pure and spotless, in the sacred streams.
Resolv'd no rite shou'd unperform'd remain,
Which heav'nly laws to human race ordain;
That late disciples might his conduct view,
And learn their Lord's example to pursue.
At first the prophet his request withstood,
And on his bended knees confess'd the God;
In suppliant posture rear'd his hands on high,
The waters wonder'd as they murmur'd by.
At length commanded he obey'd the sign,
And drench'd in Jordan's waves his limbs divine.
At once the stream with golden current flow'd,
And thunder echo'd thro' the blest'd abode.
When lo! on glitt'ring wings a silver dove,
Thro' the pure air descended from above:
Marking her radiant way, to both she fled,
And breath'd the Spirit on their sacred head.
Then to his Son a voice from God above
Proceeds, in token of celestial love.
Meantime, the winged youths who range the sky,
Charg'd with their Lord's commands, descend from
high;

And in their hands the purest linen bear,
To cleanse his limbs, and wipe his sacred hair.

These solemn rites perform'd with order due,
Our Lord his steps from Jordan's banks withdrew.
Whom, as he pass'd, to all th' assembled crowd
The raptur'd prophet thus proclaim'd aloud:
Behold, ye favour'd tribes! behold the God,
By this prophetic voice so oft foreshow'd;
Who by his death shall purge each mortal stain,
As holy victim at the altar slain!

Hunc optate ducem, hunc vobis optate magistrum.

Ex illo vates nemora, et loca sola relinquens,
Urbes per medias ibat, populisque canebat.
Advenisse Deum, promissum numen adesse.
Credita res paucis, donec se ostendere coram
Supra hominem cœpit Deus ipse ingentibus orsis.
Nam primùm numero ex omni delegit amicos
Bis senos, quœscum curas, durumque laborem
Partiri, et casus posset deducere in omnes:
Antè quidem solus ter denos egerat annos.
Sed ne fortè putes multis è millibus illi
Nos ideo placuisse, dolis quodd, et arte magistra
Spectatos longè ante alios deprenderit omnes,
Aut opibus, claraque domus à stirpe potentes:
Omnibus obscurum genus, et sine luce penates,
Atque humilis fortuna, nec astu prædita vita.
Quinque adèd sumus exigua Bessàide creti.
Nobis ars erat, insidias piscosa secundùm
Flumina squamigerùm generi hamo tendere ad-
unco,

Atque innare salum, fœcundaque piscibus arva.
Tunc etiam, cùm nos ad se primùm ille vocavit,
Humida littorea sarcibam retia arena.
Ipse Jacobus adhuc salientes littore pisces
Servabat frater: nec tum procul inde seca-
bant

Andreas, parvaque Petrus vada falsa carina,
Iisdem acti fratres studiis, eadè æquora cir-
cum.

Tum mihi conjunctus patriaque, domoque Philip-
pus

Accitus, pisces et retia torta reliquit.

Addunt se socios Thomas, Thaddæus, eadem-
que

Arte Simon, Cana quem genuit Galileïa ami-
cum,

Fluminibus patriis mutisque natantibus hostem.

Namque

Him as your guide, your sov'reign Lord receive,
 And due attention to his precepts give.
 From that bless'd hour the seer no longer stay'd,
 A lonely hermit in the silent shade;
 But to throng'd towns and public cities show'd,
 Th' approach and presence of the promis'd God.
 The wond'rous story was believ'd by few,
 Till his own acts mankind's attention drew.
 For first, twelve friends he chose, with whom to share
 Life's daily labours, and encreasing care:
 Till then, full thirty years, our Lord alone
 Had pass'd his days, unnotic'd and unknown.
 Yet think not our illustrious Master drew,
 From various numbers, this selected few;
 Because in us his judging eye beheld
 Companions in deceit and cunning skill'd:
 Or sought out friends, for pow'r or wealth renown'd,
 Rais'd high in fortune, and with glory crown'd—
 Our small society no honours own,
 Obscure our birth, our life to fraud unknown.
 Five, the poor city of Bethsaida bore;
 Our only art, along the winding shore,
 With guileful hooks to snare the scaly prey,
 And launch our vessels on the wat'ry way.
 Ev'n then, when summon'd to his train, I stood
 Beside the margin of the swelling flood;
 And while my nets industrious I repair,
 To guard the fishes was my † brother's care.
 Not distant far, in small and humble ships,
 Andrew and Peter plow the gulphy deeps;
 With us connected the same lot partake,
 And earn their food by toiling on the lake.
 Next, the like choice my townsman Philip made,
 And left his nets, his fortune, and his trade.
 With Thomas, studious of the self-same gain,
 Simon of Cana join'd our social train;
 Whose time, like ours, on waters was bestow'd,
 Foe to the silent natives of the flood.

† James

His

Namque Jacobus ei, cognato sanguine fretus,
 Alphæo natus patre, se subjunxerat antè.
 Ut genus indecores penè omnes, sic quoque nostra
 Nomina dura vides, insueta atque aspera dictu:
 Haud facies sola est impexis horrida barbis.
 Tres alii (neque enim longè meliori sequuti
 Fortuna) addiderant sese: Matthæus: et ævo
 Jam gravis, efficitisque Petri jam proximus annis
 Bartholomæus, et ipse mali fabricator Iudas.

Vix memorem, quæcunque oculis, quæcunque
 sub illo

Auribus his hausi repetens miracula rerum,
 Tempore tam parvo (vix terna hyberna peracta,
 Ex quo illi socii dignatus nomine jungor)
 Nec me tam vastum nunc currere oporteat
 æquor.

Pauca sed è multis, et ea haud mihi mollia fatu,
 Ingrediar tamen, et breviter tua iussa capeffens
 Expediam: mitto modò quæ monumenta reli-
 quit

Finitimas (tibi nota reor) non parva per urbes,
 Namque omnem egregiis factis insigniit oram.
 Quis nescit nuper revocatum ad munera vitæ
 Palmiferæ regem Bethanes, lumine quarto
 Quem vidit sol extinctum, impositumque sepul-
 cro?

Ut fileam innumeros, quibus ipse in limine
 leti

Affuit, et duræ de mortis fauce revulsit?
 Nam prius enumerem, quot ponto aquilonibus
 undæ

Spumescant vasto, quot inundent littora arenis,
 Quàm quot opem morbos varios in corpore pas-
 sis

Supplicibus tulit, et validos, lætosque remisit.
 Multi capti oculis, clausis multi auribus orti,
 Ne possent ulla audire, aut edere voces:

His kinsman James, from old Alphæus sprung,
Before was added to the chosen throng,
As thus we spring from no illustrious kind,
Our rustic names unmusical you find,
Of accent difficult, and void of grace—
Not rough alone in figure and in face.
Next these, but scarce of more distinguish'd worth,
Or nobler rank'd in fortune, or in birth;
Their love and prompt obedience to declare,
Matthew, and old Bartholomew appear.
And last, the band of chosen friends to close,
Judas; vile author of these wretched woes.

My tongue perhaps and memory wou'd fail,
Shou'd I attempt the wonders to reveal,
Which in so short a period took their birth;
(Scarce three whole winters rolling o'er the earth,
Since first I join'd this Youth's associate train)
Nor need we enter on so wide a plain.
Yet as thy will enjoins me to pursue
This glorious subject; I'll select a few
Of those great acts; not easy to rehearse
In the smooth cadence of harmonious verse.
I pass those famous deeds in silence by,
Of late transacted in the public eye,
Which doubtless to your ears, O Roman! came;
For all Judæa sounds his glorious name.
That wond'rous story fills the nation's ear,
Of Lazarus, recall'd to upper air;
Whom the bright sun four circling days beheld,
In gloomy chambers of the earth conceal'd.
I pass the multitudes he deign'd to save,
When just expiring, from the darksome grave:
For far, far sooner might I number o'er,
The waves at sea, or sands upon the shore;
Than tell what wounded crowds, our gracious Lord
With aid benignant, to their health restor'd.
All, who oppress'd with ills of various kind,
Whether the deaf, the dumb, the halt, or blind;

Or

Claudi alij imparibus vix ægrè passibus ibant:
 His rigor ex longo immotos sopiverat artus:
 Illis semeso serpentina corpore hiabant
 Ulcera, et illuvies membris immunda fluebat:
 Nec deerant, tumefacta quibus præcordia, et alvus
 Insincera sitim miseris adduxerat acrem,
 Nullæ artes poterant quam, nulla extinguere aquæ
 vis.

Tum quibus assiduis concussa tremoribus usque
 Nutabant, tremuloque lababant corpore membra,
 Ignea quos febris, aut corrupti corporis humor,
 Et quos præterea vis cæci incognita morbi
 Versabat lecto totos distracta per artus,
 Quosve animis captos agitans malè habebat Erin-
 nys.

Omnibus aspectu solo, tactuve ferebat
 Divus opem: subitò linquebant corpora morbi,
 Et stratis ipsi surgebant protinus ægri.
 Atque ideo quacunque viam observatus agebat,
 Semper eum opperiens turba ingens strata jacebat,
 Per fora, perque vias, sanctique ad limina templi.
 Nondum aliquem tamen infernis revocaverat um-
 bris,

Mortè obita, cum Sidonia remearet ab ora,
 Et Nain ingressus fociis comitantibus altam est.

Ecce autem ingentem longo procedere pompam
 Ordine flammæ aspiciamus, mœstamque per ur-
 bem

Audimus luctum: causam tum denique luctûs
 Cernimus, egregii juvenis miserabile corpus,
 Impositum molli pheretro, quem meruit acerba
 Morte dies, dulci cùm vix pubesceret ævo,
 Atque omnem vultu florenti dempsit honorem.
 Qualis, quem pede pressit agro bos signa relinquens,
 Paulatim lassâ languet cervice hyacinthus:
 Aut rosa, quam molli decerpens pollice virgo,
 Vepribus in densis lapsam sub sole reliquit.

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Or those, who by a palsy'd numbness spread
Thro' their stiff joints, find all the functions dead;
Or such, as are with ulcers cover'd o'er,
And loathsome wounds, that ouze with putrid gore;
Or, who oppress'd with dropsies, feel a rage
Of burning thirst, no waters can assuage:
Or those, whose limbs incessant tremblings seize,
Who groan beneath a fever's dire disease:
Or those, who in their beds distracted lay,
With ills unknown, and pin'd in grief away:
Or lastly those, who by the furies blind,
Rav'd with a mad disorder of the mind.
On these the heav'nly Chief compassion took,
And instant heal'd them with a single look;
Swift from their limbs each loath'd distemper fled,
And the sick rose recover'd from their bed.
Hence, where he pass'd thro' public roads along,
In streets and opening avenues, a throng
Oppress'd with maladies, his steps await,
Or num'rous crowd the temple's hallow'd gate.
But none as yet had he recall'd to light,
From forth the dark dominions of the night;
When from the bounds of Sidon's fertile plain,
He enter'd Naim with his social train.

A long procession here salutes our sight,
Led by the glaring flambeau's dazzling light;
And thro' the crowded city from afar,
The voice of mourning strikes our startled ear.
At length, as nearer to the crowd we drew,
Our eyes the cause of this disaster view;
On the cold bier a youth's fair body laid,
And to the grave with funeral pomp convey'd:
Whom death, in early bloom, had made his prey;
Each vernal beauty rudely snatch'd away.
As, press'd beneath some heifer's careless tread,
The languid hyacinth declines its head;
Or rose, that gather'd by some heedless maid,
Is left to wither in the lonely shade.

The

Urbe furens tota genitrix miseranda, capillos
Scissa, genasque ambas manibus foedata cruen-
tis

Ibat: eam circum pariter per densa viarum
Pulsabant sævis matres plangoribus astra.
Ipsi orbam cives miserantur, ei unica proles
Ille relictus erat vidui solatia lecti.

Ut Deus exanimis juvenili in corpore vidit
Pallorem, et molli pictas lanugine malas:
Parcere lamentis jubet, et considerare pompam,
Admotusque manu mulcens immobile corpus,
Rursum animam gelidis membris innexuit: ecce
Erigitur puer, et (cunctis mirabile visum)
Prosiluit raptim in medios, vacuumque phere-
trum

Liquit, et amplexans solatus voce parentem est.

Nec verò multis etiam post mensibus idem
Egregiam amissa donavit luce puellam:
Cui calor, et toto de pectore fugerat omnis
Halitus, aëreas penitus dilapsus in auras.
Virginis ipse pater factum testatur Iarus,
Largus opum, pollens lingua, et popularibus au-
ris.

Quid repetam, purum vivo cum è fonte liquo-
rem
In vinum convertit, opes miseratus amici?

Fortè olim aërei spectans de vertice montis,
Cum sol emenso depressior iret olympo,
Ingentem vidit numerum effluxisse sequen-
tum

Matres atque viros, quos per deserta locorum
Duxerat oblitosque sui, oblitosque suorum.
Substitit hic miseratus: eos jam tertia nam-
que

Muneris expertes Cereris lux acta videbat.

Hic

The wretched parent, frantic with despair,
 Raves thro' the street, and rends her golden hair;
 While round, with mournful pomp, incessant cries
 Of plaintive matrons echo to the skies.
 The weeping citizens her fate bemoan,
 Now left at large, abandon'd and alone;
 Her child, her dearest child, untimely dead,
 The last, sole comfort of her widow'd bed.
 Soon as the God beheld the faded grace,
 And livid paleness of his youthful face;
 He bade the train their sad procession stay,
 Forbear their grief, nor yield those sorrows way.
 Then touch'd the corpse, devoid of motion laid,
 And call'd the spirit from the gloomy shade.
 Lo! at his word the youth revives again,
 And in full sight of all th' admiring train,
 Starts from his trance, forsakes the vacant bier,
 And with his well-known voice relieves his parent's
 fear.

This wond'rous action pass'd, our gracious Lord
 A noble maid to life and health restor'd;
 From whose pale lips the vital warmth had fled,
 Resolv'd to air, and left the body dead.
 The damsel's father can attest the same,
 A man high rank'd in fortune and in fame.

Why shou'd I here the well-known fact repeat,
 How, once invited to a friendly treat,
 Pitying the sad distress, with pow'r divine
 He chang'd the water into blushing wine.

It chanc'd, that seated on a mountain's height,
 When Sol from noon had roll'd the rapid light,
 A num'rous throng his wond'ring eye surveys;
 Which, thro' blind paths and unfrequented ways,
 To hear his doctrine and discourse had come,
 Far from their anxious friends, and pleasing home.
 The God with pity their condition view'd,
 For now, three suns, without the taste of food,

The

Hic neque erant fruges, vicina nec oppida, pos-
sent

Unde dapes petere argento, victumque parare:

Arboreos necdum foetus decoxerat aestas.

Vix tandem inventus puer est ex agmine tan-
to,

Quinque (viæ auxilium) qui secum liba fere-
bat,

Atque duos, dederat quos huic pia mater eunti

Inclusos myrto, et bene olenti gramine pisces.

Sed quid enim hæc aded tam multis millibus au-
tem?

Et jam diffisi socii mussare querentes,

Quos bonus affatu CHRISTUS solatus a-
mico

In coetum vocat, ac paucis ita deinde profa-
tur:

Nemo hodie numero è tanto non lætus abibit.

Hinc supplex tali Genitorem voce precatur:

Summe Parens, ope cujus alit terra omnia, qui-
que

Et sole, et liquidis foecundas imbribus agros,

Si quondam Isacidum generi per inhospita e-
unti

Divinas epulas cœlo es largitus ab alto:

Semine si nullo constant, quæcunque creasti,

Et nihil omnino fuerant cœlum, æquora, tel-
lus:

Adsis, obscœnamque famem tot millibus arce.

Hæc tantum: dehinc gramineo discumbere cam-
po

Imperat effusos coetus, dapibusque parari.

Inde in frustra secat læto Cerealia vultu

Liba minutatim, et populos partitur in om-
nes.

(Millia quinque hominum campis saturanda sede-
bant)

Ecce (incredibile auditu, mirabile visu)

Omnibus

BOOK. IV.] THE CHRISTIAD. 225

The crowds had wander'd, and no towns were nigh,
 That might provision for such throngs supply:
 Nor yet had summer warm'd the parent earth,
 To yield her wild productions into birth.
 At length his friends by chance a youth survey'd,
 Whose only treasure was five loaves of bread;
 (When forth he went, his prudent mother's care
 Had wisely sent him with this needful fare)
 And two small fishes, which uninjur'd lay,
 Preserv'd in flow'rs and myrtle from decay.
 But what were these among so large a crew,
 The pangs of thirst and hunger to subdue?
 And now despairing, his associate train
 Began in secret murmurs to complain.
 Whom CHRIST beholding with a tender look,
 Call'd from the crowds apart, and thus bespoke:
 Of all this num'rous throng, not one to day
 Shall pass from hence unsatisfy'd away.
 Then to his heav'nly Father thus he pray'd—
 Almighty Parent! by whose pow'rful aid,
 Th' impregnate earth her various products yields;
 Whose show'rs and sun with verdure cloath the fields!
 If erst, when wand'ring thro' th' untrodden waste,
 Thou fed'st thy people with divine repast;
 If from no seeds originally came,
 Whate'er thine hand created, in the frame
 Of heav'n above, of ocean, air, and earth;
 If these were nothing till Thou gav'st them birth;
 Oh! gracious Sire! be present while I pray,
 And drive dire famine from these crowds away.
 No more he said; but bade th' attendant train,
 Dispose the guests with care upon the plain;
 Then broke the bread in pieces with his hand,
 And kindly shar'd it 'midst the num'rous band.
 Five thousand men, a mighty host, were found
 In order seated on the verdant ground.
 Behold! (a story wond'rous to relate)
 This large assembly, as in ranks they sat,

P

Saw

Omnibus in manibus visæ succrescere partes
 Exiguæ, dapibusque epulati largius omnes:
 Et frugum pariter, laticumque expleta cupido est.
 Quin et reliquias mensis, superantia frustra
 Vix cava congestas bis sex cepere canistra.

Accipe nunc aliud, quod paucis antè diebus
 Vidimus: arbor erat foliis densissima in agro
 Deserto, unde olim pendentia poma viator
 Carpebat sitiens: Heros qui hac fortè tenebat
 Pulverulentus iter, quæsit in arbore fœtus
 Incassum: infœcunda comas nam, et brachia tan-
 tum
 Luxurians latè circùm tendebat opaca.
 Non sulit, ac verbis sterilem execratus acerbis:
 Continuo (manifesta audis) exaruit arbos,
 Et folia æreas volitârunt lapsa per auras.

Nec minus est olli imperii maris æquora in
 alta:
 Uni omnes undæ assurgunt, fluctusque quiescunt
 Unius ediçto. Vidi, vidi ipse furentes
 Illius hybernos ad vocem ponere Coros,
 Vimque omnem, motas quæ flabris asperat un-
 das.
 Nondum luna suum ter cursum plena peregit,
 Cùm subito in lento deprensus marmore nobis
 Nocte ferè media, dum retia ducimus, orta est
 Turbida tempestas, et pontus inhorruit ater
 Fluctibus elatis, et concursantibus undis,
 Inflictamque ratem jamjam salis hauserat æstus:
 Nos trepidare metu ieti discrimine parvo:
 Cùm procul ecce ducem, quem nuper liquimus
 alto
 Littore spectantem fluctus scopulo illidentes,
 Ferre iter aspicimus medias impune per undas
 Suspensum, tumidoque pedes haud tingere ponto.
 Horruimus visu subito, nec credere quibam

Saw the pure bread within their hands encreas'd,
And all in plenty shar'd the genial feast.
Nay, of the gather'd fragments that remain'd,
Twelve ample baskets scarce the load contain'd.

Hear yet again what lately we beheld—
There stood a fig-tree in the desert field,
Fair to the view; which, as he journey'd by,
Wou'd oft with fruit the traveller supply.
Our Lord, who weary'd chanc'd to pass that way,
Sought the rich fruit, his hunger to allay,
Yet sought in vain; for nought he found thereon,
But branching boughs, and verdant leaves alone.
Vext in his mind such specious fraud to see,
With bitter words He curs'd th'unfruitful tree.
Swift shrunk the plant, all wither'd at the sound,
And the dry leaves were scatter'd o'er the ground.

Ev'n the rough waves of sea his voice obey,
And rise or fall, as He directs the way.
I saw, I saw the wint'ry winds that sweep
The swelling surface of the roaring deep;
Their boasted empire o'er the waves resign,
And calm their fury at his voice divine.
Scarce had the moon three times her circuit held,
When as our vessels plough'd the wat'ry field,
In dead of night, to catch the finny prey,
A sudden tempest swell'd the ruffled sea:
High rose the billows, and the shatter'd ship
Was nearly buried in the gulphy deep.
Instant, the terrors of destruction near,
Our coward souls were seiz'd with trembling fear.
When lo! the Chief, who late with steadfast look,
Ey'd the rough waves that dash'd against the rock,
With unexpected pleasure we survey,
On the rude surface of the boist'rous sea,
Treading with solemn step the wat'ry road,
While scarce the trembling billows touch'd the God.
At this, our hearts were seiz'd with dread surprize,
And scarce, O chief! cou'd I believe these eyes,

Me veram faciem, haud simulatum cernere corpus,

Tam celeres egisse vias sine remige in undis:
 Ni sese, verbis dum nos hortatur amicis,
 Ultro ostendisset: quonam fiducia vobis
 Jam nunc pulsa mei cessit? timor omnis abesto:
 Indubitare meis tandem dediscite dictis.
 Sic ait: atque ratem, quæ jam superantibus
 undis

Cesserat, infiliens solo tumida æquora nutu
 Placavit, posuitque minacia murmura pontus.
 Sic terræ in tutum positis adnavimus undis
 Incolumes, celerique volavimus æquora cursu.

Nec mora, vix siccum attigerat tellure potitus:
 Ecce aliud dictu magis, ac mirabile visu.
 Namque magistratus aderant in littore missi,
 Æra reposcentes, quæ pendere lege quotannis
 Regibus antiqua, pro sese quisque, jubemur.
 Accipit hos placidus: quos dum sermone moratur,

Petrum ad se vocat, et fidam summissus ad aurem:

Vade ait, et jacto quem primum traxeris hamo
 Æquoribus, piscem cultro scrutabere acuto.
 Intus erit, regi quod jussi pendimus ambo.
 Jussa facit senior: trahit hamo ad littora prædam,
 Argentumque viris dat piscis in ore repertum.

Horresco, quoties stimulis immitibus actus
 Quidam animo subit, idem illo quem tempore
 vidi,

Dum legerem expositos hoc ipso in littore pisces,

Obsessum furiis, atque ore immanè furentem.
 Hunc olim (ut perhibent) vetito genere parentes

Concubitu juncti, atque inconcessis hymenæis:

Quippe

Which saw a real human body glide,
 With easy motion o'er the bounding tide;
 Till with benignant words the gracious Chief
 Disclos'd Himself, and brought the wish'd relief.
 Where is your boasted confidence, he said?
 Your faith, and courage, whither are they fled?
 To doubt your Master's words henceforth forbear,
 And from your bosoms banish anxious fear.
 He said; and swiftly vaulting to the ship,
 Calm'd with his awful nod the raging deep;
 The swelling waves their threat'ning murmurs cease,
 And the rude lake was hush'd in silent peace:
 Swift o'er the tides her course the vessel bore,
 And safe convey'd us to the neighbouring shore.

This action pass'd, we scarce had reach'd the land,
 When a new wonder our attention gain'd.
 For lo! commission'd delegates appear,
 To claim the tax, which custom ev'ry year,
 Enjoins our nation to those pow'rs to pay,
 Who grasp the sceptre of imperial sway.
 Our Lord with grace the messengers receives,
 And thus to Peter his instructions gives:
 Hasten, seize thy hook; and from the rolling tide
 What fish first comes, with sharpen'd steel divide;
 Thence take the money, thou shalt find, away,
 And for thyself and Me the tribute pay.
 Peter obeys; he drags the prize to land,
 And pays the custom that the laws demand.

How my heart trembles, when I call to view
 Some wretch, the furies in their wrath pursue;
 Such as of late, while on this beach I stood,
 To cull the trembling captives of the flood;
 These very eyes with silent grief beheld,
 Oppress'd by fiends wide raving o'er the field.
 His parents, join'd in love's unhallow'd rite,
 (As fame reports) produc'd this wretch to light.
 In luckless hour they sought the nuptial bed,
 When thro' the land the voice of mourning spread;

Quippe torum ascendere, Dei cū sacra vetarent,
 Cū scenis gens indulget nostra omnis opacis.
 Sed non gavisi scelere illi tempore longo:
 Nam subito amplexus interque, et gaudia, adulter
 Sacrilegam tenues animam exhalavit in auras
 Infelix, scelerique eadem nox prima nefando,
 Et pariter suprema fuit discrimine parvo:
 Illam autem æthereis flammis divinitus ignis
 Corripuit, cū jam maturi pondera partus
 Urgerent: eademque duos leto hora dedisset,
 Infans ni foret exactæ genitricis ab alvo
 Exemptus: parvum patris eduxere sorores.
 Ipse etiam mox immeritus scelerata parentum
 Facta luit, jucunda oculorum luce negata,
 Obstructæque aures penitus mansere, nec illi
 Aut ullas haurire datum est, aut reddere voces.
 Quinetiam simul atque adolevit, protinus ægrum
 Arripuit furor, infernæ vis effera gentis.
 Centum illum furæ, centum illum (flebile) pestes
 Victum exercebant, Erebi legio acta latebris,
 Horrendasque hominis singultus ore cientes
 Edebant voces, ac terrificos mugitus.
 Illum omnes exclamantem, atque insueta fremen-
 tem

Horrebant, trepidique fuga se in tecta ferebant,
 Si quando nodis, ruptisque immane catenis
 Incautis liber custodibus evasisset.
 Jamque ille oblitus fratres, jamque ille sorores
 Amplius haud gressum patris intra tecta ferebat;
 Verū more feræ sylvis degebat, et antris,
 Sicubi saxa cava, aut ævo consumpta sepulchra,
 Ater, egens, corpusque abjecto nudus amictu.
 Talem igitur, nodo manibus post terga revinctis
 CHRISTI ad conspectum, si fors miseresceret
 ipse,

Vi multa consanguinei, charique trahebant.
 Ille autem obniti contrā, dum rumpere nodos
 Tendit, et horrendos clamores tollere ad astra:

Qualis

By laws forbidden at that sacred time—
But long they liv'd not to enjoy their crime.
The wretched sire, so heav'n ordain'd above,
Breath'd forth his soul amidst th' embrace of love;
Death's sudden gloom their dawning joys o'ercast,
And the first sweets of transport were the last.
Wrapt in fierce flames she wing'd her flight from earth,
When now the babe was struggling into birth;
And both had died: but to prevent such doom,
They cut the infant from her teeming womb.
His pious aunts the helpless orphan take,
And kindly rear him for the parents sake.
Doom'd for their crimes the dreadful fine to pay,
His eyes were strangers to the light of day;
His ears unapt for nature's functions found,
And his mute tongue deny'd the pow'r of sound.
As years advanc'd, his misery to crown,
Infernal furies seiz'd him for their own.
With gloomy pow'rs from deepest hell possess'd,
A dreadful legion lodg'd within his breast;
Whence issue groans, resembling human sound,
And fearful noises fill the region round.
From him thus bellowing all the country fled,
And sought protection, seiz'd with sudden dread;
Whene'er escaping from his keeper's charge,
He burst his chains, and roam'd the fields at large.
And now forgetful of his friends and home,
No more he stay'd in his paternal dome;
But fled from all society away,
To woods and wilds, like savage beast of prey:
Or sought the hollow tombs, and shelter'd there,
Unhous'd, and naked to th' inclement air.
In such condition, bound with many a thong,
His friends to JESUS drag with force along,
This frantic wretch; if object so distress'd,
Might move compassion in his heav'nly breast.
But furious he resists, and struggling tries
To burst his bonds, and bellows to the skies.

Qualis ubi longis pugnator taurus ad aras
 Funibus arripitur, sævo fremit ore per urbem,
 Et spumas agit, et cornu ferit aëra adunco.
 Instant hinc famuli, atque illinc, et verbera crebri
 Ingeminant, quassantque sudes per terga, per ar-
 mos.

Diffugiunt vulgus trepidum, in tutumque recepti
 Porticibus gaudent longè spectare periculum.
 Talis erat juvenis species immanè furentis,
 Quem tandem ante Deum fessi statuere, rogantes
 Ferret opem, saltem furiis tam tristibus illum
 Solveret, excuteretque animo crudelia monstra.
 Hic Heros palmas in cœlum sustulit ambas,
 Concipiensque preces Genitorem in vota vocavit.
 Ecce autem magnum, subitum, et mirabile mon-
 strum:

Auditi exululare lupi, latrare canes ceu,
 Tam diras jactat voces lymphatus ab ore.
 Non tam immanè sonet sese frangentibus undis
 Rupibus ex altis ingens decursus aquarum,
 Rumpantur claustra alta lacus si fortè Velini,
 Totaque præcipitent valles stagna ardua in imas:
 Omnis ea ut regio fiat mare, et oppida circum
 Merfa natent, metuatque sacris Roma obruta tem-
 plis.

Nunc cœli crepitus imitantur, cùm superùm Rex
 Fulminat, et tonitru quatit ætheris aurea tem-
 pla:

Nunc ferri sonitum, aut ruptarum mole catena-
 rum

Ingenti horrificum stridorem, aut murmura ponti,
 Circùm omnis tellus, circùm cœlum omne remu-
 git.

Instat vi multa Deus, increpitatque morantes.
 Jamque illi trepidare intus, pacemque precari:
 Quid nunc, vera Dei atque indubitata propago,
 Concesso in pœnas nos ô de corpore trudis?
 Egressis saltem pecora hæc invadere detur.

(Setigeri

As the strong bull with toughest cordage bound,
 And hal'd to slaughter, roars with horrid sound,
 Tosses his head, and foams, and tears the ground: }
 Arm'd with huge clubs the menial train attend,
 Swift o'er his sides the doubling strokes descend;
 The trembling crowd to shelter haste away,
 And pleas'd, the danger from afar survey.
 So rav'd the youth, such frantic gestures show'd;
 When to th' immediate presence of the God,
 His friends conduct him; and with tears request,
 To drive the furies from his tortur'd breast.
 The pitying Chief to heav'n his hands uprears,
 And to his Father breathes his ardent pray'rs.
 Meantime a wonder to the crowds appear'd;
 Sudden, a dreadful howling noise was heard,
 As sent from savage wolves, or barking hounds;
 So roar'd the wretch, and such the bellowing sounds.
 Not half so loud resounds the foaming tide,
 That rolls its torrent down the mountain's side,
 If chance Velinus' waters burst their way,
 And wide thro' vallies pour the rushing sea;
 That all the land like ocean's face appears,
 And Rome desponding for her temples fears.
 Now such a sound they raise, as when on high
 Heav'n's Sire with thunder shakes the vaulted sky;
 Now the dire fiends with noise tremendous roar,
 Like billows murmuring on the hollow shore,
 Or burst of massy chains; the earth around,
 And heav'n's high arch return the deaf'ning sound.
 But lo! the God his sov'reign pow'r displays,
 Urges the fiends, and chides their vain delays.
 Trembling with dread, they thus address their pray'r—
 Ah! why, heav'n's Offspring, and undoubted Heir!
 Why, e'er condemn'd to shades of endless night,
 From human bodies wilt Thou urge our flight?
 If we must yield, permit us to invade
 This herd of swine, that on the mountains feed:

(Setigeri tum fortè fues ea littora propter
 Pascebant) nòs ne horrifero sic merge barathro,
 Neve jube terræ inferioris operta subire.
 Annuit: extemplò videas procul ecce nigrantem
 Mollibus haud stimulis furiarum errare subactum
 In diversa gregem, nunc huc, nunc protinus illuc,
 Nec mora, nec requies: intus vis effera sævit,
 Donec præcipites sese alta in stagna dedere,
 Et cunctis pariter vita est erepta sub unda.
 At juvenis fessos subitò collabitur artus,
 Exemptus tandem nodosis brachia vinculis:
 Mordicus ora solo impressus cunctatur, adhuc-
 que
 Singultans, pectusque laceffit anhelitus ingens,
 Expiransque animam pulmonibus æger agebat.
 Quem juxta genitore Deo satus astitit, oraque
 Attingens dextra, atque oculos, auresque reclu-
 sit,
 Jamque videt, loquiturque, et corda oblita resi-
 dunt.
 It vulgi clamor super aurea sidera ovantis,
 Supremique Patris sobolemque Deumque faten-
 tur,

Sed quid non ipse evaleat? quin nos quoque
 missos

Ægris jussit opem ferre, auxilioque levare
 Præfenti: mortis multos de faucibus atris
 Non opibus hominum, nulla revocavimus arte,
 Verùm implorato ter tantùm voce magistri
 Nomine, surgebant stratis, ibantque refecti.
 Omni autem ex numero sese vix obtulit unus,
 Quem stimulis actum sævis, cæcoque furore,
 Incassum victi tentavimus: acrior illum
 Usque adedò magis atque magis vis intus age-
 bat.

Cui cùm ferret opem Divus, mox optimus ipse
 Iratus, quòd parva sui fiducia nobis:

Corporibus

As yet confine us not in night to dwell,
Nor hurl us headlong to the depths of hell.
The fav'ring God to their petition yields;
When lo! at once, o'er all the neighbouring fields,
Wand'ring at large the bristly herd are seen,
Now here, now there; as furies rave within.
No rest, no respite in their rage they know;
Till from a lofty mountain's pendant brow,
Rushing with fierce precipitating sway,
Headlong they plunge, and perish in the sea.
But now the youth, his arms from chains unbound,
Drops down, and foaming wallows on the ground:
Biting the earth, in grinding pangs he lies,
And from his bosom heaves incessant sighs;
Thick beats his heart, and from his lab'ring breast
The trembling spirit seems for flight address'd.
Instant, as near he stands, our gracious Lord,
His sight and hearing with one touch restor'd.
He speaks, he sees; no longer dumb or blind,
Repair'd his senses, and restor'd his mind.
The crowds exalt their shouts to heav'n's abode,
And own the Offspring of th' eternal God.

But what, oh chief! cou'd force like his withstand?
Ev'n us he sent, empow'r'd with high command,
The pangs of fierce diseases to allay,
And instant succour to distress convey.
Numbers, as on the verge of death they stray'd,
We timely rescu'd from the dreary shade.
Not that our art, or skill the sick restor'd;
But when we thrice invok'd our honour'd Lord,
That wond'rous name each malady subdu'd,
And from their beds they rose, with health renew'd.
One, one alone of all the num'rous train,
We strove to succour, but we strove in vain;
A fiercer pow'r the lab'ring wretch oppress'd,
And keener furies madden'd in his breast.
Soon as our Lord vouchsaf'd his gracious aid,
Griev'd that his eyes so little faith survey'd;

These

Corporibus tales facile, inquit, pellerè pestes;
 Parcendum dapibus tamen, è cœloque petendum.
 Nec solis verò hæc vobis concessa facultas:
 Sed nomen quicunque meum vulgaverit, omnia
 Fas audere, mei modò ne fiducia desit.
 Ille etiam jussos immani corpore montes
 Transferet, et verso sistet vaga flumina cursu.
 Ite animis igitur certi confidite, neve
 Instabili titubate fide: jacite aurea veri
 Semina ubique, orbem vestra perfundite luce
 Obductum tenebris, atque alta nocte sepultum.
 Vos hominum lux, vos squalentis lumina mundi.

Sic fatus, nobis alios subjunxit, ut essent
 Consortes tantorum operum, sociique laborum:
 Et septem elegit decies, tamen ipse dolebat
 Exiguum numerum, neque tot satis esse ferebat
 Tanto operi: ac veluti qui centum vertit aratris
 Tellurem, et campos rastris exercet avitos,
 Cùm matura seges jam flavis canet aristis,
 Si desint qui messëm operis (quæ plurima) con-
 dant,
 Fluctuet, atque viros aliis conducat ab oris.

Quid memorem, ut mentes hominum, curasque
 latentes,
 Quod fieri certo nequeat sine numine, cernat?
 Quippe animis dubios, taciti dum vana timemus,
 Castigans dictis nos sæpe erexit acerbis
 Mirantes: quoties ipsis etiam hostibus olim
 Prædixit, quos mente dolos, quæ furta para-
 rent
 Incaffum, dum cæci odiis agitantur iniquis?

Eccemina nec latuit bis senos passa per annos
 Sanguinis immundi manans de corpore flumen.
 Illa quidem ardentis morbi confecta dolore
 Popè sequebatur, si quâ illum tangere posset,

Hanc

These pests, he cries, 'tis easy to remove,
But pray'rs and fasting must your faith improve.
Nor you alone this privilege may claim;
But know, whoe'er invokes my pow'rful name,
The whole creation shall his voice obey,
If from his breast he banish doubt away.
He from their seats shall rooted mountains force,
And stop the rivers in their headlong course.
Go then, disciples! in my words confide,
Fix firm your faith, nor shift from side to side.
Sow the rich seeds of golden truth around;
Illume the earth, long veil'd in shades profound:
You are the light, to guide the world design'd,
And you the radiance that must cheer mankind.

Thus having said; our Lord selects again
Full sev'nty men, to join the social train;
With us th' appointed ministry to share,
Partake the labour and divide the care;
Yet mourn'd, in silent sorrow, to behold
Such scanty numbers for so vast a fold:
As one, who bent to raise the bearded grain,
Plows with an hundred shares the furrow'd plain;
If, when the harvest its full burden yields,
No slaves are found to strip the ripen'd fields,
Despairing grieves, in doubt perplex'd and lost;
Then hires assistants from some foreign coast.

Why shou'd I mention, how with ease he knew
Men's secret thoughts, which none but God can view?
For oft, while press'd by anxious doubt or fear,
With just amazement his rebukes we hear.
Ev'n to his foes, how oft our Lord reveal'd
The deep-laid plots their envious breasts conceal'd;
Whilst rack'd with keen revenge, insidious art
In vain disguiz'd the rancour of their heart? [flow'd

Nor cou'd the dame, from whom twelve years had
A sanguine stream, escape th' observing God.
She, worn away with constant grief of mind,
And anguish, follow'd in the press behind;

Deeming

Hanc unam rata nempe viam restare salutis.

Ergo dum pubes fuit undique, et agmina inun-
dant,

Illa subit, leviterque extremum apprehendit amictum.

Ad tactum veter effugit de corpore morbus.

Jamque abitum, latuisse putans, clàm mente para-
bat:

Præsenfit Deus, et pavidam, seseque tegentem

Affatus placidè monitis implevit amicis.

Vidi oculos ante ipse meos mortalia nuper

Aut membra exutum, aut perfusum luce supernè

Non infra solis speciem dare corpore lumen.

His multisque aliis, ego quæ creberrima vidi,
Per terras patuit signis Deus: haud tamen un-
quam

Sese hominem oblitus moribundo corpore cretum
Multa tulit quoque, mortales quæ ferre necesse est:
Atque id sponte quidem, nobis imitanda relin-
quens.

Sæpe hilares mensas ideo, et convivia adivit,
Nec cœtus bonus est hominum aspernatus in urbe.

Sæpe etiam insidias inimicæ gentis, et iras

Suffugiens ut homo, malè tuti limina templi

Exiit, objecitque cavam pro corpore nubem,

Nec se in conspectum latebris dedit abditus a-
tris,

Dum fremerent hostes nequicquàm, et saxa para-
rent.

Atque equidem memini (vix actus volvitur an-
nus)

Nuper Iôannis comperta cæde recenti,

Quem rex, uxorem præreptam reddere fratri

Admonitus, tenebris ferro obtruncarat in atris,

Urbibus his abiit cautus, populisque relictis

Digressus: sylvæ elapsum accipere profundæ.

Nec rex ipse Erebi, generis foedissimus hostis
Humani,

Deeming one single touch, so great his pow'r,
Wou'd stanch th' effusion, and her strength restore.
Hence, as fresh numbers pour'd on ev'ry side,
The damsel, mixing with the gath'ring tide,
Her hand upon his vesture softly laid;
Swift, as she touch'd, the loath'd distemper fled.
And now, presuming that conceal'd she lay,
Fondly she hopes to steal unmark'd away.
The God beheld her with vain fears oppress'd,
And pour'd his heav'nly counsels in her breast.
'Tis but of late, these eyes, oh chief! survey'd
Our wond'rous Lord, in shining pomp array'd;
While from his limbs all beamy-bright, there shone
A blaze of glory that eclips'd the sun.

By such-like wonders, which I oft beheld,
O'er all the land his Godhead he reveal'd.
But not forgetful that on earth he came,
To wear our nature, cloath'd in human frame;
His mind sustain'd those sorrows, grief, and care,
That wretched mortals are condemn'd to bear:
But that his life might benefit mankind,
These ills he suffer'd with a patient mind.
Hence oft our Lord, where crowds their joy express'd,
At feasts and banquets was a chearful guest:
Oft too, as man, to 'scape by prudent care,
The wiles and stratagems his foes prepare;
Forth from the fane his footsteps he convey'd,
Their search eluding with an empty shade:
And ever, while their breasts resentment fir'd,
From public haunts to solitude retir'd.
I well remember (scarce a year is fled)
Of John's sad fate when first the rumour spread;
Whom Herod, treating with unjust disdain
His holy counsel, had in prison slain;
Frow crowded cities, and the public view,
To woods and mountains cautious he withdrew.
Nor did the tyrant of the realms below,
That haughty fiend, mankind's invet'rate foe,

Who

Humani, nostras qui recto avertere mentes
 Nititur, abstinuit Dominove, Deove pepercit.
 Fortè etenim comitum strepitus, turbamque sequen-
 tum

Dum fugeret quondam, se clàm subduxerat Heros
 Coetibus, et solus lucis degebat in altis.

Jamque quater denos frugum sine munere soles
 Condiderat, totidemque famem per inhospita
 noctes

Pertulerat, cùm jam tempus ratus ecce nocendi
 Affuit extemplò multis cum millibus hostis

Noctipotens, quos tartareis ducebat ab antris

Flammea semiferi capitis gestamina quassans.

Jamque sui frustra spe præmia percipit astûs.

Ergo illi meditans nequicquam illudere, dictis

Talibus aggreditur: Superi tu certa parentis

Progenies, verusque Deus, tibi que omnia pa-
 rent,

Quid durare fame confecto corpore pergis?

Nec subitò in totidem convertere adorea liba,

Hæc circùm quæ saxa vides ingentia, tentas?

Non Divum latuere doli, atque hæc reddidit
 ore:

Sunt mihi mortali tostæ pro munere frugis

Sermones Patris auditi, divinaque verba:

Quæ quoties animo repeto memor, effugit om-
 nis

Pulsa fames subitò, mensæque oblita cupi-
 do.

Dixerat: his tamen auditis haud destitit hostis

Congressu victus primo, pugnamque reten-
 tat,

Atque aliis super, atque aliis assultibus instat.

Terque novos semper cœpti irritus integrat as-
 tus,

Nequicquam nunc regnorum, nunc laudis inani

Immotum tentans animum prævertere amore.

Ut cùm sollicitum tollunt mare fluctibus Euri,

Crebrâ

Who turns from right the human mind, forbear
 His wonted malice, or the Godhead spare.
 It chanc'd, upon a time, the weary'd God
 Sought from tumultuous crowds some calm abode;
 And studious of recess a season stay'd
 Alone, and private in the desert shade.
 Full forty days without the needful taste
 Of human food, and forty nights he pass'd.
 When now, concluding that the hour was nigh,
 His wily cunning with success to try,
 Th' infernal ruler of the gloomy shades
 Against the Chief his hellish squadron leads:
 Whom by the flaming signal of his nod,
 He late had summon'd from their drear abode.
 Now in proud thought he fondly bears away,
 The prize and honours of this glorious day;
 And hence, fell malice lurking in his heart,
 He thus attacks him with insidious art:
 Thou, mighty Chief! art heav'n's great Heir alone,
 And all the wide creation is thy own.
 Then why permit dire hunger to invade
 Thy wasted body, in this lonely shade;
 And not with stones, that here abundant lie,
 To bread converted, nature's wants supply?
 The fraud discerning, thus the Godhead said;
 My Father's words supply the loss of bread;
 Which when I call to mind, at once assuage
 The pangs of want, and hunger's fiercest rage.
 This heard; the haughty fiend disdains to yield,
 Nor for this first repulse resigns the field;
 Aims still to reach some weak unguarded part,
 And points the utmost efforts of his art.
 Tho' thrice defeated in his daring views,
 Still thrice the fierce encounter he renews;
 His heav'nly mind attempting to inflame
 With proffer'd kingdoms, and the love of fame.
 Thus on the main when blust'ring Eurus roars,
 And rolls huge surges to the sounding shores;

Q

Against

Crebrâ ferit, sævitque minaci verbere in alta
 Littora, sed saxis allisa revertitur unda.
 Nec Deus, hæc subitò quamvis præsentiat, arcet
 Conantem, patiturque dolos sibinectere vanos.
 Nunc se marmorei supra fastigia templi,
 Nunc rupem supra, scabrumque crepidine sax-
 um

Subvectâri ultro finit, et spem accendit inanem.
 Cùm vero vicisse ratus jam gaudia dira
 Conciperet frustra ille inhians, se protinus Heros
 Ipse Deum claro confessus numine coràm
 Irrita fuita dolosque exhibat semper apertos.
 Qualis, ubi excussis per plana evasit habenis,
 Liber equus, ludit famulos hinc inde sequen-
 tes:

Sæpe hic dissimulans, atque illic improbus hæ-
 ret,

Perque viam oblatas interdum pascitur herbas:
 Ast ubi jam videt instantes, elabitur, alteque
 Emicat, et spatia transmittit maxima campi.
 Quam speciem expertus nequicquàm ubi denique
 sensit

Hostis atrox, abiit victusque, Deumque reli-
 quit,

Cui volucres centum pluma pernice ministri
 Astabant missu Genitoris, opemque ferebant.

Si verò causas odiorum, ac semina quæris
 Tantorum, cur gens omnis opponitur uni,
 Hæc nôrint ipsi: certè non talia gessit,
 Quæ capto affingunt odiis crudelibus acti.
 Non homines inter magis est affabilis al-
 ter,

Non pietate prior, venia complectitur omnes.
 Hostis, civis, ei nullo discrimine habentur.
 Múlti impunè ideo digna atque indigna fe-
 renti

Objecere, omnes nutu cùm perdere posset.

Sera

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Against some rock the raging billows rise,
The rock regardless each assault defies.
Nor did the God, tho' oft he strives to lay
Some fresh temptation, drive the fiend away;
But lets him, now, upborne with rapid flight,
Thro' air conduct him to the temple's height,
Then to a lofty mountain's rugged brow,
And with false hopes inflames the stygian foe,
But when, presuming he had won the prize,
Vain scenes of triumph in his bosom rise;
Cloath'd in cœlestial pomp, the Hero show'd
His pow'r resistless; and confess'd the God:
Down sunk at once the tempter's frustrate snare,
And all his projects vanish'd into air.
As the brisk courser, when with loosen'd reins
He bounds exulting o'er the sunny plains,
Eludes the servants toil; now flies with speed,
Now stands, and wanton crops the flow'ry mead;
But when he views them near, with all his force
Springs forth, and furious sweeps his rapid course.
So when the fiend with indignation sees
His malice baffled with an equal ease;
He shuns the contest, forc'd at length to yield,
And leave the Godhead victor of the field:
To whom, dismiss'd from heav'n's eternal King,
Seraphic hosts divine assistance bring.

What mov'd their hatred if thou seek'st to know?
Why all conspir'd against one single foe?
They best can tell—those deeds he never wrought,
Which to his charge revenge and malice brought.
None ever bore, amidst the human kind,
A sweeter carriage, or an humbler mind:
To such a length his charity extends,
Alike all share it, whether foes or friends.
Hence dire affronts he bore; nor punish'd those,
Whom hate and envy made his bitt'rest foes;
When with a nod, did so his will incline,
The God cou'd end them in his wrath divine.

Sera olim eûm Sidoniam sub nocte per oram
 Ferret iter fessus, nos parva exclusit ab urbe
 Gens fera, nec tecto est dignata Heroa precan-
 tem.

Nos igitur tristes supremum orare Parentem,
 Aspiceret cœlo, nec natum ferret inultum,
 Sed populum immitem cœlesti protinus igni
 Corriperet, subitis et inhospita mœnia flammis.
 Non tulit, ac verbis nos indignatus amaris
 Increpuit, potiusque urbem miseratus iniquam est.

Sæpe etiam auctores scelerum haud ignarus ad-
 bat,

Infamesque domos, scelerataque tecta subibat,
 Quo moniti exuerent fastus, moresque sinistros,
 Et secum inciperent paulatim assuefcere recto.
 Sic Matthæus, agri dives, sic noster et ipse est
 Zaechæus, centumque alii ad meliora vocati.
 Nee tamen, id faceret dum creber, defuit olim
 Qui falli ratus incautum, pro crimine magno
 Objiceret, quòd non fugeret contagia dira.
 Ipse sed, ut medicam veluti languentibus ægris
 Ferret opem, totam quærebat iponte per urbem,
 Sicubi mortales mentem caligine pressi,
 Quos nocte eriperet bonus, ad lucemque voca-
 ret,

In tenebris cæco miseratus pectore volvi:
 Id superis, superùm id magno cordi esse Parenti,
 Seque ideo claro missum memorabat Olympo.
 Insuper et cœlum compleret quanta docebat
 Læticia, ætherei quanto gens incola regni
 Acciperet plausu, si quis mortalibus oris
 Inventor scelerum, atque pii contemptor, et
 æqui,

Justitiam colere inciperet, rectumque tueri.
 Sicut ovem incautus pastor qui è millibus u-
 nam

Amisit, seræ oblitam decedere nocti

Once on a time, when late by night he bore
His weary'd footsteps from the Tyrian shore;
A churlish town, tho' much the boon we press'd,
Deny'd admittance to this heav'nly Guest.

Vex'd such ungen'rous usage to survey,
To heav'n with warmest vehemence we pray,
That God wou'd look with indignation down,
Avenge his Offspring, and o'erwhelm the town.
At zeal so fierce his high dislike he shows,
And mov'd with pity, spares th' ungrateful foes.

Nay oft his steps he knowingly address'd
To roofs of sinners, and became their guest;
That his humane example might excite
Their hearts to justice, and a love of right.
Zacchæus, Matthew living proofs afford,
And hundreds more, to better minds restor'd.
Nor yet, as often to redeem he try'd
Those, who from virtue's paths were turn'd aside;
Was envy wanting, to asperse his name,
And such demeanor as misconduct blame.
But He, still bent his succour to impart,
A wise physician in the healing art,
With care explor'd, what objects cou'd be found,
Veil'd in the chearless gloom of night profound;
That from the horrid darkness where they lay,
His pow'r might raise them to the light of day.
Such deeds, he said, heav'n's Sire must still approve,
And 'twas for this he left the realms above.
Besides, he taught us what new joys abound,
What gladness fills the heav'nly regions round;
Whene'er the wretch that long uncheck'd had trod
The paths of vice, estrang'd from truth and God,
Begins at length to mourn his evil way,
Fair justice rev'rence, and the laws obey.
As, where an hundred sheep together graze
The verdant meads, if chance one devious strays
From forth the flock; the swain, intent to find
That single sheep, leaves all the rest behind:

Cum gregibus, ubi per rupes, perque aspera trif-
tis

Quæfivit dumeta diu loca cuncta volutis
Convulsens oculis, demum si fortè reposta
Pascentem valle invenit, subito arripit illam,
Sublatamque humero stabulis lætissimus infert:
Intranti dulces occurrunt oscula nati
Præripere, et reducem plausu domus excipit om-
nis.

Idcirco meque colloquiis muliebribus Heros
Abstenuit, nuperque legens Samaritidos oræ
Rura, sub antiquis Sicharææ mœnibus urbis,
Viderat ad fontem venientem ut fortè puellam,
Imploravit aquam supplex, putealiaque hausit
Munerâ, qui pelago, qui fluminibusque sonoris
Imperat, et vastum largis rigat imbribus orbem:
Cujus ad imperium populis sitientibus olim
Delicuit rupes, atque undis plurima fluxit.
Secreti nos interea mirarier omnes,
Ipse sed admonitam, atque ultro commissa faten-
tem,

In lucem è tenebris, altaque è nocte vocabat.
Sæpe illi pueros, ævo et florente puellas,
Flore comam pressos, et molli fronde revinctos,
Summisere piæ, metuunt dum cuncta, parentes:
Quò teneris animis pulchræ virtutis amorem
Insereret, stimulisque rudes impleret honestis.
Impubem turbam affatus placido ore monebat,
Lustrabatque manu, ne carmina dira noce-
rent,

Neve ulla infernis premeret vis edita ab oris.

Quinetiam elatos animo super omnia acerbis
Urgebat dictis, rebusque exempla reliquit.
Mecum olim socii, absentem dum quærimus illum,
Tendebant, fessique via confedimus omnes
Speluncæ ante fores, densis quam plurima opacat
Frondebis, et flexu ramorum protegit ulmus.

Multum

Anxious o'er ev'ry place he casts his eyes;
 At length, if chance the wand'rer he descrys,
 He takes the fugitive without delay,
 And on his shoulders bears with joy away:
 His sons impatient their lov'd father meet,
 And his return with smiles of triumph greet.
 Hence wou'd the social Hero not disdain
 To mix in converse with the female train.
 And late, as weary'd he pursu'd his way,
 Where Sychar's walls their antique tow'rs display;
 By chance, to draw some water he espy'd
 A nymph, advancing to a fountain's side;
 And humbly su'd, to quaff the crystal tide. }
 Ev'n He, oh! Prince! whose pow'r controuls the main,
 Who o'er the globe distills the copious rain;
 At whose command the stubborn rock bestow'd
 Large streams; and plenteous for his people flow'd.
 Meanwhile, his lov'd disciples with surprize
 Beheld the fact, yet scarce can trust their eyes:
 But as the dame to penitence inclin'd,
 He chas'd the darkness that obscur'd her mind.
 Oft to the Chief, fair youths and maidens, crown'd
 With blooming roses, and with garlands bound,
 Indulgent parents send with pious care,
 While various evils from the world they fear;
 A thirst of honour in their breast to raise,
 And warm their kindling souls with virtuous praise.
 Such with a mild complacence he receives,
 And to their tender years instructions gives;
 Then touch'd their limbs, lest magic spells shou'd hurt,
 Or hell's grim pow'rs their infant minds pervert.

But pride, and high ambition in mankind,
 Were most offensive to his lowly mind.
 Once on a time, our Lord not near at hand,
 Myself and others of his chosen band,
 Remote from crowds to some lone grotto stray'd,
 O'er which an elm its branching foliage spread.

Q4

Here;

Multùm hìc inter nos quærentes vana moramur,
 Quis nostrùm foret è numero præstantior omni,
 Dilectusve ipsi magis, acceptusve magistro.
 Mira loquar, nos ut primùm ipse in limine vidit,
 Hæsit acerbà tuens, iterumque iterumque roga-
 vit,

Quis sermo foret, aut quænam certamina nobis?
 Nos contrà taciti nihil hiscere, dum piget om-
 nes

Verborum memores, fuerant quæ plurima vana.
 Tum subitò ostendens puerum, cui mollibus an-
 nis

Laudis adhuc erat, et tumidi mens nescia fla-
 tûs:

Nulli fas, inquit, superùm aspirare beatiss
 Conciliis, si non fastus dediscat inanes,
 Et penitus famæ exuerit contemptor amorem,
 Ceu puer hic nullam suspirat pectore laudem.
 Non aliter cælum pateat: prius æquore falso
 Esse queant nubes, aut pisces vivere in arvis,
 Arboris aut stirpes frondescere in ætheris oris.
 Horret adhuc animus, mihi cum, fratrique po-
 poscit

Illum præcipuos frustra pia mater honores,
 Scilicet ætherea superi Genitoris ut aula
 Coelicolûm in medio celsa cum sede federet
 Subnixus, propior nostrùm resideret uterque,
 Dextram alter juxtà amplexus, lævæ alter inhæ-
 rens.

Extemplò gravis ille, obtutuque asper acer-
 bo:

Non matrem (quid enim mater pietate mere-
 bat?)

Sed nos, qui vano ignaram summimus astu,
 Corripuit meritos verbis haud mollibus urgens:
 Usque Deum premere elatos, longeque super-
 bos

Averti, quos famæ agitat, laudumque cupido.

Ipsè

Here, as fatigu'd along the grafs we lay,
In idle talk we pass'd the hours away;
Enquiring, which of his selected train
Shou'd highest rise, or most his favour gain?
How shall I speak our wonder and surprize,
When, anger flashing from his sparkling eyes,
He ask'd with warmth what converse we maintain'd,
And why ambition in our bosoms reign'd?
None made reply, but all in silence griev'd,
That such vain contest had our hearts deceiv'd.
Our Lord then call'd a child; whose infant days
Were yet unconscious of the lust of praise;
And gently placing him before our eyes,
None must aspire to heav'n's abode, he cries,
Who has not learn'd vain honours to disclaim,
A perfect stranger to the thirst of fame.
Ev'n as this child; whose breast, from passions free,
Presents a picture of humility.
None else must hope the joys of heav'n to gain;
Sooner may clouds in ocean's deeps remain:
Sooner may fishes to dry fields repair,
Or branching trees take root in ambient air.
My anxious mind remembers still with dread,
How, by the passion of vain glory led,
Our pious mother once the Chief address'd,
And for her offspring urg'd this bold request.
That, when hereafter He shou'd sit on high,
Amid the radiant synod of the sky,
Myself and brother might a seat obtain,
Plac'd on each hand, o'er all th' etherial train.
At this the Chief, with sudden wrath inflam'd,
In bitter terms of high resentment blam'd,
Not her, the parent; whose offence alone
Was warm affection for each haughty son;
But us, who urg'd her with regret to make
Request so daring, for her offspring's sake.
High heav'n controuls the vain, incens'd he cried,
And blasts the projects of low human pride.

Whence

Ipse ideo haud impar Genitori cum sit, et illa
Quæ pater, æquè eadem possit: tamen ora canen-
tum

Sæpe sibi laudes, Genitorem vertit in ipsum,
Nil se audere hominem supra confessus, ab alto
Ni Pater omnipotens vires aspiret olympo.
Idcirco gravibus morbis quemcunque levasset,
Plerumque edixit, ne factum proderet usquam.
Quove suas tegeter vires, cum tabida posset
Ulcera corporibus solo depellere nutu,
Ægros sæpe tamen medicas legabat ad undas,
Ut vitium exuerent omne auxiliaris aquæ vi.
Quid referam, quot eum populi, quot moenibus
urbes

Optavere sibi, et voluere imponere regem,
Mittentes trabeam, sceptrumque, sacramque tia-
ram?

Ipsti etiam comites hortatu instare frequentes,
Armatus Syriæ regnandam invaderet oram,
Mox fore continuò, ut sua sub juga mitteret armis,
Quodcunque Oceanus terrarum anfractibus am-
bit,

Immensumque novis frenaret legibus orbem.
Cum verò hortantes urgerent, protinus ipse
Occulit sese, montesque aufugit in altos.
Immanes tamen invidia, et crudelibus isti
Insurgunt odiis, pœnasque uno ore reposcunt,
Uniusque petunt caput omnes: scis quibus il-
lum

Huc furiis traxere, quibus clamoribus omnem
Implerunt trepidi captam velut hostibus urbem.
Ipse patris mandata obiens tulit omnia, certus
Digna, indigna pati. Nam se quærentibus ul-
tro

Obtulit: et noctis cum munere posset opacæ
Defendi, bis se manifestum prodidit ipse.
Vidi illos tamen ad capti procumbere vocem
Attonitos, terramque gravi consternere casu.

Nec

Whence He, tho' equal and in pow'r the same
With Him, whose prowess wrought th' etherial frame;
Yet, when the crowds were wont his deeds to sing,
Gave all the praise to heav'n's eternal King:
Declaring that Himself cou'd nought atchieve,
Did not his Sire coelestial succour give.
Hence too, whene'er he chose the sick to heal,
He often bade them their relief conceal;
Nay, that his sov'reign pow'r might rest unknown;
Tho' all diseases with a word alone,
The Chief cou'd heal; he oft dismiss'd the train,
In crystal streams to cleanse each loathsome stain.
Why shou'd I tell, how many a tribe and town,
Wish'd as their King this glorious Chief to own; }
Sending the globe, the sceptre, and the crown?
Ev'n his selected friends the Youth request,
With arms the coast of Syria to invest;
That thence his pow'r might other tracts enslave,
Wherever ocean rolls his circling wave:
At length extending his imperial sway,
Teach the whole world his edicts to obey.
But when they urg'd him to attempt a throne,
He fled to mountains and to woods alone;
Yet mov'd by malice and vindictive ire,
His guiltless blood our raging tribes require.
Thou know'st, oh! chief! with what ungovern'd heat,
They lately drag'd him to thy sov'reign seat;
What clamours fill'd th' astonish'd city round,
As all her walls were levell'd with the ground.
All this he bore, determin'd to fulfil
The hard appointments of his Father's will.
For tho' he cou'd escape their rage by flight,
Beneath the friendly covert of the night;
Yet twice in arms against the Chief they stand,
And twice he yielded to the ruffian band.
Yet these I saw, whene'er his voice he rais'd,
Struck down to earth, confounded and amaz'd.

Nor

Nec verò sacris, aut templo demit honorem,
 Nec gentis leges, veterumve edicta refigit,
 Quamvis visceribus monet, et lustralibus extis
 Parcendum posthac, nec jam ultra cæde litan-
 dum:

Verùm alios longè ritus, moremque sacrorum
 Indicat obscura verborum ambage latere,
 Legiferique aperit voces, animumque magistri.
 Quodque magis mirere, sciunt, et scire fatentur
 Aëreas vatem venturum lucis ad auras,
 Unus qui nobis cœli invia claustra recludat,
 E tenebrisque pios vehat alta ad sidera manes:
 Id patribus promissum, omnes id volvere vates.
 Hunc animis certi expectant, miseri, quibus a-
 tris

Non datur in tenebris præsentem agnoscere lū-
 cem,

Et mediis largi sitiunt in fluminis undis.

Nam quem non moveant, nisi prorsum averſa vo-
 luntas,

Tanta viri virtus, tot facta ingentia, talis
 Oris honos? ipse ut vidique, hausique loquen-
 tem,

Et dulcem toto jactantem corpore amorem,

Fortunas, patriam, genitricem, cuncta reliqui.

Id socii fecere: neque hunc me deinde secutum

Pœnituit. Verùm quantum ingens sæpe favilla

Surgit ab exigua, semperque sit acrior ignis:

Hujus amor tantum visus mihi crescere in ho-
 ras,

Et mage cor dulci semper flammescere cura:

Quique adiere semel, validis compagibus hæ-
 rent.

Nec nos aut donis, aut verbis fallere crede,

Pollicitis blandis illectos: omnia nobis

Aspera promittit, cunctos diversa manere

Scilicet exilia extorres, passimque vagantes.

Promissa

Nor did the Chief their sacred rites withdraw,
 Revoke their edicts, or repeal the law;
 Tho' yet his friends he caution'd to abstain
 From blood for ever, and from victims slain;
 But show'd, these types far other rites design'd,
 And open'd all their legislator's mind.
 Nay, to excite thy wonder more, they own
 This weighty truth, to all the nation known;
 That hither thou'd descend, by bards foretold,
 A sacred Prophet, who wou'd wide unfold
 Heav'n's golden gates; and from eternal night
 Convey the spirits to yon realms of light.
 Tho' long our Lord has bless'd this favour'd earth,
 Anxious they wait, and still expect his birth.
 Ah! wretched souls! thro' devious paths they stray,
 In error lost, nor view the light of day;
 Tho' plenteous streams enrich the verdant plains,
 Yet still unquench'd their burning thirst remains.
 For who, O chief! but must be mov'd of course,
 Unless his mind be wilfully perverse,
 That knows his virtues and his deeds divine,
 And sees the graces that around Him shine?
 As for myself, the moment I beheld
 The love divine his heav'nly looks reveal'd,
 And heard such gracious words, his cause I join'd,
 And left my friends, my fortune, all behind.
 In the same course my lov'd compeers proceed,
 Nor does my soul repent this chosen deed.
 But as the flames, which smallest embers raise,
 Mount by degrees, and ev'ry moment blaze
 With fiercer heat, his love still more and more,
 Spreads in my breast, and gathers ev'ry hour:
 And those, who once his heav'nly ways have try'd,
 No force can ever from their Lord divide.

Yet think not He essay'd by specious arts,
 Or worldly prospects, to allure our hearts.
 Alas! He promis'd to his faithful train,
 But hardships, toils, and banishment, and pain.

Nor

Promissis nec vana fides: adde usque malorum
 Pullulat ex alia atque alia densissima sylva.
 Unius ferro tantum caput excipit, unum
 (Quisquis is est) placida clausurum lumina morte:
 Ast alios caedes omnes instare cruentas.
 Nostra jubet nos interea contemnere, opesque
 Partiri, atque inopi miserorum impendere turbæ,
 Quos circumveniunt morbiq[ue], algorq[ue], famesq[ue],
 Pauperiemq[ue] pati, rebusq[ue] assuescere egenis.
 Multi nos ideo viderunt sæpe per agros,
 Aut silice in nuda projectos ducere tomnos,
 Aut gravidas fessos rerum decerpere aristas,
 Indomitique famem solari frugibus, undamq[ue]
 Alta haurire cavis pronos ad flumina palmis,
 Aut siquos usquam tellus dabat arida fontes.
 Non mihi perpetuam si centum pectore ahenò
 Sufficiant vocem linguae, percurrere possem,
 Quantas quoque modo serumnas, quantosq[ue] labo-
 res

Hoc ducente animis durantes hausimus æquis.
 Nam licet interdum penuria adaxit edendi
 Exhaustos, rerumq[ue] inopes, quas flagitat usus:
 Regum opibus tamen usque animos æquavimus altos,
 Et mens in parvis aderat ditissima cuique.

Nec minus ingentem huc comitum adventare nô-
 vorum

Cernere semper erat numerum, matresq[ue] virosq[ue],
 Omnibus idem animus, quibus et mens certa se-
 quendi.

Haud secus ac bellum si cui rex maximus urbi
 Indixit, jamq[ue] artha ciet, jamq[ue] agmina cogit,
 Cladem oræ, exitiumq[ue] ferens, populisque rui-
 nas,

Non tantum jurata manus, lectæq[ue] cohortes
 Incedunt, sed præterea quos dirus habendi
 Duxit amor, varia cupidos ditescere præda,
 Agglomerant multi, atq[ue] injussi castra sequuntur.

Non

Nor did his words a dubious fate disclose,
Ills follow ills, and woes succeed to woes.
Yet when he nam'd these various ills, our Lord
One breast exempted from the murd'rous sword;
One, he declar'd, of our selected train,
In quiet death shou'd end a life of pain;
The rest by various cruelties shou'd go,
A sadder journey to the realms below.
Meantime he bids us, void of anxious care,
Amidst mankind our useless treasures share,
Distribute to the lame, the blind, the poor,
And all the ills of penury endure.
Hence oft in fields by numbers were we found,
Securely sleeping on the naked ground;
Or plucking ears from standing corn away,
With short repast keen hunger to allay;
Or thirst still quenching by a river's side,
Or where the barren soil some casual rill supply'd.
Nor, with the aid an hundred tongues afford,
A voice perpetual, cou'd my lips record,
Beneath his conduct, to our fates resign'd,
What woes we suffer'd with a dauntless mind.
For tho' oppress'd with hardships, many a day
We pass'd in hunger, and in thirst away;
Content supply'd us with a monarch's store,
In mind still wealthy, tho' in substance poor.

Nor cou'd a day, O mighty chief! arise,
But various numbers, our astonish'd eyes,
Of either sex, with secret joy descri'd,
In troops attending this illustrious Guide.
So when, resolv'd on some great town to bring
Havock and dreadful waste, a potent king
Levies his force, his glitt'ring arms prepares,
And threats the city with destructive wars:
In firm array not only march along
The banded legions; but a num'rous throng
Of rabble, bent whatever spoils to gain,
Swarm o'er the camp, and join the martial train.

Non sat erant lataeque viae, campique patentes
 Tot populis, iret quacunque, sequentibus ultro,
 Sæpe Heros sese ingenti subducere turbæ,
 Et montes petere, et desertos quærere saltus.
 Atque equidem memini, cùm propter stagna pro-

fectus

Ferret iter, passimque manus prætexeret ingens.
 Littora, et urgeret supra densissima morem,
 Proripuit sese, ac cymbam (quæ fortè parata)
 Infiliit, subitoque jubens præcidere funem,
 Teli intra jactum liquidum processit in æquor.
 Constitit hinc, terramque aspectans, plenaque cir-

cùm

Littora, divinis affari vocibus orsus,
 Justitiæque aperire viam, et vestigia recti.
 Hic illic stabant arrestis auribus omnes,
 Interclusi undis. Inhiabantque agmine longo
 Attoniti, miraque animos dulcedine capti.
 Ipse loquebatur, circum sedata filebant
 Æquora, ubique modò spirantibus incita flabris,
 Frondiferæque domus avium sine murmyre cir-

cùm

Stabant immotæ procurvo in littore sylvæ.
 Sed non interea longævæ parcere matres
 Vocibus, illum omnes mirari insueta loquen-

tem,

Felicemque uteri matrem, felicia matris
 Ubra clamabant, quæ talem enixa tulisset,
 Et teneris immulsisset plena ubera labris.

Namque docebat, humi fœdè, in tenebrisque vo-

lutas

Ad cœlum mortale genus sustollere mentes,
 Et lucem aspicere, et vanis desuescere curis.
 Tum pacem hortari: Placidam super omnia

mites

Pacem optate viri, tumidosque remittite fla-

tus:

Demissique

Scarce cou'd the roads sufficient space display
 To those, who follow'd where he led the way:
 Hence, many a time, the weary'd Chief withdrew
 To woods and mountains, from the public view.
 Once. (I the fact remember) as he bore
 His silent steps along the winding shore;
 And now from ev'ry part a mingled train
 Spread o'er the verdant margin of the main;
 He seiz'd a boat that near at anchor lay,
 And row'd some little distance on the sea:
 The crowds then viewing from his lofty stand;
 That pour'd in endless numbers o'er the strand;
 With heav'nly eloquence the Youth impress'd
 The laws of justice in their heedful breast:
 Shut from his reach by th' interposing flood;
 In still attention on the beach they stood;
 And to his gracious words their ears incline;
 Pleas'd with the music of his voice divine.
 While thus our Lord his sweet discourses held;
 No boist'rous winds the ruffled ocean swell'd:
 Calm was the peaceful surface of the sea,
 Save where the fanning zephyrs gently play;
 And the tall trees, with boughs thick cover'd o'er;
 Fit haunt for birds; stood silent on the shore.
 Not so their voice the aged matrons spare;
 But as his words with pleas'd regard they hear,
 Wrapt in deep admiration they exclaim,
 Happy! thrice happy! that consummate Dame!
 Whose womb a treasure so divine contain'd,
 And whose bless'd paps this wond'rous Infant drain'd.
 For such his doctrine, as inflam'd the mind,
 Long lost in darkness, and with error blind,
 From human cares its prospects to remove,
 And ardent fix them on the joys above.
 He bade the crowds from rude contentions cease;
 And cultivate the milder works of peace.
 Let gentle peace be your delight, he cried;
 Far from your breast dismiss tyrannic pride;

Demissique animis nil vanæ laudis egentes,
 Mortales contemnite opes, contemnite honores:
 Et duris vitam assueti, parvoque beati
 Pauperiem tolerate: brevis quæcunque voluptas
 Ista adeò, atque diu nihil est mortalibus ægris.
 Vobis haud propriæ hic sedes, concessaque longum

Regna manent meliora: graves ubi solverit artus

Mors anima, vos stelligera Pater optimus aula
 Protinus excipiet lætos melioribus oris;
 Pax ubi tranquilla, et cunctarum opulencia rerum,

Et securâ quies, nunquam peritura voluptas.
 Et dubitet tanta quisquam mercede laborem
 Ferre brevem, terrisque sequi me sponte relictis?
 Ad veras emergere opes, emergere honores
 Tendite, quos nulli casus, nulla auferat ætas.
 Este pii: inter vos mentem exercete benignam,

Inque vicem placati animis miserescite vestri.
 Tum longè prohibete iras, odiisque ferendo
 Parcite, rumoresque vagos contemnite vulgi:
 Nulli fas ideo accepto pro vulnere vulnus
 Reddere, præstiterit verò pulsantibus ultro
 Sese offerre, genisque ictum expectare secundum.

Vana alii certent armis pro laude, nocensque
 Ferrum acuunt, pulchramque petant per vulnera mortem:

At tu mortales nullo discrimine amare
 Disce omnes, pacemque inglorius hostibus opta,
 Nec tibi ventosæ sint tanti murmura famæ.
 Omnibus in primis sit mens interrita leti,
 Nullaque vos animis duros vis avocet æquo.
 Terrenos artus homines, moribundaque membra

Interdum extinxisse queant, et perdere ferro:

Tuta

Nor let ambition your affections raise
To thirst for honours, or to covet praise.
To manly toils your hardy limbs inure,
Despise vain wealth, and poverty endure.
Whatever pleasures you on earth may find,
Short is their date to human lot assign'd.
Think not this paltry globe your proper seat,
On you, my friends, far nobler kingdoms wait.
When from your limbs the vital spirit flies;
Th' eternal Sire who rules the starry skies,
Will hence, with tokens of paternal love,
Receive and place you in the realms above;
Where smiling peace, and rest, and wealth abound,
And pleasure, circling in eternal round.
Who then shall hesitate, or deem it hard,
Short ills to suffer, for so great reward?
Advance, those glorious honours to secure,
That wealth, which endless ages shall endure.
Let godlike piety adorn your mind,
Your hearts to mutual pity be inclin'd;
All wrath and anger from your breast remove,
And vanquish hate by patience and by love.
Regard not what advice the vulgar give;
But if some insult haply you receive,
Ne'er let your breasts with keen resentment burn,
Nor on your foe th' injurious taunt return:
'Tis better far all malice to forego,
And turn your cheek to wait the second blow:
Let others for vain praise in battle dare,
And whet the faulchion for destructive war;
Learn ye, in bonds of cordial love t' embrace
Without distinction all the human race:
Nor the cool passions of your breast inflame,
With windy murmurs of an idle fame.
Let not your minds the dread of death affright,
Nor ought deter you from the paths of right.
Men by the sword may snatch your lives away,
For mortal limbs are subject to decay;

Tuta anima ipsa manet, duræ haud obnoxia morti.
 Et vos omnipotens cælo Pater aspicit alto,
 Avertitque malis, cuius sine numine vestrum
 Haud hominum quisquam valeat divellere cri-
 nem.

Summissos vos hunc unum fas usque vereri.
 Huic ô ritè proces, huic digna piacula ferte,
 Cui mare, cui tellus, campisque patentibus
 ær

Obsequitur, nitidique tremat plaga lucida cœli.
 Huic procumbite humi, prostrati huic pandite
 vota.

Vos siquidem æternis etiam post funera poenis
 Ipse potest fontes sub tetro urgere barathro.
 Nec timor admissos cuiquam sit adire leones,
 Seclaque pictarum sævissima pantherarum.
 Ite mei objectu protecti nominis, ite
 Adversum intrepidi: mansuescent protinus
 urfi,

Vestraque parcentes allambent vulnera lingua.

Quin humiles victus animis secludite curas.
 Observate genus pecudum, genus alivolan-
 tum,

Nullæ illis artes, nulla illis cura futuri.
 Non tamen aut tegimen, victus aut copia de-
 fit.

Omnia dives alit rerum sator, omnia curat.

Ille etiam injussu tellurem gramine vestit,
 Floribus appingens fata versicoloribus ar-
 va,

Arboribusque comas, atque umbras montibus ad-
 dit.

Fraudes insidiæque absint, ac foeda libi-
 do:

Neve modum supra mensis gaudete paratis,
 Desidiaque animis, atque ocia pellite ves-
 tris.

Nec

But the free soul no injury can feel,
 Safe from the vengeance of a tyrant's steel.
 Besides; th' Almighty Sov'reign from on high,
 Sees, and regards you with a parent's eye;
 Without whose wise permission none can dare,
 Ev'n from your head to pluck the slightest hair.
 This Being dread, and rev'rence Him alone;
 Address your off'rings to his awful throne;
 Whose pow'r supreme, earth, air, and spacious sea,
 And the bright regions of high heav'n obey.
 To Him in humble adoration bow,
 To Him submissive bring the proffer'd vow;
 For He alone, in hell's dark realms beneath,
 Can punish sinners with eternal death.
 Let no vain fears your tranquil minds molest,
 Or quench the courage of your dauntless breast;
 Ev'n hungry lions if condemn'd to face,
 Or spotted panthers formidable race.
 Go then, my friends; each adverse pow'r withstand,
 Go forth, protected by my guiding hand:
 Bears will grow tame, and mild compassion show
 To wounds, inflicted by a fiercer foe.

The food that nature limits to your share,
 Seek not with deep solicitude and care.
 Observe the beasts, that o'er earth's surface rove,
 The fowls, that wing this silent air above;
 To these, which know no arts, no wants, are giv'n
 Both food and rayment, by the care of heav'n:
 The bounteous Sire, who gave to all their birth,
 Provides with plenty for the race of earth.
 'Tis He, that bids the grass its verdure yield,
 Paints the gay flow'rs that gild th' enamel'd field:
 Thro' Him, the trees their leafy honours spread,
 And tufted mountains yield a grateful shade.
 Let fraud, deceit, and lust be far away;
 Nor at rich feasts intemp'rate joy display.
 Vile sloth with horror banish from your breast;
 And let that impious passion be suppress'd,

Nec vetitos thalamos, inconcessumque cubile
 Affectate, sitisque alieni desinat auri.
 Quisque suis opibus contenti vivite, et ultro
 Spes interdictas, et inania ponite vota.
 Neve autem scelerum facies nunc persequar om-
 nes:

Quid dicam, quibus est cordi fraus, atque libido
 Dira juvat, ficto simulant tamen ore latentes
 Virtutem, subeuntque dolis, et crimina obum-
 brant?

Ne, jubeo, ne talem animis affuescite pestem,
 Nil aded latet, ipsa dies quin detegat ultro.
 Præterea cohibete oculos: ne quærite vestris
 Vulnere sponte animis: fandi hinc comescite amo-
 rem,

Sæpe olim incautos non lingua coercita merfit.
 Discite jamque ideo posthac haud falsa profari,
 Jamque novos purgati animis inducite mores,
 Siqua tamen veteris culpæ vestigia restant,
 Diluite, et sacris contagia vincite lymphis.
 Ipse ego fons veluti liquidam purissimus undam
 Sufficiam, properate ad aquas: haurite liquen-
 tem

Matres atque viri sitientes protinus amnem.
 Ferte pedem huc omnes, nec opus potantibus au-
 ro,

Argentove: mei fontis patet omnibus unda.
 Sic leti vitate vias, ita sidera aditur,
 Sidereasque domos, mutari nescia regna.
 Hæc mihi prædixit Genitor, quæ voce mone-
 rem

Veridica: sunt fonte mihi verba omnia ab illo.

Talia dicta dabat, cœli super omnia Regem
 Placandum non visceribus, non sanguine cæso,
 Sed votis precibusque jubens exposcere pacem,
 Et modus orandi quisnam foret, ipse canebat:
 Omnipotens Genitor, sedes cui lucidus æther,

Which prompts to climb your neighbour's bed by
stealth;

Nor pine in secret for another's wealth.
Each his own lot with meek contentment bear,
Nor to forbidden hopes extend his care.
But not at once all vices to describe,
What shall I say of that pernicious tribe;
Who base and lustful, yet their crimes conceal,
Beneath the covert of a sacred veil?
Let not (I charge you) so abhorr'd a pest,
Taint the pure virtues of your spotless breast;
No action so conceal'd and secret lies,
But future time shall blaze it to the skies.
Your roving eyes confine in proper bounds,
Nor give your mind unnecessary wounds:
All idle passion for discourse restrain;
Free tongues too often prove their owner's bane.
Learn hence all impious falsehood to forbear,
And purg'd from evil purer morals wear.
If yet some trace of ancient crimes remain,
In the pure fount absolve each vicious stain.
From Me shall streams of crystal waters flow;
Approach, and taste the bounties I bestow.
Haste hither all, of male or female race,
No gold or silver shall obtain this grace;
These lib'ral streams for all spontaneous run:
Hence shall you learn the paths of death to shun;
Thus to th' etherial mansions wing your flight,
Thus soar to kingdoms of unchanging light.
These truths I learn'd from heav'n's eternal King,
And all my precepts from that fountain spring.

This said, our Lord exhorts th' attendant train,
Not with the blood of holy victims slain;
But for each great transgression to atone,
By pray'rs directed to Jehovah's throne.
Then thus instructs the list'ning tribes to pray—
Almighty Sire! who rul'st with sov'reign sway;

Sic nomen, laudesque tuæ celebrentur ubique,
 Et promissa orbi incipiant procedere lustra:
 Cum tua non minus in terris gens iussa faceſſat
 Mortalis, quàm cœlicolæ tibi in æthere parent.
 Nos divina hodie cœlo dape refice ab alto.
 Parce dehinc bonus, ut noſtris ignoſcimus ipſi
 Hoſtibus, ac nullis adverſis objice inermes
 Tenſando, prohibe à nobis ſed cuncta pericla:

Addit, et ventura canens: fore, cum vagus o-
 lim

Sol claram ſpeciem concreto lumine teſtus
 Exuat, et ſubito ſtellanti nocte perempta
 Sufficiat pullam luna orbi argentea lucem,
 Sanguineis faciem maculis perſuſa nigrantem,
 Præcipientque polo paſſim turbata labanti
 Sidera, quæ lapſu certo, ſpatiove feruntur.
 Viſque ea, quæ cœli irrequietos conciet orbes
 Deſinat, incerto rapiantur ut omnia motu,
 Atque propè avulſo abſiliat de cardine mundus:
 Dum terras veluti rapidum per inania fulmen
 Ipſe iterum petat, et multis cum millibus idem
 Adveniens hominum vitas, et crimina quæ-
 rat.

Ut res promiſſo ſimulac ſuccenderit igni
 Flammarum totum tempeſtas ſparſa per orbem,
 Continuo tellure nova, cœloque recenti
 Deſunctas animas vita in ſua corpora rursus
 Evocet ad blandum lumen, populoſque ſepul-
 chris

Eliciat, ſecumque pios educat ad aſtra,
 Quos Pater à prima prævidit origine rerum
 Mente ſuos fore, et æthereo tranſcripſit Olym-
 po.

Ibunt aligeri juvenes, cœlumque profun-
 dum

Horriſico ſoniſu implebunt, atque ære re-
 curvo

Quatuor

Let endless praise thy glorious name attend;
Wide o'er the world thy promis'd reign extend;
Till men on earth thy great behests fulfil,
As saints in heav'n obey thy blessed will.
A due provision for our wants afford
Each day, and kindly bless our frugal board.
Vouchsafe on us thy pardon to bestow,
As we to others this indulgence show:
Nor let temptation into sin betray,
But drive all evil from our hearts away.

He then discours'd of great events to come,
What yet was rip'ning in time's ample womb:
That the bright sun his glories shou'd resign,
Nor longer with transcendent lustre shine;
The silver moon her borrow'd light refrain,
While drops of blood the sullen orb distain;
The stars, that wont in measur'd space to roll
Thro' heav'n, fall headlong from the trembling pole.
At length shou'd cease that unremitting force,
Which whirl'd the planets in their destin'd course;
Disjointed nature from her balance fly,
And all rush lawless thro' th' affrighted sky:
Whilst He, attended with a glorious train,
In awful pomp descends to earth again;
The various actions of mankind to trace,
And sit in judgement on a sinful race.
That soon as fire shou'd like a tempest roll
Wide o'er the world, and spread from pole to pole;
And from the mingled ashes strait arise
New earth, and new-form'd regions of the skies:
The souls of those, that ages since were dead,
Our Lord wou'd summon from their silent bed,
And by his pow'r restore to life again;
Then mount Olympus with his pious train;
With all, whom heav'n's great Sire of old had known
His sons, and previous mark'd them for his own.
Angelic youths shall fill the vast profound
With dreadful clangor; and with trumpet sound,

From

Quatuor à ventis excubunt undique gentes:
 Judicis ad solium properabitur æthere toto.
 Ipse altè effultus, montisque in vertice summo
 Arbiter effulgens circumferet ora tremenda,
 Secernetque pios, dextraque in parte locabit:
 Læva autem coget fontes, quæ plurima turba.
 Qualis post hyemem exactam, cum gramine
 molli

Pascua læta vocant stabulis armenta reclusis,
 Ipse greges pastor nitidos missurus in agros
 Sortitur: placidas primò legit ille bidentes
 Dinumerans, olidasque jubet procul esse capellas.
 Cernere erit liquidas longè fulgere per auras
 Corpora clara hominum, quibus atræ obnoxia
 morti

Abluet omnipotens Pater, æternumque manebunt,
 Amplius haud rerum subjecti casibus ullis.
 Nemo illam ante diem speret cum corpore sedes
 Ætheris, exceptis paucis, quos ipse sepulcro
 Exurgens secum superis Deus invehet oris:
 Solæ animæ interea tali statione fruuntur.
 Contra autem fontes tenebris ac nocte premen-
 tur

Æterna, et meritas pendent per secula pœnas:
 Omnia quæ sera nuper mihi nocte canebat,
 Cum caput ipsius in gremio mœrore gravatum,
 Una eadem accumbens sponda, admotusque lo-
 quenti
 Sæpe reclinarem, mœsti solamen amoris.

Quid repetam, quæ sæpe vagi Jordanis ad un-
 das
 Ediderit? quæ Judææ sub montibus altis?
 Nunc cæcis vera involvens ambagibus ul-
 tro,
 Nunc manifesta palàm claro sermone loquutus,
 Dum populi circumstant, stipantque frequen-
 tes?

Nunc

From the four winds shall cite mankind to wait,
 At CHRIST's tribunal, their appointed fate.
 Millions at once shall throng the ample sky;
 He on a golden throne exalted high,
 Sole Judge of men, shall dart his piercing sight,
 Select the just, and range them on the right;
 But at his left to distance far shall place
 The tribe of sinners; an unnumber'd race.
 Thus, in fresh spring, when forth each pasture calls
 Th' exulting cattle from their wint'ry stalls,
 Each storm o'erblown, th' industrious shepherd swain,
 Sey'ring his flocks that graze the verdant plain;
 With nicest care collects the woolly breed,
 The goats at distance unregarded feed.
 Then human bodies shall appear to fight
 Cloath'd in bright forms, refulgent as the light;
 And freed henceforth from each terrestrial stain,
 Pure, uncorrupt thro' endless years remain,
 No more obnoxious to disease or pain. }
 None, cloath'd with bodies, shall obtain a place,
 Before that day, amidst th' etherial race;
 Some few except, who from the grave shall rise,
 And soar with CHRIST triumphant to the skies:
 Till then the glorious privilege is giv'n
 To souls alone, to share the joys of heav'n.
 But sinners shall be doom'd to endless woe,
 Amidst the tortures of the realms below.
 These truths to me our Lord of late express'd,
 His head reclin'd, as usual, on my breast;
 When at the genial feast next Him I lay,
 And strove to banish anxious cares away.
 Beneath Judæa's mountains, or beside
 The flow'ry banks, where Jordan rolls his tide;
 Why shoud I tell, what wonders he display'd;
 What truths he utter'd? in mysterious shade
 Now veil'd his doctrines, now distinct and clear;
 While throng'd assemblies with attention hear:

Himself

Nunc se principium rerum, finemque canebat,
Nunc veri fontem, atque hominum lucemque vi-
amque.

Nos fortunatam prognatam hoc tempore prolem,
Nos felix tellus, nos secula læta tulere:
Nobis divinam vocem, divina loquentis
Verba haurire Dei propius sæpe obtigit unis.
Scilicet hinc lustris veniet labentibus ætas,
Cum feri optabunt eadem vidisse nepotes.

Talia Iōannes cunctis mirantibus ore
Perstebat memorans: cum protinus ecce tumultus
Ingenti Solymūm irrupit manus impia, et ur-
bis

Rectorem appellant, pœnasque uno ore reposcunt,
Diffugiunt ambo, et magnam stat adire paren-
tem,

Ignaramque diu tantarum fallere rerum,

MARCI

Himself he stiles the origin and end
Of all things, that thro' nature's bounds extend;
The light, ordain'd before our paths to shine,
The way, the fountain, of all truth divine.
Thrice happy we! by heav'n's distinguish'd grace,
Born in this favour'd age, this happy place!
Who heard him oft to us alone convey,
His heav'nly doctrines in familiar way! [been,
What crowds henceforth shall with themselves had
The blest'd spectators of this envyd scene!

Thus John repeats his tale; the wond'ring train
In silence list'ning to his heav'nly strain;
When to the ruler a tumultuous band
Rush in, and instant punishment demand.
At this; the two disciples in despair,
Haste from the court, to seek the Virgin-fair;
Resolv'd to sooth her with a specious tale,
And from her ears the dreadful truth conceal.

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER QUINTUS.

INSONTI verò Romanus parcere capto.
Toto corde petens, huc mentem dividit atque
huc.

Fama viri, virtusque animo, egregiique recurſat
Oris honos, nec jam obſcurum genus eſſe deo-
rum.

Omnia reſpondent auditis: denique ad ipſos
Converſus Solymos, fremitu tectum omne replen-
tes:

Ite, ait, et poſito mox huc certamine adeſte.
Sit qui pro cunctis numero delectus ab omni
Fando aliquis doceat, quo tandem is crimine
morte

Mulctandus, quod tantum obſtet ſcelus, ordine pan-
dat,

Infonti: ſimul hæc, ſimul illi abiſſe frementes,
Chriſto animis certi nunquam deſiſtere vivo.

Parte alia, Regem qui ſcædè prodidit hoſti,
Mutatus ſcelus agnoſcit perjurus Iudas:
Ah miſer! infectum quàm vellet poſſe reverti?
Nulla quies animo: ſævire in pectore diræ
Ultrices, cæcasque ob noxam ſumere pœnas.
Nec capit inſanos curarum pectore fluctus:

V I D A's
C H R I S T I A D.
B O O K . V .

BUT Pilate conscious of his worth, to spare
The guiltless Captive bends his ardent care.
Much he revolves the Hero's deeds divine,
His form majestic, and illustrious line.
Each point minutely weigh'd, the truth he found,
As public rumour had divulg'd around.
Then turning to the raging priests, he cried,
Hence, for a space; and lay these feuds aside:
That done; let one from forth the council say,
What dire offences to his charge ye lay?
Why the hard penalty of death's decreed
To One, unconscious of a guilty deed?
Thus spoke the chief; the murmuring priests depart,
Revenge and malice lurking in their heart.

Meanwhile the †villain, who by av'rice sway'd,
But late so basely had his Lord betray'd;
Now from the mists of cloudy passion freed,
Repenting fees, and owns his guilty deed.
Ah! wretch! a prey to ills before unknown,
How did he wish the fatal fact undone!
Hell's dismal fiends invade his conscious breast,
Arm'd with revenge, and rob his soul of rest;
Nor has he pow'r to keep in bounds confin'd,
The woes that harbour in his anxious mind.

† Judas

Hence

Hinc secum æra manu sceleris causam attulit a-
mens,

Quæ Solymi magno dederant in munere pacta,
Atque sacerdotum sacrata ad limina venit,
Vociferans: Vestrum hoc argentum, hæc munera
vestra,

Accipite: en scelus præcium exitiale repono.
Heu! heu! quid demens volui mihi? quo scelus ingens
Inductus pretio admisi? vera Dei ille
Progenies, verusque Deus, nunc denique cerno,
Discussæque abeunt tenebræ, et mihi reddita mens
est.

Sic fatus, simul argentum coniecit in ipsos:
Olli autem flentem risere, ac sera videntem.
Infelix abit: hinc amens cæcusque furore
Multa putat, curæ ingeminant, sævitque sub imo
Corde dolor, coelique piget convexa tueri.
Tum secum huc illuc flammantia lumina torquens:
Hem quid agam infelix? quænam quæ seculi
porro
Sera adedò, tantum scelus unquam oblita silebunt?
Accedamne iterum supplex, crimenque fatebor,
Atque ausim veniam sceleri sperare nefando?
Quo verò aspiciam vultu, quove alloquar ore,
Quem semel indignum decepimus, inque meriti-
tem?
Hinc igitur longè fugiam, quantum ire licebit,
Ignotusque aliis agitabo in finibus ævum?
Hinc me præcipites, me me hinc auferte procel-
læ,
Quò fugit usque dies à nobis luce peracta.
At quis erit tutus tandem locus? omnia præ-
sens
Aspicit, ac terras Deus undique fulmine terret:
Et me conscia mens, atque addita cura sequetur,
Sive iter arripiam pedibus, seu puppe per undas.

Hence seizing in his hand, without delay,
What for his treason was the wretched pay;
Swift to the Pontiff's seat he bends his way.
There loud exclaims—This glitt'ring bane receive,
The treach'rous present ye vouchsaf'd to give;
Lo! there the tempting silver I resign—
Alas! what madness, rage, and guilt were mine!
This injur'd Youth (I now my error see)
Confess'd is heav'n's undoubted progeny;
Ev'n God himself; at length, tho' late, I find
Night's gloomy darkness banish'd from my mind.
He said; and strait before the rulers view,
In deep despair the fatal silver threw.
But they regardless, with contemptuous pride
Insult his anguish, and his tears deride.
Now from the priests disconsolate he goes,
His anxious breast o'erwhelm'd with rising woes;
To various thoughts, and various cares a prey,
Silent he grieves, and loaths the light of day.
Then, while around he rolls his flaming eyes,
Whither, ah! whither shall I speed, he cries?
What course pursue, for oh! will distant time,
E'er hide in silence my detested crime?
Say, shall I own my guilt, for mercy plead,
And beg forgiveness of so vile a deed?
But with what face can my approach be made
To One, whom late so basely I betray'd?
Or shall I fly, where waves can waft me o'er,
A wretched exile to some foreign shore?
Bear me, ye storms! oh! bear me hence away,
To climes remote, where distant sets the day.
Alas! what spot for shelter can be found?
God's angry thunders shake the earth around:
And me, where'er I rove, a guilty mind,
With added care, will follow close behind;
Whether some distant coast by land I gain,
Or urge my voyage o'er the boundless main.

S

Whom?

Quos? quibus? at moror, et ludunt infomnia mentem.

Vos, precor, o mihi vos magnæ nunc hiscite terræ.
 Quid dubito? nunc te tangunt scelera impia, Juda
 Infelix: tunc debueras, tunc ista decebant,
 Cum revocare pedem, cum fas occurrere pesti.
 Nunc morere, atque nefas tu tantum ulciscere dextra

Sponte tua, lucemque volens, hominesque relinque.

Talia jactabat, certus jam abrumpere vitam
 Invisam, et sævum leto finire dolorem,
 Curarum hanc unam metam ratus, atque laborum.
 Fluctuat, atque sibi semper tellure videtur
 Absumi, aut rapido de cælo afflari igni.
 Usque adeo ante oculos capti obversatur imago.
 Pallor in ore, acies circumlita sanguine, et artus

Argentès tremit, instantis vestigia leti,
 Et nox multa cava faciem circumvolat umbra.
 Omnia nigrescunt tenebris caliginis atræ.
 Demens, qui potius veniam sperare fatendo
 Non ausus, neque enim precibus non flectitur ullis

Rex superum, et justæ bonus obliviscitur iræ.
 Ergo ille inceptis perstans, et sedibus hærens
 Iisdem abiit, sylvæque tremens successit opacæ,
 Regia quæ propter frondebat plurima tecta.
 Atque ibi dum trepidat, qua tandem morte quiescat,

Incertus, latebrasne animæ scrutetur acuto
 Fortiter, et pectus procumbens induat ense:
 An se præcipiti jaciat de culmine saltu,
 Ipsæ quæ attonitum, mortisque cupidine captum

Ducebant semper furæ, insensæque præbant,

Informem

Whom? whither? how?—but sadly I delay,
 And idle dreams my restless mind betray.
 Oh! parent earth! deep, deep a passage rend,
 And let me quickly to th' abyss descend.
 Why do I stay? dire deeds at length confess'd,
 Too wretched Judas! touch thy conscious breast.
 Then, then these thoughts had rose in better time,
 When early prudence might have check'd the crime.
 Now die; and with thine own right hand bestow
 The wound, that sends thee to the realms below.

Thus wail'd the piteous wretch; resolv'd to die,
 And end on earth his load of misery.
 Of all expedients this alone appears,
 The best adapted to relieve his cares.
 Whilst undetermin'd on the means of death,
 He seems now sinking in the earth beneath;
 Now struck with fire from heav'n; such constant dread,
 His Lord's last image thro' his bosom spread.
 Pale were his cheeks, and wan; and in his eyes,
 Ghastly with fear, red stains of blood arise;
 O'er all his limbs cold shiv'ring damps appear,
 Alarming symptoms of destruction near:
 A gloomy horror on his visage lay,
 And all around was darkness and dismay.
 Fool that he was! not instant to address
 His Lord for pardon, and the guilt confess;
 Since heav'n's high King is mov'd by ardent pray'rs,
 Remits his anger, and th' offender spares.
 Now bent his dreadful purpose to pursue,
 No more he stay'd, expos'd to public view;
 But sought the deep recesses of a wood,
 Which brown with horror, near the palace stood.
 While trembling there in sad suspense he staid;
 Uncertain, whether with the trenchant blade
 To pierce his breast; or from some mountain's height,
 With headlong leap precipitate his flight.
 The fiends themselves, who fir'd with deadly hate,
 Pursu'd the wretch, and urg'd him to his fate;

Informem prona necentes arbore nodum,
 Ostendere viam: collo namque inde pependit,
 Ut meritus, laqueoque infami extrema sequutus
 Spiramenta animæ eliso gutture rupit,
 Et totos subito pendens extabuit artus.

Nondum picta novo cœli plaga mane rubebat,
 Jamque sacerdotes concursu cuncta replentes
 Vestibulum juxta astabant, longisque fremebant
 Porticibus: nempe antiquo de more licebat
 Nulli luce sacra pollutum insistere limen.
 Tandem Romulides, juvenum stipante caterva
 Fascibus egreditur patriis, ostroque superbus,
 Et solio ante fores sedit sublimis eburno.
 Confedere patres pariter juxta ordine et ipsi,
 Atque diu siluere. Orsus dux denique fatur:

Dicite quo tandem demitti crimine morti
 Poscitis egregium juvenem: quæsimus ipsi
 Et genus, et vitam: nil dignum morte reper-
 tum,
 Sed potius factis fama illum ingentibus effert.
 Ut propius vinctum vidi, audivique loquen-
 tem,
 Ut stupui? ut visus mihi nil mortale sonare;
 Cuncta Deo similis, vultum, vocemque, oculos-
 que?
 Aut certè Deus ille, Dei aut certissima proles.
 Cedite, ne regem vestrum ignorate volentes.

His dictis cunctis penitus dolor ossibus arsit
 Ingens: infremuere omnes, gemitumque dedere.
 Tum senior surgit fandi doctissimus Annas
 In medio, et dictis exorsus talibus insit:

Si tibi non aliis per se manifesta pateret
 Res signis, Romane, vel hinc dignoscere promp-
 tum

Cuique

Fix'd on a branch a pendent cord, and show'd
 To death's dark regions an unerring road.
 For round his neck he ties, in deep despair,
 The fatal string, and hangs aloft in air.
 The nooze so closely to his throat address'd,
 From life's strong ties the struggling soul releas'd;
 The putrid limbs corrupt the air around,
 And all his entrails gush'd upon the ground.

Scarce had the morn, in purple vest array'd,
 Her early blushes o'er the world display'd;
 When now the Jews, a loud tumultuous band,
 With surly murmurs at the threshold stand:
 Disdaining, by an ancient custom led,
 On sabbath days th' unhallow'd floor to tread.
 At length the Roman, with a num'rous throng
 Of youths attended, moves in pomp along:
 The falces mark his sway, before the gate
 He sits majestic on his throne of state.
 Around, the Chiefs their seats in order took;
 Silence ensu'd; at length the ruler spoke:

Say, for what great offences ye consign
 To cruel death, this Youth of race divine?
 Myself have sifted all his life of late;
 Nor find what merits so severe a fate.
 His deeds, to yield him justice, rather claim
 The glorious tribute of immortal fame.
 When near this awful throne I saw him bound,
 And trembling heard his tongue's celestial sound;
 How was my soul amaz'd? each gesture show'd,
 Each word, each look, the tokens of a God.
 Or God he is, or God's undoubted Son;
 Then yield submissive, and your Sov'reign own.

At this, their grief in murmurs they express'd,
 And a loud groan deep issu'd from their breast;
 Then Annas, skill'd in elocution, stood
 Before the rest; and thus the charge pursu'd:

Were not the fact from other tokens known,
 Illustrious Roman! yet from hence alone,

Cuique foret, teque in primis dux multa moveri
Convenit, huc cum tot collectos undique cives
Convenisse vides unius crimina contra.
Hic auctor fandi multos sermone fefellit,
Et facie (ne cede dolis) mentitur honesta
Virtutem, scelerum tegit alto in pectore amo-
rem.

Nonne vides, hæc relligio quod se nova vertat,
Orgia quod, cœtusque, et nocturni comitatus?
Seditione potens Judæas suscitât urbes,
Ausus se passim terrarum dicere regem,
Progeniemque Patris summi, cui sidera parent:
Atque ideo veluti Deus, ultro crimina fassis
Dat veniam, pœnæque metum post funera solvit:
Quod scelus haud aliter poterit quam morte pi-
are,

Sic veteres sanxere: sed et vetera ipse retrac-
tans

Jura, novas figit simulato numine leges,
Instituitque novos ritus, nova sacra per urbes,
Quæ servant feri ventura in secla nepotes,
Quin ipsas haud obscura, prò, voce minatur
Dejecturum aras, seque igni templa daturum,
Templa olim impensis tantorum structa labo-
rum.

Et jamjam vœlet ipsum etiam restinguere solem,
Sideraque obfesso verbis deducere cœlo.
Haud scelus ille tamen fallaci pectore quivit
Dissimulare diu: neque enim scelerata subire
Tecta horret, nec se vetitis conventibus au-
fert

Admonitus, sociique epulis capiuntur opimis.
Quinetiam, interdum siqua tota impius ur-
be

Inventus fama ante alios ob crimina notus,
Continuò paribus gaudens adit impiger il-
lum,

Nec requies, donec sibi conciliârit amicum.

Tantus

From this acknowledg'd and undoubted test,
Each may collect, and thou beyond the rest
Be greatly mov'd; such numbers here to find,
Against one single Criminal combin'd.
This subtil Orator, with wily art
Misguides the crowd, and steals into their heart;
In his fair front are virtue's charms express'd,
But love of vice lurks deep within his breast.
Whence springs this new religion? with what view,
These midnight orgies, and his ruffian crew?
Skill'd in accurs'd sedition, he alarms
Judæa's cities, and excites to arms;
O'er the wide earth usurps despotic sway,
And calls Him Sire, whom heav'n's bright hosts obey.
Hence acting like a sov'reign God, on those
Who own their crimes, his pardon he bestows;
Removes all dread of future wrath away;
For which presumption death alone must pay.
This sacred rule from ancient date obtain'd;
But He, contemning what our fires ordain'd,
Strange laws enacts, and aims on men to lay
New rites, which future ages must obey.
Besides, he proudly threatens to o'erturn
Our hallow'd altars, and that structure burn,
Which with expence and toil our sires on high
Rais'd to the sov'reign Ruler of the sky.
Soon will he call by force of magic down
The wand'ring stars of heav'n, and quench the sun.
Yet ne'er cou'd art for length of time disguise,
His num'rous vices from discerning eyes.
For neither does this worthy Chief forbear,
To roofs of noted sinners to repair;
Nor, tho' advis'd, from lawless routs refrain,
Or costly banquets, with his social train.
Nay, shou'd some daring criminal be found,
O'er all notorious, and for vice renown'd;
Strait to such wretch his footsteps will he bend,
Nor rest one moment till he calls him friend.

Tantus amor scelerum, tantum illi fallere cordi,
 Tum, festis cum fas nihil exercere diebus,
 Ipse tamen pellit morbos, ægrisque medetur.
 Quid memorem, ut focii vetitis impunè per sedes
 Vescantur dapibus, Cereremque et pocula trac-
 tent

Haud prius ablutis manibus, sine more, sine ullis
 Legibus, immundi, contactuque omnia scedent?
 Scilicet omnipotens placitos tot secula ritus
 Retracket Pater, et mentem sententia vertat.
 Quæ nova tempestas? eane inconstantia cœlo?
 Dede neci, ne thuricremas, quibus imminet, aras
 Destruat, et posthac non ausit talia quisquam.
 Dede neci, pœnas sceleri impius hauriat æquas:
 A sacris prohibe infandos altaribus ignes.

Dixerat, atque omnes eadem simul ore fremebant.
 Romulus at dictis nequicquam flectitur ullis:
 Nec nova primum audit nunc crimina, cuncta ne-
 fando
 Scit fabricata odio, dum CHRISTI gloria, et in-
 gens

Sacrilegos stimulis virtus exercet amaris.
 Atque ait: hæc coram fama est vos sæpius illi
 Objecisse, quibus semper sermone paratus
 Restitit, et vera victor ratione refellit.
 Nec se progeniem superi negat ipse Parentis,
 Quem vos promissum cœlo divinitus olim
 Venturum tandem auxilio mortalibus ægris
 Non latet, ut veteres Genitoris molliat iras
 Concilians generi vestro, culpamque paren-
 tum

Ipse sua virtute luat: sic ferre priorum
 Accepi monumenta; patres id prodere ves-
 tros.

Et rebus probat ipse: adeo circum oppida lus-
 trans

Arrexir totam monstris ingentibus oram,

Quæ

Such is his love of impious vice confess'd,
 And such the fraud that harbours in his breast,
 Ev'n on our days of solemn rest, he gives
 His aid to numbers, and their sick relieves.
 Why shou'd I speak, how oft his follow'rs join
 In festal rites, unaw'd by laws divine;
 How void of scruple bread and wine they taste
 With hands uncleaned, and pollute the feast.
 Belike heav'n's Sire, by new opinions sway'd,
 Revokes the edicts which of old he made!
 By what new storms and tempests are we driv'n?
 Dwells such a strange inconstancy in heav'n?
 To death devote him, lest the daring foe
 Our sacred altars, and our rites o'erthrow:
 So shall no wretch of all his impious train,
 Presume to venture on such deeds again.
 Let him in death his just reward receive,
 And hence our altars from the flames retrieve.

While Annas thus the gen'ral voice express'd,
 Unmov'd the Roman hears their vain request.
 Inform'd by late experience, well he knows,
 That all from rancour and resentment rose;
 While CHRIST's achievements and illustrious fame,
 With bitter envy set their soul on flame.
 Then thus— These various crimes, by malice sway'd,
 Full oft, O rulers! to his charge ye laid;
 But arm'd with wisdom still he shun'd the dart
 Unhurt, and baffled all the wiles of art.
 Ev'n now He scruples not Himself to own
 The true Messiah, God's anointed Son;
 Dismiss'd from heav'n, in aid of human race,
 His Father's just resentment to efface,
 And with his blood for all the guilt atone,
 Incur'd, from ages, by th' offence of one.
 Thus speak your prophets (if I'm rightly told)
 And thus th' authentic monuments of old.
 Witness his own exploits, for wide around
 Judæa's coast, his miracles resound;

Deeds,

Quæ non ullæ artes hominum, non ulla potest vis.
Quinetiam in lucem quosdam revocavit ab um-
bris,

Quels penitus jam mors totos immissa per artus
Solverat hærentes animæ de corpore nexus.

Quare agite ô odiiis miseri desuescite iniquis.
Ne frustra pugnate, Deum sed discite vestrum.

Dixerat: at magis atque magis violentia gliscit
Omnibus, ingenti clamore insistere, et unâ
Inferni sævire, humerisque abscindere amictum:
Nec secus increvere animis ardentibus iræ,
Quàm cum Athesimve, Padumve undis lacta arva
parantem

Diluere, agricolæ subiti compescere tendunt
Aggeris objectu præceps magis æstuat amnis
Insultans, victorque altas ruit agmine moles.

Fortè autem rex, et soboles hoc tempore regum
Herodes studio sacrorum advenerat urbem.
Munere Romulidum pars huic amissa paterni
Reddita erat regni, Galilææque oppida habe-
bat.

Quem postquàm accepit rector Romanus adesse,
Solveret ingrato quo sese munere tandem,
Transmisit Galilæum illi vinctum Galilæo,
Atque ipsum iussit vitamque, et crimina, siqua,
Quærere, pro meritisque viro decernere poenas.
Tum verò audito CHRISTI rex nomine, læ-
tus

Duci intrò juber, ingenti correptus amore
Compellare virum, ac propius vera ora tueri.
Quem dehinc aggreditur vario sermone: sed ille
Nil contrà, atque oculos nusquam avertēbat Olym-
po.

Ergo illum nil supra hominem miratus, et ultro
Irridens, iterum juber ad prætoria duci.
Et rursus haud læto Romano redditur infons.

Hic

Deeds, which superior to the settled course
Of nature's laws, transcend all human force.
Nay some, whom death himself had captive made,
His pow'r has rescu'd from the gloomy shade.
Then learn this impious malice to suppress,
Resist no longer, but your God confess.

Thus he; but louder now the tumult grows,
And madding fury in their bosom rose:
They shout, they clamour, and with rage oppress'd,
Tear from their rev'rend limbs the sacred vest.
No bounds their anger and resentment know;
Thus when the streams of Athesis, or Po,
Prepare to deluge all the fields around,
The swains alarm'd oppose the rising mound;
The waves roll headlong with impetuous sway,
And unresisted sweep the dams away.

It chanc'd that Herod, who with wide command
His sceptre stretch'd o'er Galilean land,
By Rome's high suff'rance, at that season grac'd,
With his great presence, this religious feast.
Soon as the monarch's entrance in the town,
By public rumour was to Pilate known,
Glad this ungracious office to prevent,
To Herod's court the captive Youth he sent:
Bids him with care enquire; and, fairly try'd,
With strictest justice on his cause decide.
Pleas'd at the name of CHRIST; forth with the king,
Commands th' attendants to his throne to bring.
This wond'rous Chief, inflam'd with zeal to join,
In social converse with the Youth divine.
But tho' full oft to move discourse he tries,
Yet nought to all his questions he replies;
Nor once from heav'n averts his ardent eyes.
And thus discerning in his air and face,
No striking tokens of coelestial race;
He sends him back to Pilate with disdain,
Who thence receives him uncondemn'd again.

Here

Hic me deficiunt animi, mens labitur agra;
 Horresco meminisse, Dei quæ vera propago
 Pertulerit mala, factus homo Deus, auctor Olym-

pi.

Quem mare, quem tellus, vacuque patentia trac-
 tûs

Atria, nec capit immensi plaga lucida cœli.
 Aura tuo omnipotens vires mihi refice lapsu,
 Aura polo demissa, tuo hic me numine firma.
 Hæc animi victus quoties evolvere tento,
 Omnia me circum nigrescunt, pallida cerno
 Astra, caputque atra roseum ferrugine solem
 Occulere, et moestum in lacrymas se solvere coe-
 lum.

Tantane te pietas miserantem incommoda nostra,
 Tantus adëgit amor, cœli ô lux clara sereni,
 Vera Dei ut sôboles, verus Deus æthere missus,
 Tam gravia hæc velles perperâque aspera ferre;
 Divinumque caput terrena mole gravatus
 Subjiceres tot sponte malis? hæc præmia ferres,
 Nostra tua bonus ut deleres crimina morte?
 Nos dulces vetita decerpimus arbore fœtus,
 Tu trunco infando pendens crudele luiti
 Supplicium, ô nimium nostros miserate labores.
 Tu quamvis Deus, atque Dei indubitata propa-
 go,

Heu! nunc hæc hominum, nunc cogeris illa su-
 bire

Arbitria in vinculis, et iudicis ora vereri,
 Qui toti advenies olim datus arbiter orbi.

Pontius, ut vincrum sua rursùm ad limina reddi
 Conspicit, arbitrio nec se subducere tristi
 Possè videt, sævis curarum tunditur undis,
 Jamque his, jamque aliis iterumque iterumque re-
 tentat

Crudeles animos, et parcere nescia corda
 Irritus, ac studio frustra adversatur inani.

Here my strength fails, my spirits sink away;
 Those num'rous ills I tremble to survey,
 Which God's own Offspring in our nature bore;
 That mighty Being of stupendous pow'r;
 Whose sov'reign presence, by no bounds controul'd,
 Nor earth, nor air, nor heav'n itself can hold.
 Almighty Spirit! from thy throne descend,
 And to my weary'd soul thy succour lend:
 Oft as my mind recalls each dreadful deed;
 Horror at once, and darkness round me spread;
 The sun's bright face obscure with spots appears,
 Pale shine the stars, and heav'n dissolves in tears.
 Thy breast cou'd pity, cou'd boundless love,
 For lost offenders to such pity move, [bear,
 That Thou, oh! Light of heav'n! shoud'st stoop to
 Of human misery so vast a share;
 And cloath'd in flesh, spontaneously expose,
 Thy sacred Person to such weight of woes!
 Is this the tribute, the reward we pay
 To Thee, whose blood must wash our crimes away?
 Our impious hands the fatal tree prophan'd;
 Thyself alone the punishment sustain'd:
 Whilst on the cross Thou gav'st too dear a sign,
 To wretched sinners, of thy love divine.
 Thou, tho' a God, and God's undoubted Son,
 Tremblest on earth before an human throne;
 Forc'd, as imperial pow'r directs the way,
 Now this, now that tribunal to obey!
 Thou! whom with wonder future times shall find,
 The world's dread Judge, and Sov'reign of mankind.

When Pilate now th' unhappy Youth survey'd,
 Once more a Captive to his throne convey'd,
 Himself constrain'd the trial to decide;
 A thousand cares his anxious thoughts divide.
 Bent to release the Chief; with various art,
 He tries to soften their relentless heart,
 To sooth the passions of this wayward train;
 But all his labours and his skill were vain.

The

Quàm magis ille animis tendit sermone mederi
Nunc supplex, placidusque, minis nunc asper acer-
bis:

Tam magis accensis crudeſcunt cordibus iræ.

Tandem ait: hæc redeunt (veſtrorum antiqua pa-
rentum

Vana ſuperſtitio) certis cùm ſacra diebus,

Unum ego de multis incluſis carcere ſuevi

Reddere, et ex arctis impune emittere vinclis.

Hunc igitur vobis ipſum ſolvine iubetis

Inſontem? nam quem potius dimittere poſſim?

Et jam pœnarum ſatis, ac feritatis abunde eſt.

Aut ſolvo, aut porro vos hinc abducite, et atræ,

Ut libet, immeritum ſine me dimittite morti.

Non tulit, et medium ſermonem abruptit acer-
bans

Crimina falſa cohors, et pœnas ingravat ore.

Fortè illis Barabas populo, patribusque diebus

Inviſus, quo non ſcelere ulquam immanior alter,

Jamdudum in vinclis pœnam expectabat acer-
bâ.

Nulla fugæ ſpes prorsus, ei via nulla ſalutis.

Huicigitur præſes vellente, an parcere CHRISTO,

Scitatur, ſperans ita tandem evadere poſſe.

Illi autem victique odiis, cæcique furore

Exolvi Barabam poſcunt, veniamque præcantur

Uni omnes, CHRISTUMque abſumi funere ten-
dunt,

Atque obſtant ſumma ſtudiis rectoris opum vi.

Ille autem loris cædi, virgiſque ſalignis

Divinum mandat (viſu lacrymabile) cor-
pus.

Fors, ait, innocui potero hac extinxeris
cruo-

Arte ſitim: ſic immitis miſerebitur hoſtis,

Et lacerum totos cernentes comminus artus,

Ipli

The more he strives their fury to allay,
By menace now, and now by gentler sway;
The more fierce anger, by no bounds confin'd,
With keen resentment, still inflames their mind.
At length—The season now returns, he said,
When by your ancient superstition led,
Myself have ever on this annual feast,
To please your tribes, one criminal releas'd.
Say, will ye claim this Youth of heav'nly race?
None better merits such distinguish'd grace.
Enough already has he felt the weight
Of ranc'rous malice, and revengeful hate.
Hence shall the Chief a free dismissal gain;
Or in your breasts if rage and envy reign,
Yourself the authors, let this victim be
To death devoted, un approv'd by me.

No more he said; for now the furious band
Each crime embitter, and his death demand.
It chanc'd Barabbas, then in prison bound,
A wretch for ev'ry wickedness renown'd,
Just object of the priests and people's hate;
Was daily waiting his approaching fate:
No hopes he had, by present dread o'ercome,
No glimpse of rescue from impending doom.
With cautious art the Roman leaves the choice
Of either captive, to the public voice:
In hopes, such project wou'd successful prove,
And all the odium from himself remove.
But they, as stronger the wild frenzy grows,
Resist the ruler, and his schemes oppose;
To free Barabbas all their pow'r employ,
And aim the guiltless Captive to destroy.

Now Pilate bids his band the Youth surround,
And scourge his heav'nly limbs with many a wound.
Perhaps, he cries, this specious art may prove
The means, their thirst of vengeance to remove.
Perhaps the foe, eye-witness of the pains,
And cruel tortures the brave Chief sustains;

Ipsi ultro satiati, animos à morte reducent.
 Jam largo undabat foedatum sanguine corpus,
 Perfusique artus tabo, liventia colla,
 Collaque, brachiaque, et detectæ verberare costæ,
 Atque eieciabat crassum roseo ore cruorem.
 Talem in conspectu populi statuere, cruentos
 Nudum humeros, pectusque, ambasque à poplite
 plantas,
 Nam medium textò velabat carbasus albo.
 Palluit aspectu cœlum, conterrita fugit
 Cornibus obtusis sub terram argentea luna,
 Nimbofoque diu latitans evanuit ore,
 Et pariter visa astra polo cecidisse sereno.
 Non tamen hostiles explevit sanguine poenas:
 Sed magis atque magis crudescunt corda precando,
 Quæ non ullæ artes, quæ vis non mitigat ulla.
 Immerito letum intendunt, extremaque possunt
 Supplicia infensi: resonant clamoribus alta
 Atria, certatim se cuncti hortantur in iras.
 Eumenides, missique inferna è nocte ministri
 Tartarei, tenues animæ, sine corpore vitæ
 Circumstant, stimulosque acuunt ardentibus accres,
 Et lucem eripiunt miseris, agitantque furentes.

Romanum intereà monet ipsa exterrita visis
 Per somnum conjux, juvenis ne sanguine sese
 Polluat, abstineat capto, portenta minari
 Magna Deum in somnis: is erat, is candidus ille
 Agnus, ait, (nunquam ludunt me somnia vana)
 Quem circumfusi que canes, sudibusque petebant
 Pastorum globus omnis: eum mox omnia ademptum
 Pascuaque, et notis fiebant cum saltibus agri.

Satiate at length, will give resentment o'er,
 Pity his woes, and threaten death no more.
 Now, mixt with filth, distill'd on ev'ry side
 Down from his mangled limbs, a crimson tide;
 His neck, his arms with stripes were purpl'd o'er,
 And from his mouth gush'd forth the clotted gore.
 Thus bruis'd, and wounded, and with streaming blood
 Besmear'd; a piteous spectacle he stood:
 All other parts uncover'd; but his waste
 Woven with art a snowy veil embrac'd.
 High heav'n astonish'd trembled at the sight;
 The silver moon obscur'd her borrow'd light,
 And fled beneath the earth; the stars were seen
 To fall, like meteors, from a sky serene.
 But yet avail'd not all these ills he bore
 Their rage to satiate; still they thirst for more:
 Their malice knows no bounds; nor force, nor art,
 Can tame th' inveterate rancour of their heart.
 Nought less than death their anger can suffice;
 Death they demand; with loud tumultuous cries
 The court resounds; they catch each other's ire,
 And ev'ry bosom feels the rising fire.
 Th' infernal fiends, and all the dreadful train
 Of spirits, sent from Pluto's dark domain,
 Prompt in this hellish service to engage,
 Inflame their passions, and assist their rage.

Meanwhile the ruler's spouse, in dread affright,
 Scar'd at the boding omens of the night,
 Warns him from impious murder to abstain,
 Nor with the Captive's blood his hands profane:
 That in her dreams th' incens'd and angry skies
 Portend alarms—This Youth, this Youth, she cries,
 Was sure that harmless Lamb, all snowy white,
 (No vain delusive vision of the night)
 Whom barking dogs, methought, enclos'd around,
 And swains attempted in their rage to wound;
 Yet whom, when dead alas! and now no more,
 The woods, the vallies, and the meads deplore.

T

But

At Pater altitonans manifesta percitus ira,
 Desuper auctores cædis sævibat in ipsos.
 Turbatum extemplò visum ruere undique cælum,
 Et campos latè ac sylvas quaterre horrida grando.
 Tum subitò audita ex alto, voxque acta per auras:
 Parce Deo, Romane, hominum compeſce furorem:
 Credo equidem hunc (non te fallit) genus esse deo-
 rum,

Parce manus scelerare: pio, vir, parce cruori.
 Ipsi hæc cœlicolæ placidi portenta refutent:
 Judæosque petant solos, generique minentur.

Talibus auditis, Solymos animo acrior urget
 Romulides, certus vesano obstare furori.
 Jamque minis agit, et dictis haud ampliùs arcet
 Mollibus insanos, et non toleranda frementes:
 Jamque videbatur demptis dimittere vinculis
 Velle virum, et tantis se tandem solvere curis.

Sensit atrox Erebo umbrarum regnator in imo,
 Æternam servans memori sub pectore curam.
 Ingemuit, vinciue animo indignatus amaro est.
 Protinus horriſerum latebroſa ab ſede Timorem
 Evocat, atrum, ingens, et ineluctabile monſtrum.
 Triftior haud ulla eſt umbroſis peſtis in oris
 Scilicet, atque hominum egregiis magis æmulacoeptis.
 Frigus ei comes, et deſecto Ignavia vultu.
 Extemplò hanc ſuperas torpentem aſcendere ad auras
 Imperat, intonſi quàm molli vertice ſurgunt
 Phœnicum montes, Solymorumque alta ſubire
 Moenia, ut Auſonii ſeſtat ducis aſpera corda
 Dejiciens, ſubigatque metu deſiſtere cœpto.
 Juſſa facit: ſibi nigrantes accommodat alas
 Nocturnarum avium, inque atros ſe colligit artus.
 Jamque emenſa viæ tractus obſcœnâ volucris,
 Purpurei crebra ante oculos ſe præſidiis ecce
 Fertque, refertque volans circùm importuna, ſonanſ-
 que

Nunc

But now by warning signs th' eternal Sire,
 Against the tribes proclaims his vengeful ire.
 The heav'ns rush headlong, and tempestuous floods
 Of rain and hail, burst dreadful o'er the woods.
 Then thus a voice descends from heav'n's abode—
 Restrain these wrongs, O Roman! spare the God;
 Thou know'st his sacred race; to save be thine,
 Nor stain thy justice with his blood divine:
 These signs to thee propitious shall be shown,
 And heav'n's dread omens threat the Jews alone.

This heard; the ruler now resolv'd t'oppose
 Their utmost malice, checks the raging foes:
 To sooth their fiery zeal no more he deigns
 With soft persuasions, but with threats restrains.
 And now he seems just ready to resign
 The Youth to freedom, and the charge decline.

This dread suspense with trembling mind survey'd
 Th' infernal monarch of the stygian shade;
 And vex'd, his projects were so near o'erthrown,
 Heav'd from his sullen breast a dismal groan.
 Then from his cell he calls the phantom, Fear;
 An horrid monster, gloomy, dark, and drear:
 No direr pest resides in hell below,
 Nor more to man's illustrious deeds a foe:
 Pale, timid Sloth attends his fault'ring pace,
 And listless Languor, with dejected face.
 He bids him strait his lazy progress bend,
 Where the rough hills of Palestine ascend;
 Then to the walls of Solyma repair;
 At length approach th' imperial dome, and there
 Instilling dread, the Roman's schemes o'erthrow,
 And force the chief his purpose to forego.
 The fiend obeys, and wings his dusky flight,
 Borne on the pinions of the bird of night.
 And now transform'd to such, in shape and size,
 Instant he flew before the ruler's eyes;
 In airy circles wheel'd his course around,
 And screaming dreadful with ill-omen'd sound,

Nunc pectus, nunc ora nigris everberat alis,
 Immisitque gelu, et præcordia frigore vinxit.
 Dirigit visu subito, atque exalbuil ille,
 Surrectæque comæ steterunt, gelidusque per ossa
 Horror iit, genua ægra labant, vox faucibus hæ-
 sit.

Quem simulac cives sensere insueta timentem,
 Pallentemque genas, et toto corpore versum,
 His subito arrepro clamantes tempore dictis
 Aggressi: iste ausus vulgò se fingere regem,
 Aspirat sceptris, regisque affectat honores.
 Quem si fortè neci mavis subducere, nec te
 Crimina tanta movent, Judæas protinus urbes
 Seditioe potens Romanis legibus, omnemque
 Artibus avertet Syriam ditione Quiritum.
 Res igitur tibi si curæ Romana, decusque
 Cæsaris, hanc superis pestem citus aufer ab o-
 ris,

Hauriat ut meritas haud uno crimine poenas,
 Ne gentem repant contagia dira per omnem.

Talia perstabant uno omnes ore frementes.
 Dux verò expertus genus intractabile, regis
 Palluit ad nomen (præcordia ad intima sævit
 Subdita pestis enim) nec jam superantibus ob-
 stat

Amplius, et sese victus, cedensque remittit.
 Haud ultrà potis infano pugnare furori.
 Ceu cùm rostratæ sese opposuere triremi
 Protinus adversi mediis in fluctibus Euri,
 Luctatur primùm celsa de puppe magister,
 Hortaturque viros validis insurgere tonsis:
 Demum ubi se niti contra intolerabile coelum
 Incassum videt, ac ventos superare furentes,
 Vertit iter, quocunque vocat fortuna per æquor
 Multivium, atque auris parens subremigat æ-
 ger.

Haud tamen abstinuit verbis, vocive pepercit,

Verùm,

Flapp'd o'er his face his pinions, and impress'd
 A sudden chillness in his shiv'ring breast.
 Pale turn'd the startled chief; the purple flood
 Forsook his cheeks; his hair like bristles stood;
 Thro' all his joints a quiv'ring horror spread,
 His weak knees totter'd, and his voice was fled.
 Soon as they saw the wav'ring chief appear
 Pale, cold, and trembling with unusual fear,
 His wonted courage by vain dread subdu'd;
 They seiz'd th' occasion, and th' attack renew'd.
 This Youth, they cried, amidst the vulgar throng,
 Affects the honours which to kings belong.
 Hence, shou'd thy soul to pity be inclin'd,
 Shou'd crimes so heinous not alarm thy mind;
 Soon will his daring hand thy laws revoke,
 And rescue Syria from th' imperial yoke.
 If then thy zeal regard the Roman name,
 If Cæsar's honour thy attention claim;
 With speed remove this dang'rous pest away,
 To gloomy darkness from the light of day:
 To instant death devote his forfeit head,
 Lest the fell poison thro' the nation spread.

Thus all with bitter hate the Youth pursue:
 But Pilate, jealous of this stubborn crew,
 (Now deep within he feels th' av'nom'd sting)
 Turn'd pale, and trembled at the name of king.
 Then vanquish'd yields; unable to assuage
 Their constant clamours, and incessant rage,
 So when fierce winds against some galley's side,
 With force tempestuous dash the foaming tide;
 The master for a time the vessel steers,
 And with his voice the labouring sailors cheers:
 But when he sees the storm new forces gain,
 The skies relentless, and his conduct vain;
 He turns the ship at random o'er the tide,
 And sails where fortune and the tempest guide:
 Nor ceas'd he yet, tho' fear alarm'd his breast,
 But thus the dictates of his heart express'd:

Verùm, Vincor, ait, nec habet vestra ira regres-
sum:

In me nulla mora est, moriatur crimine falso
Damnatus: vos triste manet, speroque propinquum
Supplicium: vos, sacrilego, serique nepotes,
O miseri, meritas pendetis sanguine pœnas.

Sic effatus, aquam plena jubet ocidus urna
Afferri, abstergensque manus hæc addidit ore:
Ut nunc his manibus maculæ absunt, sic mihi nul-
lum

Hac in cæde nefas, meque omni crimine solvo.
Dixit, et exurgens solio intra tecta recessit.

Illi autem: Deus hæc nobis, natisque reservet,
Instauretque graves pœnas, quascunque meremur;

Hæc dum porticibus populo spectante gerun-
tur

Vestibulum ante ipsum, famuli ducis ædibus intus
Armati illudunt capto, irradientque silentem:
Quodque illum populi regem optavere per ur-
bes,

Purpureis ornant tunicis, ostroque rubenti,
Atque altè effultum sublimi sede locarunt:
Pro capitis crinali auro, regumque corona,
Sentibus obnubunt flaventia tempora acutis:
Pro sceptro datur insigni fluvialis arundo.
Tum populo læti portis bipatientibus omni
Ostendunt plausu magno, regemque salutant.
Haud aliter ludo pueri cum ex omnibus u-
num

Delegere ducem, sociis qui sponte subactis
Imperitet, læto cuncti stant agmine circum
Condensi, assurguntque omnes, regisque superbi
Jussa obeunt ludicra, ingens it ad æthera cla-
mor.

Tali intus famuli indulgent manus effera ludo.

Dehinc

I yield at length; defeated and o'ercome;
Your restless rage has seal'd the Captive's doom.
Hence to his death the guiltless Youth convey,
My voice no longer shall the stroke delay:
But of this crime, O wretched race! to you
Alone, the signal punishment is due.
Yourself, your infants for th' offence shall bleed,
And latest times bewail th' accursed deed.

This said, an urn of water he demands,
And cleansing in the limpid stream his hands;
As now, he cries, this flesh from stains is freed,
So stands my soul acquitted of the deed;
My plea of innocence I here renew—
He spoke; and instant from the crowd withdrew.

Let heav'n on us inflict its wrath; they said,
And show'r down evils on our children's head.

While these transactions are display'd in view
Of all the rulers, and the public crew;
Within the palace crowd on ev'ry side
Fierce armed soldiers, and the Youth deride.
Then, as th' offences to his charge they lay,
Were high ambition, and a thirst of sway;
A purple garment o'er his shoulders thrown,
They fix'd him pompous on a stately throne.
For the rich gem that shou'd his brows adorn,
They crown'd his temples with a pointed thorn;
And to his hand, in mockery, decreed
For golden sceptre, a vile marshy reed.
Then op'ning wide the gates, the Chief they bring
Before the people, and salute their King.
As when the herd of boys, in wanton play,
Select a monarch, whom the rest obey,
Joyful around in duteous ranks they stand,
And with mock reverence act their king's command;
Strive in this farce each other to outvie,
While shouts tumultuous echo to the sky.
So round the Youth, amidst the palace court,
The slaves insulting act their idle sport.

Dehinc juveni vestis obtentu lumina inumbrant,
 Divinumque caput palmis et arundine pulsan.
 Hic digitis vellit concretam sanguine barbam,
 Ille oculos in sidereos spuit improbus ore
 Immundo, et pulchrum deformat pulvere cor-
 pus.

Nec mora, nec requies, versantque, agitantque fe-
 rentem

Omnia, nec verbis ullis indigna querentem,
 Nec dare permittunt jam lumina fessa sopori.
 O dolor! heu! species inhonesta, indignaque vi-
 su.

Non sylvis avibus frondes, non montibus antra
 Quadrupedum generi defunt, ubi condere sese
 In noctem, atque suos possint educere foetus:
 At rerum Auctori, coeli cui regia servit,
 Omnibus in terris defit locus, omnibus oris,
 Quo caput acclinet, fessusque in morte quies-
 cat.

Tum verò Solymi victores cuncta parare
 Supplicia, atque omnes poenarum exquirere for-
 mas,
 Perferat ut sævòs crudeli morte dolores.
 Jamque illum erecto properant distendere ligno
 Affixum, et lenta paulatim perdere morte.
 Nec mora, diffidunt malos: sonat acta secu-
 ris,

Altaque quadrifidis fabricatur roboribus crux,
 Tormenti genus: hac olim scelera impia reges
 Urgebant poena, fontesque hac morte nece-
 bant,

Difficiles miserorum obitus, longique dolores.
 Tum neque honos erat, infami neque gloria trun-
 co:

At nunc numen habet, sanctum et venerabile lig-
 num

Suppliciter cuncti colimus, sacrisque minores
 Argento

Now o'er his eyes a folded veil they spread,
 And smite with impious hands his rev'rend head.
 This plucks his gory beard, in vile disgrace;
 That spits profanely on his sacred face,
 And soils his limbs with dust; no pause they know,
 Nor cease to torture their unhappy Foe:
 Who all the while these cruel wrongs sustains
 With manly silence, nor of ills complains.
 Nay, they refuse the suff'ring Youth to close,
 His weary eyelids in desir'd repose.
 Oh! shameful mockery! oh! dire disgrace!
 Oh! dreadful treatment of the human race!
 Birds of the air to peaceful seats remove,
 Beneath the covert of the silent grove;
 And beasts a shelter in the mountains find,
 To guard themselves, and educate their kind:
 But nature's Lord, whom heav'n's bright hosts obey,
 Who rules the world with arbitrary sway,
 No place on earth can find, to rest his head,
 And sink in quiet to the peaceful shade.

But now the Jews victorious, seek to find
 Of various tortures the severest kind;
 Resolv'd the Captive shou'd in death sustain,
 The keenest sense of anguish and of pain.
 High on a cross they haste to stretch the Foe,
 And by a ling'ring death protract his woe.
 Agreed; industrious to the work they bend;
 Loud sounds the axe; the solid masts they rend:
 And strait beneath the force of many a stroke,
 The cross is fashion'd, of well-season'd oak;
 A dreadful instrument; in days of yore,
 Vile slaves alone this horrid torture bore;
 By slow degrees the wretches yield their breath,
 And sadly linger in the pangs of death.
 A time was once, this plain and simple wood,
 Devoid of honour and inglorious stood:
 But as it now a Deity contains,
 The tree we worship; while amidst our fanes,
 With

Argento atque auro contectum imponimus aris,
 Et lætum ex illo memores celebramus honorem.
 Illa etiam cœlo fulgebit lampadis instar
 Æthereæ, et totum lustrabit lumine mundum,
 Cùm dabit exitio una dies animalia cuncta,
 Interitumque feret rebus mortalibus ignis.

Vix terris lux alma aderat, cùm jam undique
 tota
 Urbe ruit studio visendi accita juvenus,
 Implenturque viæ, concursuque omnia fervent.
 Et jam, purpureos habitus insignia ludicra
 Exutum, vinctumque manus clamore trahe-
 bant
 Dirum ad supplicium, magna sectante caterva.
 Per medios longis raptatus funibus ibat
 Semianimisque, artusque tremens, plagisque cruen-
 tus
 Nocturnis, humeroque trabem duplicem ipse gere-
 bat,
 Præcis gravidam nodis, ac robore iniquo,
 Qua super infando mortales linqueret auras
 Supplicio, et duros finiret morte labores.
 Armati circumstant, clypeataque juxta
 Agmina densantur: collucent spicula longè,
 Spiculaque, et rubris capitem cava tegmina cris-
 tis,
 Aereaque alterno conspirant cornua cantu.
 Pars pedes insequitur, pars sese lucidus altis
 Fert in equis: resonant colles clamore propin-
 qui.
 Multi autem, quorum melior sententia, fiebant:
 Præcipuè matresque piæ, mitesque puel-
 læ,
 Cernentes nudis pedibus per scrupea saxa
 Tendere, et offendi crebrò ad salebrosa via-
 rum,
 Dum monte adverso protrudit robur iniquum.

Ad

With gold and gems magnificently grac'd,
The hallow'd relick on the shrines is plac'd.
Hence, mindful of that bless'd auspicious day,
Eternal honours to the cross we pay.
That too, display'd aloft in ambient air,
Shall stream thro' ether, like a blazing star,
When time shall cease, all human works expire,
And nature perish in the gen'ral fire.

Scarce had the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
When this event impatient to survey,
Forth from the city gates a gath'ring tide
Of youths tumultuous pour'd on ev'ry side.
And now divested of his robe of state,
And all the mock retinue of the great;
Amidst the clamours of the shouting throng,
To cruel death they drag the Youth along.
Bound in tough cords, and with his wounds half dead,
Trembling and pale his destin'd course he sped;
And on his shoulders, rough and cover'd o'er
With craggy knots, the heavy timber bore;
On which suspended he shou'd yield his breath,
And calmly bury all his cares in death.
Rang'd in dread ranks, a formidable band,
Before the Chief in glitt'ring armour stand;
Bright shine the spears and helms; and all around
The deep-voic'd clarion spreads th' alarming sound.
Part to the dreadful scene on foot proceed,
Part mount conspicuous on the bounding steed;
Exulting clamours strike the golden sky,
The neighbouring mountains to their shouts reply.
Some, 'midst the throng, to better thoughts inclin'd,
Bewail'd his sorrows with a gen'rous mind.
But chief, the matron and the pious maid
Wept, when the fainting Hero they survey'd,
With naked feet pursue his painful way,
O'er rough rude stoves that cross his passage lay;
Whilst labouring on he push'd, with toil o'erspent,
The nodding timber up the steep ascent.

To

Ad quas suspirans Heros sic ore locutus:
 Ne verò, ne me matres indigna ferentem
 Flete piæ: vobis potius deflete propinquum
 Exitium, et vestris hinc debita præmia natis.
 Sic fatus, linquit non æquis passibus urbem.

Interea, superùm Rex tanto in cardine rerum
 Verticis ætherei sublimem evasit ad arcem,
 Mortalis Nati letum ut crudele videret
 Ipse sui spectator; cum gens incola coeli
 Aligeri stipant cunei, et comitantur euntem.
 Est templum gemmis interlucentibus auro
 E solido factum sublimi in vertice Olympi,
 Tectum immane, ingens, superi penetrabile Parentia,
 Sidera despiciens subterlabentia mundi:
 In medio clivus duro ex adamante tumescit
 Paulatim exacuens instar fastigia pinus:
 Multiplices circum sedes, subterque, supraque
 Dispositæ, gradibusque novem super æthera sur-
 gunt.

Conveniunt huc coelicolæ, regemque canendo
 Ingressi thyasis lustrant: se sedibus inde
 Omnes compoluerè suis, tumulumque cornu
 Ter latè circum terna cinxere corona,
 Secreti ordinibus certis: nec enim omnibus æqua
 Conditio, viresque pares, eademque potestas:
 Verùm aliis aliis ut præstant, ita ritè locantur,
 Munere quisque suo contenti, ac sorte beati.
 In medio Pater omnipotens folio aureus alto
 Sceptra tenet, lateque acie circum omnia lustrat,
 Torus collucens, totus circum igne corusco
 Scintillans, radiisque procul vibrantibus ardens.
 Mox autem infaultis Judææ lumina tandem
 Defixit terris, tristemque ante omnia collem
 Spectabat, gens moesta simul spectabat Olym-
 pi.

Collem infelicem, sacram egredientibus urbem
 Qui prior occurrit humanis ossibus albus:

Auctores

To these, the Hero with a rising groan—
 For Me lament not; but with tears bemoan,
 Those gath'ring storms of unexpected fate,
 Which hence your infants and yourselves await,
 No more he said; but 'midst the pressing throng,
 Drag'd his slow steps with fault'ring pace along.

Meanwhile th'eternal Sov'reign of the sky,
 To heav'n's imperial tow'r ascends on high;
 His mortal Offspring's cruel death to view,
 Himself spectator, and the victim too.
 In various ranks the wing'd seraphic train,
 Attend their Monarch, and his state maintain.
 There stands a temple, glorious to behold,
 Built of eternal adamant and gold,
 High o'er the vault of stars in heav'n's abode,
 The sumptuous palace of the sov'reign God:
 I'th' midst a mount; whose top aspiring high,
 Cleaves, like a tapering pyramid, the sky:
 Unnumber'd seats, in various ranks dispos'd,
 Above, beneath, the sacred mount inclos'd.
 Hither advanc'd awhile th'angelic throng,
 And prais'd their Monarch in the dance and song;
 Then all, attentive to precedence, sate
 In thrice three circles round the throne of state:
 For not coequal dignity they claim,
 Alike their functions, or their pow'rs the same;
 But diff'rent orders diff'rent stations find,
 Each pleas'd and happy with the rank assign'd.
 High in the midst, superior and alone,
 Th'eternal Father, on his golden throne,
 Spreads his wide view around; while streams of light,
 Flash from his eyes insufferably bright.
 At length Judæa his attention drew,
 The fatal hill now rising to his view.
 Th'angelic host, by like compassion sway'd,
 With heavy hearts the fatal hill survey'd;
 Which from the city-gates you first descry,
 Where human bones disgust the pensive eye.

There,

Auctores scelerum poenas ibi morte luebant
 Informi, circum pendebant corpora passim
 Arboribus truncis incocto lurida tabo.

Huc simul atque emensus iter miserabilis Heros
 Pervenit, sensitque sibi crudele parari
 Supplicium, atque trabem vidit jam stare nefan-
 dam,

Dejectos oculos porro huc jactabat, et illuc,
 Omnia collustrans, comitum si fortè suorum,
 Si quem fortè acies inimicas cerneret inter:
 Fidum in conspectu nullum, vider agmina tan-
 tum

Sæva virum, campique armis fulgentibus ardent.
 Cari deseruere omnes, diversa petentes:
 Non aliter quam cum cælo seu tactus ab alto
 Pastor, sive feræ insidiis in valle peremptus,
 Continuo sparguntur oves diversa per arva
 Incustoditæ, resonant balatibus agri.

Jamque trabem infandam scandens, pendensque
 per auras

Horruit, atque Deum veluti se oblitus, acerbi
 Pertimuit dirum leti genus, æstuat intus,
 Atque animum in curas labefactum dividit acres,
 Tristitia multa agitans animo, totoque per ar-
 tus

Pallentes mixto fuit ater sanguine sudor,
 Et patriam crebro reminiscitur ætheris aulam.
 Tum cælum aspectans, hæc imo pectore satur:
 Heu! quianam extremis Genitor me summe peri-
 clis

Deferis? aut Nati quò jam tibi cura recessit?
 Audiit has summus voces Pater, audiit omnis
 Cœlestum chorus: ipse (alta secum omnia mente
 Versabat Genitor, nutu haud oblitus agi rem
 Nempe suo) stetit immotus, seseque repres-
 fit.

At

There, by a cruel death, th' abandon'd race
Of impious slaves their destin'd fate embrace;
O'er trunks of trees their bodies hang on high,
Dropping with filth, and black'ning in the sky.

When now, his course pursu'd with fault'ring pace,
The weary'd Hero reach'd this fatal place;
The dreadful instruments of death survey'd,
And the dire cross to public view display'd:
Dejected and forlorn, he cast around
His eyes; if haply any friend were found;
If chance, at hand amidst the murd'rous crew,
Some dear, some lov'd companion he might view.
Nought, o'er the fields, but armour glitt'ring bright,
And hostile squadrons greet his mournful sight.
All, all were fled—As when the guardian swain,
By some fierce lion in the vale is slain,
Or touch'd by lightning from an angry sky;
The tim'rous flock dispers'd and routed fly,
Their faithful pastor now no longer found;
Incessant bleatings fill the plains around.

Now pendent from the fatal beam on high,
With arms expanded to the naked sky;
As if forgetful of his heav'nly state,
Trembling he shrinks, and dreads th' opprobrious fate.
Rack'd with convulsive agony, he bears
Deep in his lab'ring breast a load of cares.
Of sweat and blood, descends in mingled streams
A copious torrent from his wounded limbs;
And oft he calls to mind, in bitter pain,
The blissful glories of his Father's reign.
Then lifting up to heav'n his streaming eyes,
From his deep heaving bosom thus he cries—
Ah! why permit thy Offspring, gracious Sire!
Amidst these pangs unpitied to expire?
These words, in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
His Sire, with all th' angelic squadron heard;
But as this dreadful scene Himself ordain'd,
Unmov'd he view'd it, and his wrath restrain'd.

At circumfusus cœtus, gentem ætheris alti
 Aligeram, injussos potis est vis sistere nulla:
 Omnibus exarsit subito dolor, omnibus ingens
 Æstuat ira, volunt Nato succurrere herili,
 Et prohibere nefas, duroque resistere ferro.
 Bella cient, arma ingeminant arma acrius omnes.
 Hic puer haud volucris extremus de gente, recurvo
 Ære vocare acies quo non magis utilis alter,
 Ascensu superat celeri ardua culmina præpes;
 Tum super axe sedens, roseique in vertice cœli
 Signa canit belli: latus dissultat Olympus,
 Undique, et insolito tremuerunt sidera motu.
 Audiit et sonitum, siquem procul orbe remoto
 Distinct incedens humili luna humida gressu:
 Audivere, quibus generis custodia nostri
 In terris olim, forti data, vastaque tellus
 Protinus ingenti tremuit concussa fragore.
 Tum quos Rex superùm varias legarat in oras,
 Aëreos relegunt tractus, mandataque linquunt
 Imperfecta, fugaque poli super ardua ten-
 dunt.

Ac velut in pastus celsa quæ sede columbæ
 Exierant varios, cùm tempestate repente
 Urgenti cæco misceri murmure cœlum
 Incipit, et nigræ cinxerunt æthera nubes,
 Continuo linquunt arva undique, et ardua pen-
 nis

Tecta petunt, celeresque cavis se turribus ab-
 dunt.

Jam passim ingentis properatur vertice Olympi,
 Et toto ancipitis ferri cœlo ingruit horror,
 Æratique sonant currus, gemitusque rotarum
 Audiri, sonitusque armorum desuper ingens.
 Tam vastos motus axis miratur uterque,
 Miranturque ignes, cœlique volubilis orbes,
 Cùm tenues animæ, cùm sint sine corpore vi-
 tæ,

Sensibus à nostris quibus est natura remota.

Sæpe

Not so the heav'nly choir; their rising rage
 No art can soften, and no pow'r assuage:
 Indignant grief their swelling heart possess'd,
 And keen resentment fir'd their gen'rous breast.
 Intent to rescue from these dismal woes
 Their Lord's Anointed; and his fate oppose,
 They threaten instant war; they clash their arms,
 And all the ether rings with loud alarms.
 A youth, not least of this cherubic race,
 Skilful to summon with the sounding brass
 Assembled legions; wings his rapid flight,
 And from a lofty promontory's height,
 Spreads wide th' alarm of war; the welkin round,
 And all Olympus trembled at the sound.
 Whatever Beings, by celestial grace,
 Commission'd to preside o'er human race;
 Whatever spirits rang'd the lunar sphere,
 All, all at once the dreadful clangor hear:
 And the vast globe of earth, with terror struck,
 Thro' all her regions to the centre shook.
 Those spirits too, dispatch'd by heav'n's command,
 On various errands to some distant land;
 Obey th' imperial summons, and retrace
 Their airy passage thro' th' ethereal space.
 So doves, that wont with fresh delight to roam,
 O'er verdant pastures from their native home;
 Soon as they view the gath'ring storm arise,
 And gloomy clouds involve the low'ring skies;
 Swift o'er the fields on rapid wing repair
 To some lone turret's height, and shelter there;
 Now from all parts convene the warlike train;
 Bright swords gleam dreadful o'er the starry plain;
 Loud clang the rattling cars; and wide around
 The din of armour spreads a martial sound.
 These vast alarms, the wand'ring orbs that roll
 Thro' heav'n, admire; admires each distant pole,
 In those ethereal essences, refin'd
 From mortal dross, and viewless as the wind.

Sæpe autem, seu mortales mittuntur ad oras,
 Sive opus in fratres olim capere arma rebelles,
 Corporis afflicti sibi quisque accommodat alas,
 Aëreosque artus, simulacrumque apert habendo,
 Spiritus ut queat humanos admittere visus,
 Ergo illi rapido circumdant turbine densa
 Corpora, sub nostros etiam venientia sensus.
 Circumdantque humeris despecta micantibus ar-

ma,

Ætheris ærisono subit de poste refixa
 Celicolûm exuvias, belli monimenta nefandi,
 Quod socios olim contra gessere furentes.
 Hic bonus armatur jaculis, hastamque trabalem
 Crispat agens, rapit ille faces, rapit ille sagittas,
 Suspenditque humeris lunatum ardentibus ar-

cum.

Atque alius palmas inserat cæstibus ambas,
 Pars tereti funda dextram implicat: omnibus en-

sis

Aureus in morem vagina pendet eburna.
 Infrenant alii cœli per cœrula currus:
 Cætera pars piæ librare celerrima pennis
 Corpora, non eadem vis omnibus ipsa volandi;
 Mobilitate vigent varia, pars remigat aliq
 Binis alternante humero, pars ordine ad auras
 Tollunt se triplici, pennatis undique plantis,
 Haud unam in faciem. Sed nec color omnibus

idem;

Namque hos punicea cernas effulgere pluma
 Flammipedes, igni assimiles rutilantia terga:
 Herbarum hos speciem, viridesque referre sinuati-

dos,

Terga illis croceo lucent circumlita luto.
 Centum aliis alii pinxere coloribus alas.
 Qualis ubi exactos post æstus arbore ab omni
 Exornat pomis se versicoloribus annis,
 Et caput Autumnus circumfersi pulcher honest-

tum.

Es

But oft, or whether from th' Olympian height,
 To earth's abodes they wing their airy flight,
 Or when at first they charg'd the rebel train,
 In glorious battle on th' ethereal plain,
 Each to himself an human shape assumes,
 And on his shoulders ties the waving plumes,
 That spirits may appear, tho' heav'nly bright,
 Reveal'd, and obvious to the human sight.
 Hence on their bodies, form'd of ambient air,
 Arms, long dispos'd, in gen'rous zeal they wear,
 Snatch'd from the brazen pillars of the sky,
 Where yet angelic weapons hang on high,
 With golden armour dazzling to the sight,
 Tremendous tokens of that dreadful fight,
 When thro' the plains of heav'n, with loud alarms,
 Encount'ring spirits met in hostile arms.
 Now various weapons in their rage they bear,
 This grasps a jav'lin, that a pointed spear,
 Some arrows seize, or slings, or flaming brands;
 Some fit the dreadful cactus to their hands,
 Tough bended bows are cross their shoulders tied,
 The golden buck-horn glitters at their side.
 Others prepare the neighing steed to rein,
 And whirl the chariot o'er the sounding plain,
 For not with equal speed their course they steer,
 On double tires of wings they fan the air,
 Those, to their feet the plumed sturgeon tied,
 On three-fold rows thro' wond'ring ether ride,
 Nor yet their features, or their hue the same,
 Part in the deeper die of crimson flame;
 Like ruddy fire their glittering plumage seen;
 Others as flow'rs, or vivid emerald, green,
 Some o'er their backs a golden lustre show,
 On thousand wings a thousand colours glow.
 Thus, when the summer's piercing heats decay,
 And fading suns a milder gleam display,
 With various colour'd fruit the trees are spread,
 And yellow autumn lifts his blooming head,

Et jam pennipotens liquidis exercitus ibat
 Tractibus, ac volucri cingebant agmine coelum,
 Millia quot nunquam nascentum ab origine rerum
 Visa hominum in terris coisse, ter agmina terna,
 Terque duces terni: toto dux vertice supra est,
 Nuper Iapygii Gargani è vertice vectus
 Armipotens, veteris quem quondam gloria pug-
 nae

Sublimem, longeque alios super extulit omnes.
 In medio ibat ovans, galea, cristisque superbis
 Aureus, et longè gemmis lucentibus ardens.
 Nunc etiam spolia edomiti, fulvamque draco-
 nis

Pellem ostentabat spiris ingentibus, ipsamque
 Innixus tergo, pedibusque hastaque premebat.
 Arma procul radiant, umbo vomit aureus ig-
 nes,

Stellantique procul micat ensis jaspide fulgens.

Ventum erat ad coeli portas: hic omnibus iræ
 Incalüere magis, belli ut monumenta prioris
 Sunt oculis oblata. Vident nam turribus altis
 Pendentes currus, suspensaque postibus æra,
 Spiculaque et clypeos, victis de fratribus arma,
 Olim immane nefas coelo crudeliter orsis,
 Dum frustra aspirant sceptris felicitis Olympi
 Immemores, victique animis, et vana tumen-
 tes,

Quos ipsi contra steterant meliora sequuti,
 Æthereque expulerant certamine debella-
 tos.

Quam pugnam in foribus quondam cælarat ahe-
 nis

Artificum manus, atque operoso impresserat au-
 ro.

Cernere erat liquidas coeli pendere per auras
 Hinc acies, atque hinc acies certamen ador-
 tas,

Nunc

And now the winged troops in bright array,
 Thro' heav'n's wide champion swept their eager way.
 So vast an host no mortal eyes beheld,
 In furious battle on th' ensanguin'd field.
 Thrice three large squadrons throng the spacious plain,
 And thrice three leaders head the martial train.
 O'er these a chief, late borne in airy flight,
 From proud Gargarius' formidable height,
 Whose ancient deeds in heav'n advanc'd his name,
 O'er bravest chieftains in immortal fame.
 High in the midst he march'd; his armour bright,
 And beamy helmet shed a dazzling light.
 Ev'n now conspicuous thro' the bright abode,
 A fiery dragon's yellow spoils he show'd;
 Whilst fierce with rage he curl'd his spires around,
 Deep in his back the hero stamp'd the wound.
 His shining arms a radiant gleam display,
 The golden shield emits a living ray,
 And the bright sword, resplendent as a star
 Of sparkling jasper, glitter'd from afar.

Now to heav'n gates the thronging legions press'd;
 Here new resentment fires their jealous breast,
 When all th' illustrious tokens they survey'd
 Of ancient battles, to the view display'd.
 For lo! on lofty tow'rs suspended high,
 Triumphant cars, and armour greet the eye,
 Won from their vanquish'd brethren of the sky,
 Who fierce in arms, against their King engag'd,
 Thro' heav'n's wide plain rebellious battle wag'd;
 While to dethrone their Lord they vainly strove,
 With proud assault, regardless of his love,
 Whom the bless'd hosts oppos'd in adverse fight,
 And drove reluctant from the realms of light.
 This famous war, some artist's hand of old
 Had carv'd in figures of recording gold.
 Here might you see the winged hosts on high,
 In arms encount'ring thro' the midway sky:

Nunc huc, nunc illuc, ultro citroque volare,
 Ætheraque in medio venientibus obsecrari
 Missilibus, jamjam certari comminus armis,
 Misericque acies / et jam, quævis spicula sterant,
 Crinibus implicare manus hostilibus uncas,
 Suspensisque comis circum per inane rotabant.
 Jamque hos paulatim concedere, desuper illos
 Urgere aspicias, donec toto æthere versis,
 Palantesque fugæ simul hostes terga dedere,
 Præcipiti assuales nimbo, atque procubibus mis-

Nam Pater omnipotens armatus fulmine dextram
 Deturbabat agens, flammisque sequacibus arce
 Siderea, excussos Erebi domus atra recepit.
 Pugnae igitur superi admoniti, veterisque tro-

phæi,
 Ætheris ardebant fractis erumpere portis.
 Jamque adeo evāssent omnes, terrisque potiti
 Sontem incendissent oram, jamque urbibus igni
 Correptis Judæa nocens commissa luisse,
 Ni Pater ultionans stellanti nixus Olympo
 (Motus enim tanto subied flagrans tumultu)
 Coepta redargueret, verbisque inhiberet æterbis
 Bellum importunum, cunctis haud mollis man-

dans.
 Nam circumspiciens sibi centum astare ministras
 Virgineas volucrum humana sub imagine formas
 Hinc atque hinc videt, et nutum observare par-

tas.
 Quarum quæ placido mitis Clementia vultu est,
 Eligitur numero ex omni, cui talia mander:

Vade, ait, et voluci per coelum labere curtu,
 Fratribus hæc ser dicta tuis: non ætheris illis,
 Non illis vasti commissas orbis habenas,
 Ut ferro insulas meditantes videre pognas
 Omne aulint miscere meo sine numine coelum,
 Terramque, et tantos agnitis accendere motus:

Considant,

Now here, now there they wheel, all heav'n appears
Obscure, and clouded with their missile spears.
Now in close combat furious they engage;
Some, where the darts are wanting, fir'd with rage,
Fierce grasp the foe, and by the golden hair
In circles whirl them thro' the void of air.
These you may view with slow reluctance yield,
Those urge the routed o'er th' embattled field;
Till all at once the foes disbanded fly,
Swift as a tempest, thro' th' affrighted sky.
For from the verge of heav'n th' Almighty Sire
Indignant hurl'd them, arm'd with vengeful fire;
Whilst hell's deep dungeon, from th' ethereal height
Receiv'd, and shut them in eternal night.
Rous'd at the same these story'd deeds display,
Thro' heav'n's high gates they long to burst their way.
Then, from their bounds escap'd, th' angelic host
Had wide around inflam'd the guilty coast,
And, hostile fire thro' all her cities spread,
Unjust Judaea for her crimes had bled,
Had not th' Eternal, from Olympus high,
(Mov'd at the kindling tumults of the sky)
In angry terms their furious zeal suppress'd,
And quell'd the raging tempest in their breast.
For bending round his eye, he view'd at hand
An hundred virgin-forms obsequious stand,
Prompt to receive, and execute command.
Of these, to mercy, mild beyond the rest,
The Sire with speed enjoin'd his high behest.
Fly, heav'nly messenger, on wings of air,
And to thy kindred hosts this message bear.
Tell 'em, no delegated pow'r have they,
O'er earth and heav'n to claim imperial sway;
That fir'd by vengeance they shou'd rashly dare,
Thro' these abodes to spread destructive war;
And uncommission'd in my sov'reign name,
O'er the wide earth enkindle hostile flame.

Confidant; possitque adsint huc oculus armis.

Dixerat: illa viam raptim fecat alio curru,
Et Patris ingentes passim derunciat iras,
Ni redeant, possitque quiescant protinus armis.
Addunt se comites; Pietas, Paxque aurea: it-

una
Spesque, Fidesque, plique parens placidissima Amo-
ris:

Omnibus in manibus rami canentis olivæ:
Quaque egere viam; videas procul illicet arma
Projicere, et studiis cunctos mitescere versis.
Jamque in conspectu positus exercitus armis
Regis adest, dicto parentes: sede locarunt
Ordine sese, quisque sua, pariterque quierunt.
Hic tum nimbiopotens Genitor circumtulit ora
Ter torquens illustre caput, ter cardine moto
Terribilem increpuit sonitum: dein farier infit:

Quæ superi vetitum contra hæc infania ferri?
Quod ruitis? quivane auxilio subsistere nostro
Non queat ille, meæ aut sint fractæ denique vi-
res?

Ne sævite animis, atque hanc deponite curam,
Quandoquidem hæc fert hæc nostro sine numine
Natus.

Scitis enim, ut moriens crimen commune refel-
lat.

Sic generi humano clausum stat pandere Olym-
pum.

Illum ideo duros volui exercere labores,
Atque agere in terris extrema per omnia vi-
tam,

Finibus exactum cunctis, inopem, omnium egen-
tem.

Jamque ad supremum ventum: manet exitus illum
Hic hodie gravis infortem, irrevocabile letum,
Et morti caput ipse sua sponte obviis offert.

Nunc

Bid 'em, their arms resign'd, restrain'd their heat,
Approach submissive our Imperial seat.

He said, the cherub swiftly sailing, bears
Her Father's mandate to their trembling ears,
And, shou'd they not their swelling rage resign,
Proclaims the terrors of his wrath divine.

Fair Piety, with mild benignant ray,
And golden Peace, attend her on the way,
With these, glad Hope and Faith united move,
And the sweet parent of celestial love.

Where'er this gentle, amicable band,
Held forth the verdant olive in their hand,
At once their arms they quit; rude clamours cease,
And wrathful bosoms soften into peace.

The hosts, observant of the sov'reign word,
With speed approach the presence of their Lord:
Each takes in order his appointed seat;
Then all attentive his behests await.

The Sire, as these with anger he survey'd,
Thrice shook the radiant honours of his head;
And thrice he thund'ring with tremendous sound,
Then from his lips these words a passage found:

What madness this, ye pow'rs! with hostile rage,
Against My orders, impious war to wage?
Where rush these armies? on what bold design?

Is it, because this feeble arm of mine,
Extinct its force, is impotent to save,
Yon guiltless Victim from the gloomy grave?

Forbear your rage, your anxious cares resign,
These ills he suffers by my will divine.

His death, ye know, must human guilt efface;
Thus heav'n is open to man's sinful race:

Hence my decree allotted to his share
A life of toils, and penury, and care.

And now the destin'd fatal time is come,
This day he suffers his appointed doom;

This dreadful day, consents his blood to shed,
And freely offers his devoted head:

But

Nunc autem subito visu horruit, et timor illi
 Confusam eripuit leti ipso in limine mentem.
 Quippe Deum vultu exutus, mortalia, incerta,
 Restitit, et telis mansit violabile corpus.
 Nil aliter vis divina valuisset in artus
 Ulla hominum, et cunctis foret impenetrabilis ar-
 mis.

Non aded vires, non parva potentia nostra,
 Ut nequamus, si versa retro sententia, Natum
 Eripere in medio versantem turbine leti,
 Contra illum insurgant omnes, ab origine rerum
 Quicquid ubique hominum natum, extinctumque
 per ævum.

Non ita me experta est Babylon, ubi ad astra gigan-
 tes

Tentavere vias educta turre sub auras:
 Et poterant magnos manibus divellere montes.
 Nunc etiam fumant præfractis fulmine turres,
 Ut nimbærum acies, tempestatumque quies-
 ciant,

Quæ vastum rapiant convulsam à cardine troa-
 dum.

Ipse manu terras quatirem, cœlum omne cierem,
 Diluvio cuncta involvens: me me lignibus arsis
 Nunc aunc accinctum, teloque tricalspide dex-
 tram

Armatum mortale genus sœvire videret,
 Hunc diffare globum, hæc passim metere agmina
 ferro.

At finire, adveniet (neque enim mora longior)
 urbi

Tempus ei, frustra hunc cum magno exarverit emp-
 tum

Haud tetigisse, gehus cui ducitor sedere ab alto.

Sic ait, et motu tremefecit vertice mundum,
 Terrifico quatens tonitru cœlestia templa.
 Continuo superum furor acris, et ira quiescit.

Prosequitur

But as the hand of death approaches near,
 His anxious soul is fill'd with trembling fear,
 For 'midst the terrors of this trying hour,
 Divell'd, as it were, of heav'nly pow'r,
 Helpless, unarm'd, and mortal he is found,
 His body subject to eternal wound:
 Else ev'ry weapon had assail'd in vain
 His limbs eternal, free from human pain.
 Not such my strength; that, were I now inclin'd
 To change th' eternal pulpit of my mind,
 This arm cou'd fail to disappoint their hare,
 And snatch my Offspring from the verge of fate;
 Tho' all earth's pow'rs, from aetere's earliest fountains,
 Were launch'd against him with united forces.
 Witness th' attempt at Babel, when on high
 Earth's giants rear'd their structure to the sky,
 To force a passage to their blest retreats;
 Whose hands cou'd heave huge mountains from their
 Seats; felt the force of my vindictive ire;
 Ev'n yet their turrens smoke with sulph'rous fire.
 Tho' storms and whirlwinds sweep, whose lawless force
 Can shake all nature, and unhinge her courts;
 Yet cou'd my potent and destructive hand,
 With strong convulsions rock the seas and land;
 Uproot the battlements of heav'n, and o'er
 The ruin'd world a boundless deluge pour.
 By flames unquench'd, and with thunders arm'd,
 The race of mortals, writhing and alarm'd,
 Shou'd view this hand resistless pow'r display,
 And sweep their armies, and the world away.
 But now, angelic pow'rs! your rage forbear,
 The fatal day too soon approaches near;
 When yon proud sinners shall with, but with in vain,
 Untouch'd the Hosts of celestial strain.
 He said; and instant with his awful nod
 Shook the bright temples of the blest abode.
 At once the fury and resentment ceas'd
 Of warring hosts; and all is hush'd in peace!

Prosequitur tantùm votis chorus omnis amicis,
 Atque Deum è summo taciti miserantur Olympo.
 Sicut ubi inclusi septis vacuo æquore campi,
 Pro laude ac decore accensi certamina miscet
 Inter se æquatis juvenes duo comminus armis,
 Hinc spectat procul, atque hinc circumfusa juven-
 tus:

Tum si fortè alter minus ac minus utilis ore
 Palluit, aut terra cecidit deceptus iniqua,
 Confurgant fidi æquales, studiisque sequantur:
 Quàm vellent, nisi pacta verent, succurrere amico:
 Stant ægri, et casum longè execrantur acerbum.
 Haud secus indefensus, inermis restitit Heros.
 Illum nudum humeros, nudum omne à vertice cor-
 pus,

Directum longo malo applicuere furentes.
 Nuda dehinc tendunt transverso brachia ligno,
 Diversaque ambas affigunt cuspide palmas.
 Hinc atque hinc mucrone pedes terebrantur eodem
 Confixi: largum manat de stipite flumen.
 Instant vi multa: ferro ardua robora adacto
 Dant gemitum, reboat diro stridore supinus
 Mons, circum ingeminans, ictusque resultat imago.
 Tum supra caput et nomen, patriamque, necisque
 Inscriptere notis variis in stipite causam.
 Dextra autem, lævaque duos gemina arbore fixos
 Addiderant socios, quos ob commissâ merentes
 Leges supplicium ad justum, pœnamque vocabant.
 Verùm ipsum amborum in medio longè altius ar-
 bos

Extulerat, veluti scelerum exhortator, et auctor,
 Aut furtis foret ante alios immanior omnes.
 Infelix Solyma, infelix Judæa propago,
 Ultrò infesta piis: non ipsis vatibus æqua,
 Hæc digna hospitia, has sedesque, torosque parasti
 Coelicolum Regi? hos socios, hunc addis honorem;
 Qui mortale genus propter delapsus Olympo
 Sponte sub humana lustravit imagine terras?

Hic

BOOK VI.] THE CHRISTIAD. 317

Yet on the sov'reign Victim they bestow
 Their pious sorrows, and lament his woe:
 As, where the measur'd ground a space displays,
 Two rival combatants contend for praise;
 The youths flock round, the contest to desire,
 And watch their motions with attentive eye:
 Shou'd one be weary or disabled found,
 Turn pale, or fall (by fortune) to the ground,
 His faithful equals to his side incline;
 His luckless cause how gladly wou'd they join!
 But check'd by laws that rule the stern debate,
 Pensive they mourn, and curse th' unequal fate.
 Thus stood the Chief, to public view display'd,
 Unarm'd, forlorn, and destitute of aid.
 Him all uncloath'd, and naked to the waste,
 Enrag'd they fasten to the lofty mast;
 Then on the beam transverse his arms they bound,
 Next, his soft palms with pointed weapons wound,
 And bore his tender feet, the sacred blood,
 In copious streams distains the blushing wood.
 With zeal their work they ply, the stubborn oak
 Groans with the weight of each repeated stroke;
 The hollow mountain murmurs all around,
 And Echo's plaintive voice returns the sound.
 Then fix'd the priests a title, to proclaim
 In various marks, his country, crime, and name.
 On either side, to heighten the disgrace,
 A wretch, condemn'd for impious deeds, they place;
 But He himself the midmost space possess'd,
 As one in guilt superior to the rest:
 Ah! luckless Solyma! unhappy state!
 Wont to pursue with unrelenting hate
 Your holy bards, and with dishonour treat;
 Say, is it thus your heav'nly King you greet?
 These friends, this lodging does your zeal prepare?
 Is this the welcome destin'd to his share,
 Who for this earth forsook the skies, to prove
 For wretched sinners his unbounded love?

This

38 CHRISTIADOS. [LIB. V.]

Hic genus ipse tuum Phariis eduxit ab oris.
Et pedibus lallas dans ire impune per undas
Marmorum tibi stravit iter, pontumque diem.
Idem etiam te coelesti dape pavit euntem,
Per deserta tuos miseratus vasta labores.
Hujus ope hausisti dulcem de caute liquorem,
Cum procul et fontes, et liquida flumina abessent.

Hic te posthabitis aliis longe omnibus unam
Gentibus elegit, meritis quam ad sidera ferret.
Muneribusque suis sublimi aequant Olympo.
Promeritum his cumulas donis? hæc digna rependias?

Non vatum voces, non te miracula rerum
Ulla movent, aut non presentia numina sentis?
Cui unquam scelerum auctori tam dira parasti
Supplicia? aut usquam quis tam crudeliter hosti

Acceptus, tales luit alter corpore poenas?

Jamque trahi applicitus tergo alci hærebat: in illum

Verfi omnes observabant, quæ funera in ipso
Signa daret, quæ spes, aut quæ fiducia victis.
Ille autem tacitus jamdudum cuncta ferebat,
Immonisque: decor ipso nondum omnis ab ore
Cessit, adhuc oculis divinum est cernere honorem.

Tantum resperisusque genas, pallentisque ora
Humectat cruor, et mixto cum pulvere sudor
Plurimus, infectique rubent in sanguine dentes.
Qualis, qui modò cærulea perfusus in unda
Lucifer astrifero radios spargebat Olympo,
Si mundi specios violatur clara sereni,
Et subita incipiat cælum pallefcere nube:
Nondum omne occuluit jubar, obtusaque nitescit

Pulcher adhuc facie, et nimbo tralucet in atro.

Interea.

This was the Chief that led your murmuring host,
 By various wonders, from th' Egyptian coast.
 He, when thro' seas your destin'd passage lay,
 Deep to its bottom bar'd the wat'ry way.
 'Twas He refresh'd you with divine repast,
 When spent with toil you trod the dreary waste:
 His aid alone your burning thirst supply'd,
 When streams were wanting, with a plentiful tide.
 He, his rich favours to the rest unknown,
 From the wide world selected you alone;
 Whom, in due time, he might from earth remove,
 And crown with glory in the realms above.
 And is it thus your grateful love you show?
 Are these the gifts, the bounties you bestow?
 The prophets, who aloud heav'n's wrath proclaim,
 His deeds, conspicuous in the list of fame,
 The signs that ev'n now a Godhead prove—
 Say, cannot these your stubborn passions move?
 Did ever criminal, condemn'd to death,
 In pangs so great resign his forfeit breath?
 Or who on earth was doom'd to undergo
 Such horrid torture, from his bitt'rest foe?

Now on the fatal beam suspended high,
 All view the Hero with regardful eye;
 Observing at his death what signs he gives,
 What accents utters, and what hopes conceives.
 But He these insults and these dreadful pains,
 In awful silence, and unmov'd sustains.
 Not all the lustre and celestial grace,
 As yet were vanish'd from his blooming face;
 But drops of blood his pale cheeks wander'd o'er,
 And his white teeth were ting'd with purple gore.
 Thus, when emerging from the azure main,
 The morning planet gilds th' ethereal plain;
 To damp the scene if sudden mists arise,
 And dusky vapours cloud the low'ring skies;
 Not all his glories vanquish'd he resigns,
 But thro' the envious gloom with faded splendor shines.

Meanwhile

Interea matris, quam magnam nuper ad urbem
 Traxerat incertus rumor, certissimus aures
 Nuncius implevit, natum extra moenia duci,
 Ad mortemque rapi captum, insidiisque subac-

tum.
 Palluit infelix, mediisque in vocibus artus
 Diriguit: licet hæc Patris sciat omnia certo
 Consilio fieri, atque ipsius numine Nati.
 Altius ingenti tamen exuperante dolore
 Cuncta oblita ruit: resonant plangoribus ædes
 Fœmineis, frustra lacrymantem, et acerbâ gemen-

tem
 Solantur fidæ comites: jamque illa per urbem
 Atque huc atque illuc errat: tristemque requirit
 Indefessa locum, nunc hic, nunc hæsit illic,
 Vestigans oculis, atque auribus omnia captans,
 Sicubi concursum, voces aut hauriat ullas.
 Ac veluti pastu rediens ubi vespere cerva
 Montibus ex altis ad nota cubilia, foetus
 Jamdudum teneri memor, omnem sanguine circum
 Sparsum cernit humum, catulos nec conspicit us-

quam:
 Continuo lustrans oculis nemus omne peragrat
 Cum gemitu, tum siquæ lupi, siquæ illa leonis
 Raptoris signa in triviis conspexerit, illac
 Insequitur tota observans vestigia sylva,
 Perque viam passim linquit pede signa bisulco.
 Haud aliter, simul atque jugo prospexit in alto
 Collis oliviferi, latè qui maximus urbi
 Incubat, ingentem concursum, et lucida circum
 Spiculaque, clypeosque, et fulgentes equitatus,
 Per medios ruit, et cursum extra moenia tor-

quet.
 Illam porticibus spectant, altisque fenestris
 Effusæ matres, longè et miserantur euntem.
 Jamque hos, jamque ruens cursu præveritur il-

los,
 Ungula crebra licet volucrum proculcat equorum.

Addunt

Meanwhile his parent, who but late was come
 To join the concourse, from her native home,
 Drawn by a vague report; now certain hears
 The dismal tidings in her trembling ears:
 That her lov'd Son, subdu'd by hostile hate,
 Was now submitting to a dreadful fate.
 Pale turn'd the Nymph, and as her startled ear
 These words invade, her limbs grew stiff with fear;
 Tho' well she knows, these evils but fulfil
 Th' eternal counsels of almighty Will;
 Yet on her mind as heavy sorrows lay,
 The faint remembrance fades with ease away.
 Loud sound the shrieks; her friends attempt in vain
 To sooth her anguish, and her tears restrain.
 Now thro' the streets, oppress'd with grief she flies;
 The fatal spot exploring with her eyes:
 Then stops awhile, if haply she might view
 Th' assembled troops, or hear the shouting crew.
 As when some hind, at eve returning late
 From lofty mountains, to her known retreat,
 Long time regardful of her tender brood,
 Views the wide cave besmear'd with streaming blood,
 Nor sees her hapless young; alarm'd she roves
 With plaintive murmurs thro' the woods and groves:
 Then, if by chance the savage track she trace
 Of wolf or lion, in some noted place;
 Swift she pursues; and leaves, where'er she strays,
 Her printed footsteps in the public ways.
 So when the Virgin, from the mountain's brow,
 Which spreads its umbrage o'er the town below,
 Saw the vast concourse; and the beamy fields,
 With spears and helmets glitt'ring o'er the fields;
 Bursting her way thro' all th' opposing throng,
 Swift thro' the city gates she rush'd along.
 Her, as she fled, from ev'ry porch and gate
 View the sad matrons, and bemoan her fate.
 Now these, now those she pass'd; tho' oft she found
 The coursers hoofs too near, and felt the wound.

Addunt se flenti comites, pariterque sequuntur,
Fidus Iôannes cum matre, atque innuba Martha,
Et soror, et Salome, et conjux ægra Cleophæ,
Cunctæ atro pariter velatæ tempora amictu.

Ecce autem videt infando jam proxima monti
Erectamque trabem, et scâlas, defixaque signa.
Quamvis nescit adhuc, quæ sint ea robora porro,
Horruit illa tamen metuens, et pectus honestum
Terque quaterque manu tundens, pectusque ca-
putque :

Hei mihi ! nescio quid moles, atque illa minatur
Machina triste, inquit : gentis scio acerba furentis
Circumfusa odia, et genus undique Judæorum
Jamdudum nobis intensum exposcere pœnas.
Hoc erat, hoc tota infomnis quod nocte videbar
Cernere signum, olim Isâcidæ quo summa notâ-
runt

Limina, quisque suum, fuso agni ritè per ædes
Sanguine, post longa exilia, indignosque labores
Niliacis moniti furtim decedere terris.

Hæc memorans, simul ibat : eam sine more ru-
entem,

Rumpentemque aditus per tela, per agmina densa
Rejiciunt clypeorum objectu, et longius arcent.
Jam magis atque magis non vani signa timoris
Clarescunt, propiusque in vertice conspicitur crux
Ingens, infabricata, et iniquis aspera nodis,
Ut verò informi multatum funere natum,
Affixumque trabi media jam in morte teneri
Aspexit coràm infelix, ut vidit athena
Cuspide trajectas palmas, palmasque, pedesque,
Vulnificisque genas, fœdataque tempora fertis,
Squalentem ut barbam, turpatum ut sanguine cri-
nem,

Dejectosque oculos dura jam in morte natantes,
Inque humerum lapsos vultus, morientiaque ora :
Alpino stetit ut cautes in vertice surgens,

Quam

With faithful John, whom equal cares invade,
His pious mother joins the weeping Maid:
Martha with these and Magdalene repair,
Cleophas' consort, and Salome fair.

In modest sorrow o'er their eyes they drew
A veil, that screen'd them from the public view.

Now from the mount, the cross erected high
With all its implements, salutes her eye.
But tho' she deem'd not what these signs express'd,
Yet struck with horror, and by fear distress'd,
Thrice with her hand she smote her snowy breast.
Then cried, alas! some thoughts that cause dismay,
These dreadful engines to my mind convey.
I know the nation's hate, prepar'd to shed
Their utmost vengeance on our guiltless head.
'Twas for this cause, that late in dead of night,
I saw presented to my trembling sight,

A boding dream; which show'd our fires of yore
Sprinkling with blood of lambs each mystic door;
What time they fled, enjoin'd by heav'n's command,
With cautious silence from th' Egyptian land.

Thus saying, on she rush'd thro' dreadful rows
Of armed squadrons; while th' insulting foes
With scorn resist her, and their shields oppose.
Now more and more she finds her terrors true,
As the dread cross appears display'd to view:
A huge, mishapen trunk the engine stood,
Rough with hard knots, and form'd of stubborn wood.
But when her Son, from that opprobrious height,
In dying posture meets her mournful sight:
When she beheld his hands with weapons torn,
His temples wounded with the piercing thorn;
His squalid beard with filth all cover'd o'er,
His silver tresses soil'd with dropping gore;
His eyes dejected, languid, and half dead,
And on his neck reclin'd his fainting head—
Fix'd like a rock on Alpine hills she stood;
Which the wild fury of the rains and flood,

Quam neque concutunt venti, neque sæva tri-
sulco:

Fulmine vis cæli, affidua neque diluit imber,
Hispidæ, cana gelu, longoque immobilis ævo,
Ipsi illam montes ipsa illam flumina longè
Videre, ingentem fessæ miserata dolorem,
Eque factæ æræ lacrymarunt vertice cedri:

Filius at postquam pinu conspexit ab alta
Dilectam genitricem, animi miseratus in illa,
Ut potuit, subito morientia lumina fixit
Semianimis, dulcemque oculis respondit amorem.
Mox sic exanguem visu, victamque dolore
Affari extremum, curasque avertere dictis:
Hactenus, ô mulier, stetimus: non te tamen æ-
gram

Tantus edat tacitè dolo: haud sine mente Pa-
rentis

Hæc ferimus, solo qui temperat omnia nutu.
Hic tibi pro nato (admotum nam fortè parenti
Vidit Iôanhem lachrymantem, et multa gemen-
tem)

Semper erit. Juvenem mox idem affatur amicum:
Hæc tibi erit genitrix: oro, tutare relictam
Tu saltem, et matris sæva communis amorem.

His dictis lachrymas perculsis mentibus hostes
Non ipsi tenuere, sævæ ingemuere cohortes.
Hic deintus matri rediit vox faucibus ægræ;
Ingentemque dedit gemitum: tum robora largor
Tristis, inexplendum lachrymans, lavit humida fletu,
Et tales amplexa trabem dabat ore querelas:

Nam quem te miseræ matri, pulcherrime rerum,
Nate, refers? talin' voluisti occumbere leto?
Nec tibi noster amor subiit, ne funera adires
Talia, ne culpam alterius hæc morte piores,
Et letale dases miseræ sub pectore vulnus?

The fierce assault of warring winds defies,
 And all the lightning launch'd from angry skies:
 Rough, hoar with frost, its ancient state it bears,
 Unmov'd, unshaken, thro' a length of years.
 The mountains saw, and mourn'd her wretched woe,
 The gliding streams in plaintive murmurs flow;
 And lofty cedars on the sacred hill,
 Struck with her fate, ambrosial tears distill.

Soon as her pious Son beheld from high
 The weeping Parent; his dejected eye,
 Far as he cou'd, to fix on her he strove,
 And from his looks diffus'd celestial love.
 Then to the Dame with piercing woes oppress'd,
 These few last accents calmly he address'd:
 Thou know'st, oh! Woman! till this fatal hour,
 I've shun'd their malice, and withstood their pow'r:
 Then cease thy sorrows, and thy anguish spare,
 These ills alone by heav'n's command we bear.
 This gentle youth (for near her side he view'd
 The faithful John, with silent grief subdu'd)
 Thy son shall be; and thou, fair youth, shalt find
 In her, a mother; faithful, just, and kind.
 By tender offices thy duty prove,
 And guard our Parent with an offspring's love.

At this, not foes themselves their tears suppress'd,
 And groans deep issu'd from their savage breast.
 The Dame, who long this scene in silence mourn'd,
 Now felt at length her pow'r of speech return'd.
 Forth from her heart she heav'd a piteous sigh;
 The big drops trickling from each crystal eye,
 Wash'd, as her hands embrac'd, the fatal wood;
 Then thus her plaintive accents she renew'd:

Alas! my Son! my soul's supreme delight!
 Say, is it thus thou greet'st a Parent's sight?
 And wou'd'st thou suffer on this odious tree?
 Cou'd not thy love, thy fond regard for me,
 This bitter death engage thee to decline,
 And spare a heart o'erwhelm'd with woes like mine?

Heu! quem te, Nate, aspicio? tuane illa fere-
na

Luce magis facies aspectu grata? tuine
Illi oculi? quæ tam scelerata infania tantum
Ausu nefas? heu! quàm nato mutatus ab illo,
Cui nuper manus impubis, omnisque juven-
tus

Occurrit festam venienti læta per urbem;
Perque viam ut regi velamina picturata,
Arboreasque solo frondes, et olentia ferra
Sub pedibus stravere, Deum omnes voce faten-
tes?

His exornatum gemmis; hoc murice cerno?
At non certè olim præpes demissus Olympo,
Nuncius, hæc pavidæ dederat promissa puel-
læ.

Sic una ante alias felix ego, sic ego cœli
Incedo regina? mea est hæc gloria magna?
Hic meus altus honos? Quod reges munera opi-
ma

Obtulerunt mihi post partus? quod carmina
læta,

Cœlestes cecinere chori; si me ista manebat
Sors tamen, et vitam cladem hanc visura trahe-
bam?

Felices illæ, natos quibus impius hausit
Infantes regis furor ipso in limine vitæ,
Dum tibi vana timens funus molitur acerbum.
Ut cuperem te diluvio cecidisse sub illo?
Hos hos horribili monitu trepidantia corda
Terrificans senior luctus sperare jubebat,
Et cecinit fore cùm pectus mihi figeret en-
sis.

Nunc altè mucro, nunc altè vulnus adactum.
Saltem huc ferte oculos vos ô quicunque tene-
tis

Hæc iter, et comitem dulci me reddite na-
to,

Quando

Ah me! what ghastly spectre scares my sight?
 Are these the looks more grateful than the light?
 Those eyes, that shone with rays serenely fair?
 What ruffian hand this impious deed cou'd dare?
 How chang'd from him; whom late the youthful
 throng

Receiv'd, and honour'd with triumphal song,
 When to the town his proud approach he made;
 When splendid robes and carpets they display'd,
 When public paths with verdant boughs they
 strow'd,

And loud Hosannas hymn'd the passing God!
 What strange apparel do mine eyes behold?
 Is this the purple, these the gems of gold?
 Sure that coelestial Messenger convey'd,
 Far other promise to the trembling maid.
 Belike 'tis thus, by this distinguish'd grace,
 I live the happiest of the female race;
 Thus, as heav'n's empress, tread th' ethereal plain,
 And this the pomp, and glory of my reign!
 Why did the chiefs to me their treasures bring?
 My envy'd praises why did angels sing?
 If 'twas my fate so dire a lot to know,
 And live spectator of this scene of woe?
 Thrice happy they! whose babes untimely fell,
 Beneath the cruel tyrant's ruthless steel;
 What time he sought, by empty fears oppress'd,
 To sheath the ponyard in thy infant breast!
 Oh! wou'd to Heav'n! some rough tempestuous wave,
 Of that fierce storm, had swept thee to the grave!
 These are the wounds the boding seer foretold,
 This, this the grief he prophesy'd of old;
 When, as inspir'd he sung, a pointed dart
 With thrilling pangs shou'd pierce my trembling heart.
 Now has the sword this painful bosom found,
 Too deep alas! I feel the threaten'd wound.
 Ye, who by this sad passage journey on,
 Oh! stop, and give me to my much-lov'd Son;

Quando nulla mihi superant solatia vitæ,
 Atque meo major nullquam dolor: addite me me
 Huic etiam, si qua est pietas, et figite trunco:
 Aut vos ô montesque feri, quæque ardua cerno
 Me supra frondere cacumina, parcite queso
 Vos saltem: vos ô nostro exaturata dolore
 Respicite, et miseræ tandem succurrit matri.
 Nunc nunc præcipiti casu convulsa repente
 In me unam ruite, et tantos finite labores.

Hos virgo, atque alios dabat ore miserrima fletus,
 Nec comites possunt fletum illam abducere fidem.
 Attamen armati morienti illudere pergunt,
 Estque hosti duro in bello multo optimus hostis;
 Crudeli quassant risu caput: undique circum
 Insultant, tolluntque has læti ad sidera voces:
 En, qui se cælo missum, superique Parentis
 Progeniem jactat, temploque urbiq; mina-
 tus.

Seque Deum fictor fandi mentitior audet:
 I, sequere, illiusque pius nunc numen adora:
 Qui multos læti eripuit de faucibus olim,
 Non potis ipse sibi tali in discrimine adesse,
 Falsus abest illi longè, nec talia curat
 Nunc Genitor: sanc infami nunc liber ab orno
 Desiliat: si numen habet, vincla omnia rumpat.
 His quoque nos signis missum credemus Olympo.

Talia jactabant, mediæque in morte dolore
 Semianimem hoc etiam cumulabant: cuncta fore-
 bat

Ille animi inuictus: sævis clementius æqua
 Hostibus orabat veniam, Patremque rogabat,
 Parceret ignavis rerum, cæcisque furor.

At verò inter se adversis decernere dictis
 Auditi, pœnas qui juxta ob fuita luebant,
 Supplicio æquali juvenes gemina arboris fissi.

Alter

Since ev'ry comfort now in life is o'er,
 Since never breast an equal sorrow bore,
 If yet on earth such piety there be,
 Fix, fix my body to this fatal tree.
 Or ye, oh mountains! and hoar trees! that spread
 Your dark, and low-brow'd horrors o'er my head;
 Do you at least, now satiate with my grief,
 To a desponding parent yield relief:
 On these devoted limbs your ruins throw,
 And end at once my being, and my woe.
 Thus wail'd the plaintive nymph; th' attendant train
 To sooth her pious sorrows strove in vain.
 Now on the Chief the troops investives throw,
 In fields of battle a more gen'rous foe.
 They shook, in scornful mockery, their head,
 And thus, with bitter taunts, insulting said,
 Behold the Man! who threaten'd to o'erturn
 This sacred city, and her temple burn;
 Proclaim'd his mission from the bright abode,
 And dar'd usurp the honours of a God.
 Go now, and if devotion's zeal inflame,
 Thy kindling breast, adore his sacred name;
 Who numbers refus'd from death's gloomy pow'r,
 Now wants assistance in this trying hour.
 His boasted Sire sits far remov'd on high,
 Nor views his sorrows with regardful eye.
 Let him descend at once, if God he be,
 Burst from his bands, and quit the fatal tree;
 This act, this single act shall clearly prove
 His high commission from the throne above.
 Thus mock'd the Jews; this insult adding more,
 To all the anguish and the pains he bore.
 Yet this he suffer'd with unconquer'd mind;
 Nay, for his foes by strong delusion blind,
 To heav'n's great Sire he pour'd his earnest pray'r,
 Their sins to pardon, and his wrath forbear.
 But lo! the youths, who by the law's decree
 With him were sentenc'd to the bitter tree,
 Amidst

Alter enim furis, longisque doloribus actus,
 Ipse etiam verbis morientem Heron superbis
 Stringebat miser, ac tales dabat ore loquelas:
 I hunc, et templi multa constructa virum vi
 Demolire adyta, et post tres rursus erige lucas.
 Nunc tibi si genus è summo traheretur Olympo,
 Equè Deo genitore fores, ut te ipse ferebas,
 His te, nos pariterque malis prohibere liceret.
 Verum, omnes quando iacisti vana per urbes,
 Nobiscum moriere, Dei mentita propago.

Non tulit hæc alter, dextra qui in parte propin-
 quus

Jam morti pendebat, et hæc extrema profatus:
 Infelix, quæ tanta animo dementia sedit?
 Nos ambo meritò luimus peccata: sed insons
 Proditur hic odiis: quin nos commissa fatentes
 Equitè hic fuerat veniam, pacemque precari.
 Sic ait: hinc Divum conversus lumina in ipsum,
 Talibus orabat: Superi tu certa Parentis
 Progenies (nam celsa manent te sidera) ab alto
 Respice me, et dexter morienti protinus adsis.
 Annuit, et verbis Deus est dignatus amicus:
 Tu partem laudis capies, tu gaudia mecum.
 Quæ me cunque hodie, una eadem te regna bea-
 tum

Accipient, ait: astra alacri jam concipe mente.

Vix ea: nam vitæ labentis fine sub ipso,
 Dum luctante anima fessos mors exuat artus,
 Æstuat: it toto semper de corpore sudor
 Largior, et siccas torret sitis arida fauces.
 Tum vix attollens oculos jam morte gravatos,
 Exiguum sitiens laticem suprema poposcit
 Munera: vix tandem corrupti pocula Bac-
 chi

Inficiunt felle, et tristi perfusa veneno,
 Ingratosque hastu succos, inamabile virus,

Arenti

Amidst their tortures, variously express'd
The rising thoughts that crowded in their breast,
One rashly urg'd, o'ercome with raging pain,
The dying Hero in this taunting strain.
Go, in the space of three revolving days,
Destroy this temple, and another raise.
Sure, if you came from heav'n's etherial host,
Were God your Father, as you proudly boast;
Yourself and us, condemn'd to equal fate,
Your pow'r might rescue from this dreadful state.
But since the whole's a farce; yourself must go
With us, vain Godhead! to the realms below.

The other youth, who on the right hand hung,
Reprov'd this insult with his dying tongue:
Vile wretch! he cried, thy breast what madness fires?
We justly suffer what our guilt requires.
But this fair youth innoxious yields to fate,
Th' unhappy victim of the public hate.
How wiser far the Godhead to address
For speedy pardon, and our crimes confess!
He said; and turning to the Chief his look,
This humble pray'r with dying accent spoke:
Thou genuine offspring of th' eternal God!
(For kingdoms wait thee in the bright abode)
Look down propitious from th' etherial height,
And waft my spirit to the realms of light.
The God consenting as the suppliant pray'd,
Thou, heav'n distinguish'd penitent! he said,
This day a seat of honour shalt obtain,
Amidst the glories of my future reign. [breath,

Scarce cou'd he speak these words with fault'ring
His soul just struggling in the pangs of death:
From all his limbs descends the copious sweat,
And his dry'd lips are parch'd with burning heat.
Then, lifting up his eyes with death oppress'd,
To quench his thirst he urg'd his last request.
At this, some meager wine corrupt and sour,
On bitter gall and vinegar they pour,

And

Arenti admorunt morientis arundine lingua
 Quae, simul extremo libans tenuis attingit ore,
 Reipuit, atque diu labris infedit amaror.

Interea magno lis est exorta tumultu,
 Dum tunicam, nato genitrix quam venerat olim,
 Partiri inter se famuli certamine tendunt,
 Exuviasque petunt: sed erat non futilis ipsa
 Vestis, et in partes ideo non apta secari.
 Sorte trahunt igitur concordēs: sic fore quondam
 Prædixere sacri corda haud improvida vates.

Jamque ferè medium cursu trajecerat orbem,
 Cum subito ecce polo tenebris caput occulit or-
 tis
 Sol pallens, medioque die (trepidabile visu)
 Omnibus incubuit nox orta nigerrima terris:
 Et clausus latuit densis in nubibus æther,
 Prospectum eriplens oculis mortalibus omnino.
 Hic credam, nisi coelo abfint, gemitusque, dolor-
 que,

Æternum Genitorem alto ingemuisse dolore,
 Sidereosque oculos terra avertisse nefanda,
 Signa quidem dedisse, et luctum testatus ab alto
 est.

Emicuere ignes, diffulsit confusus æther,
 Concussuque tonat vasto domus ardua Olympi,
 Et cæca immensum percurrunt murmura, coe-
 lum:

Diffulsisse putes diuisi moenia mundi,
 Sub pedibus mugit tellus, sola vasta moventur,
 Testa labant, nurant succussæ vertice turres,
 Obstupere humiles subita formidine gentes,
 Et posita extremis terrarum partibus urbes.
 Causa latet, cunctis magnum ac mirabile vi-
 sum.

Et populi æternas mundo timere tenebras
 Attoniti, dum stare vident caligine coelum.

Ipsam

And on a reed a sponge advancing high,
The noisome potion to his tongue apply;
Which when he barely touch'd, he spurn'd away;
Long on his lips th' ungrateful moisture lay.

Meantime with noise, amidst the soldier-crew,
And mutual envy, warm debates ensue,
While to divide the sacred vest they strove,
Which with much skill his Virgin-Parent wove,
But as no seam was found, it mock'd their art,
Nicely to rend, and yield to each a part.
Hence casting lots, unknowing they fulfill'd,
What heavenly Prophets had of old reveal'd.

Now had the sun his midway journey sped,
When lo! dark clouds obscure his radiant head;
And (wond'rous to behold!) at noon of day,
O'er all the globe incumbent darkness lay;
Night's thickest shades involve th' affrighted skies,
And ev'ry prospect fades from human eyes.
Here I shou'd think, cou'd ever grief or pain
Disturb the glories of th' etherial reign;
That the great Parent with a mournful sigh,
Had turn'd from heav'n his all-surveying eye.
At this disastrous scene his grief he shou'd,
By various tokens, from the blest'd abode.
Swift flash'd the lightnings thro' the conscious sky;
The deep-mouth'd thunder, from Olympus high,
Roll'd o'er the court of heav'n with hollow sound,
And murmuring bellow'd thro' the vast profound.
You'd think all nature, in the gen'ral shock,
Convuls'd and shatter'd; earth's foundations rock;
Beneath their footsteps groans the ground below;
Tremble the roofs; the lofty turrets bow.
With terror kingdoms felt th' alarming sounds,
And cities, plac'd on earth's extremest bounds.
Scar'd at the horrors of this wond'rous sight,
Despairing nations fear'd eternal night;
While trembling they beheld, the cause unknown,
A night of vapours veil the noonday sun.

But

Ipsam autem propior Solymorum perculit urbem,
Ac trepidas stravit mentes pavor: undique clamor
Tollitur in cœlum, sceleris mens conscia cuique
est.

Templa adeunt subito castæ longo ordine matres:
Incedunt mixti pueri, intactæque puellæ,
Perque aras pacem exquirunt: quas thure vaporant.
Suppliciter, sacrisque adolent altaria donis.
Ecce aliud cœlo signum præsentius alto
Dat Pater altitonans, et templum sævit in ip-
sum:

Velum latum, ingens, quod vulgi lumina sacris
Arcet inaccessis, in partes finditur ambas.
Et templi ruptæ crepuere immanè columnæ.
Jamque Deus rumpens cum voce novissima verba
Ingenti, horrendumque sonans: En cuncta perac-
ta,

Hanc infontem animam tecum Pater accipe, dixit:
Supremamque auram, ponens caput, expiravit.

But greater fear Judæa's sons invade;
Swift thro' their minds th' awak'ning terrou spreads:
Vain pray'rs in tumult are to heav'n address'd,
While conscious guilt alarms each trembling breast.
With youths attended, to the sacred fane,
The pious matrons, and the virgin train
In order march; and while for peace they pray,
Their holy offerings on the altar lay.
Now heav'n reveals a more immediate sign,
And o'er the temple pours his wrath divine.
For lo! the spacious veil, which, hung on high,
Shades the mysterious rites from vulgar eye,
Is rent in sunder; and a hollow sound
From the burst columns echoes all around.
At length the God with loud and awful tone,
This dying sentence utters—All is done:
Now take, oh Sire! this spotless Soul—he said;
Then on his bosom bow'd his sacred head,
And from his lips the vital spirit fled. }

MARCI HIERONYMI VIDÆ

CHRISTIADOS

LIBER SEXTUS.

JAMQUE nigrescenti properabat vesp̄ Olympo:
Corpora adhuc stabant inhumata, infetæque
cano

Vertice, stipitibusque etiam nunc fixa manebant.
Talia Josephus veniens Arimathide ab ora
Non tulit, egregiusque animi, præstansque juven-
ta,

Et bellis assuetus, agri ditissimus Idem,
Atque auri: is Christi miratus maxima facta,
Addiderat comitem modò se, quodcunque voca-
ret.

Ergo dum sylvis alii formidine turpi,
Speluncisque vagi passim conduntur in altis,
Protinus ipse animi intrepidus, fretusque juven-
ta, Aggreditur gentis rectorem, ac talia fatur:
Optime Romulidum, te cari in cæde Magistri,
Quem gens nostra odiis leto mulctavit iniquis,
Fama piæ servasse manus, cæcumque furorem
Adversus totis nequicquam viribus esse.
Scis falsa exceptum sub proditione, quòd illis
Obstaret coram scelera urgens impia verbis.
Quod potes, exanimum terræ succedere cor-
pus

Da saltem, sociis casus solamen acerbi.

Ipse novo condam, mihi quod de more para-
vi,

Funera

V I D A's
C H R I S T I A D.

B O O K. VI.

NOW twilight dusk the face of heav'n invades,
And swift o'er earth descend the ev'ning shades.
As yet the bodies hung, distain'd with blood,
Unwept, unburied, on the naked wood.
Joseph, who came from Arimathis' shore,
This piteous sight with indignation bore.
A youth he was, to virtuous deeds inclin'd,
In manners gentle, and of noble mind,
In fields of war accusom'd to command,
Wealthy in gold, and large extent of land.
Mov'd by the wond'rous deeds himself descry'd,
He late had follow'd this illustrious Guide.
Hence, while the rest, in grief and deep despair,
To gloomy caverns and to woods repair,
With courage to th' imperial throne he press'd,
And in these words the sov'reign chief address'd:
Oh! best of Romans! who, if same say true,
Did'st stem the madness of a barb'rous crew,
And, when our Lord by impious hands was slain,
Oppose the nation's malice, tho' in vain!
Thou know'st he falsely was betray'd, while mov'd
With gen'rous zeal, their vices he reprov'd:
Grant then, 'tis all his anxious friends can crave,
To lay him decent in the peaceful grave.
Myself, uncertain of the fatal day,
When death shall snatch this vital breath away:

Y

Have

Funera mecum animo dum verso incerta, sepulcro.

Pontius hæc contrà: Ut potius concedere vivum
Nunc corpus cuperem! vos veri conscia testor
Numina, tentavi versans mecum omnia, siqua
Infonem morti excipere, ac dimittere possem.
Et nobis pietas colitur, sanctique penates:
Sed nihil invita tandem profecimus urbe:
Crudelis vicit gentis furor: ite, sepulcro,
Muneribusque pii exanimem decorate supremis.

Dixerat: ille gradus montis contendit in altos,
Cui sese comitem jungit Nicolentus, et ipse
Multum animo cari concussus funere amici:
Jamque propinquabant paribus vestigia curis
Figentes, unde infaustus de colle videri
Jam poterat locus: ecce autem fulgentia circum
Arma vident, cinctumque armato milite clivum.
Nam, ne luce sacra pendencia corpora truncis
Solemne funestarent lætæ urbis honorem,
Primorum missu armati venere ministri,
Semineces qui stipitibus de more refixos
Hoc ipso injecta tumularent vertice arena.
Stabant, supplicium meritum qui hinc inde luebant
Semianimes, et adhuc spirantes funere in ipso
Optabant duros leto finire labores,
Et montem implebant lacrymosis vocibus omnem.
Protinus hinc atque hinc longis hastilibus instant
Armati, franguntque viris tabentia crura,
Et miseris mortem properant, trabibusque refigunt;
Deinde cava infodiunt projecta cadavera terra.
At simul exanimem, qui nostra ob crimina poenas
Pendebat, videre, manum abstinuere, nec ultra
Sunt passi sævire in cassum lumine corpus:
Mirati properos obitus, collapsaque membra
Tam citò, et ora modis jam tum pallentia miris.
Quidam etiam vidisse ferunt pendere per auras
Cœlivagos juvenes, feralia roborâ circum
Plaudentes

Have hewn a maiden sepulchre, and there
I'll place the body with religious care.

To this the chief; how happy! cou'd my pow'r
Alive the Hero to your arms restore!

Be witness, heav'n! that, like a faithful friend,
I strove to save him from this dreadful end!

We too respect for piety maintain;
But all my labours and my zeal were vain.

Tumultuous rage prevail'd—In safety go,
And rites funeral on the dead bestow.

This said, the mountain's summit he ascends;
Sage Nicodemus on his steps attends:

He too with tears in silent grief deplor'd,
Th' inhuman slaughter of his dearest Lord.

Now both with heavy hearts their course pursue,
Till lo! the fatal spot appear'd in view;

Whence the keen flash of armour glitt'ring bright,
And hostile troops alarm the startled sight.

For lest the putrid bodies hung on high,
Shou'd, on their solemn day, pollute the eye;

The cautious priests dismiss'd a chosen band,
Their limbs to bury in the neighbouring sand.

Here hung the youths, by justice doom'd to death;
And wishing to resign their forfeit breath,

Amidst the pangs of bitter anguish, fill
With mournful clamours all the vocal hill.

Sudden advance with spears an armed train,
And break their limbs, and end their ling'ring pain;

Then bear the bodies from the cross away,
And instant to th' unhallow'd earth convey.

But when they saw the Chief already dead,
Who for our sins in human nature bled;

At once their fury they restrain, nor more
Against his lifeless corse resentment bore;

Surpriz'd, within a space so short, to view
His faded limbs, and cheek of bloodless hue.

Some (some reports) beheld with wond'ring eyes,
The bright assembly of th' ethereal skies,

Plaudentes alis, niveaque in veste coruscos,
 Divinum multo stillantem è vulnere rorem
 Suscipere, et superas pateris perferre sub auras.
 Hic ausus solus, lato cui lancea ferro,
 Longinus sanctos violare ignobilis artus;
 Irruit, et longa transverberat abiete costas.
 Intepuit ferrum, sanctum ebibit hasta cruo-
 rem.
 Vulnere quo perhibent bicoloris fluminis instar
 Et purum laticem, et rorem exiliisse rubentem.
 Diluta est humus: erubuerunt gramina circum.

Huc sese in medios Arimathes urbis alumnus
 Infert, conscenditque trabem, atque exangue Ma-
 gistri

Detrahit, et densis procul aufert corpus ab ar-
 mis,

Veste tegens, modo quam tales mercatus in u-
 sus.

Huc volucres pueri, coelique effusa juvenus
 Ferte pedem, æterni largum date veris honorem:
 Pallentem violam calathis diffundite plenis,
 Narcissique comas, ac mcerentes hyacinthos,
 Et florum nimbo divinum involvite corpus.

Ecce autem latè reboant plangore propin-
 qui

Fœmineo montes: responsant flebile saltus.

Omnia flere putes sola lamentabile letum.

Ipsa sedet vivo genitrix mœstissima saxo,

Ægro corde, comis passis, totoque cruentum

Heu! natum complexa sinu, miserabile corpus,

Atque oculos fovet ore, patensque in pectore vul-
 nus.

Nec jam ullos gemitus, nec jam ullos amplius e-
 dit

Singultus: magno sed enim exanimata dolo-
 re,

Frigida, muta silet, gelidoque simillima saxo.

Circumstant

Hov'ring on wing around the fatal wood,
Catch from his gaping wounds the purple flood;
Then swiftly sailing thro' the liquid air,
To God's high throne the sacred Ichor bear.
Here one, unknown amidst the num'rous band,
Presum'd to violate with impious hand,
His heav'nly limbs; forth rush'd the dastard near;
And buried in his side the reeking spear:
Warm'd in the tepid stream the weapon glow'd;
The thirsty jav'lin drank his sacred blood,
Which, mix'd with water, issu'd from the wound;
The purple current stain'd the blushing ground.

Here the fair youth from Arimathis' coast,
With zeal advanc'd amid the thronging host;
And climbing up the cross, without delay,
Bore thro' the crowd the lifeless limbs away:
Then o'er his corse a milk-white vesture spread,
To guard from vulgar eyes the sacred dead.
Hither, ye winged youths! oh! hither bring,
Th' unfading honours of eternal spring:
Let sweet narcissus and the violet pale,
From the full urns their fragrant sweets exhale:
Ye purple hyacinths! diffuse your stores,
And shade his relicks in a veil of flow'rs!
But lo! the hills with female shrieks rebound,
The neighbouring groves return the plaintive sound;
The soft infection all around prevails,
And ev'ry place his hapless fate bewails.
The wretched Parent, rack'd with deep despair,
In silent grief unbinds her flowing hair;
And sitting pensive on a naked stone,
Clasps to her breast the relicks of her Son:
Kisses his pale cold cheeks, and bathes with tears
The wound, that ghastly in his side appears.
Amidst her grief no murmurs she express'd,
No plaintive accents from her heaving breast;
But inly suffer'd, without sigh or groan,
Mute, cold, and lifeless, as the barren stone.

Circumstant aliae tunc omnes pectora palmis.
 Pars calidis corpusque lavant, et vulnera lymphis,
 Textilibus membra involvunt pars squalida donis,
 Hæc siccat fuso rorantia genua capillo,
 Vulneribus super accumbens, hærensque cruentis.

Oscula dat manibus, pedibusque rigentibus illa.
 Indulgent omnes lacrymis, tristisque ululatu
 Cuncta replent: vix inde viri divellere possunt;
 Ipsi etiam guttis humentes grandibus ora.
 Tum corpus miseras solati exangue sepulcro
 Conduunt marmoreo, atque affati extrema recedunt,
 Et magnam comites genitricem in tecta reportant.

At Solymos penitus nondum omnis cura reliquit,
 Sollicitos, sed adhuc timor acer corda premebat.

Sæpe etenim audierant sociis morientibus hostem,
 Sese olim superas rediturum lucis ad auras
 Promississe, palamque sacros id prodere vates.
 Id veriti, armatos subito misere viros, qui
 Noctes atque dies servarent stæbile bustum,
 Ne fortè auferret furto quis nocte sepultum,
 Et totam impleret falsis rumoribus urbem,
 Defunctum vita rediisse ad luminis oras,
 Vitalesque auras haurire, atque æthere vesci.

Aura veni afflanti Patris omnipotentis ab ore,
 Aura potens cœli numen, superumque voluptas:
 Quicquid adhuc superat mihi dira e cæde dolorum

Mente fuga, lætosque animi nunc refice sensus,
 Et placidos per membra riga mihi numine motus.
 Sit fas lætitiæ sentire in pectore lapsus,
 Lætitiæ, qua gens fruitur felicis Olympi,
 Larga ubi latifluo passim torrente redundant
 Gaudia, nec fines novit diffusa voluptas.

Vertitur

The sympathizing train around her stand,
And beat their bosoms with their snowy hand.
Part bathe in tepid streams each honour'd wound,
Part in white robes involve his limbs around.
This wipes his knees, with clammy dews o'erspread,
And bends in pious sorrows o'er the dead;
That on his feet, cold as the winter snows,
A thousand kisses in her zeal bestows:
All weep his fate, in tears of anguish drown'd,
And mournful murmurs fill the region round.
The men to bear them hence attempt in vain,
Themselves too weeping with the tender train.
Now gently soothing the soft pious race,
The lifeless body in the tomb they place;
Then from the grave in silence bend their way:
Her friends the Virgin to her home convey.

Not yet the Jewish cares were all suppress'd,
But anxious dread still harbour'd in their breast.
Oft had they heard (what chosen bards of old
In sacred records to the world foretold)
That late the Hero had a promise made,
To rise triumphant from the dreary shade.
Fearful of this they send an armed band,
Around the tomb in constant guard to stand:
Lest friends by night shou'd steal the shrouded dead,
And idle rumours thro' the city spread;
That Christ, returning from death's dark domain,
Breath'd on the earth this vital air again.

Come, heav'nly Spirit! from th' eternal God,
Thou joy, and pleasure of the bright abode!
Within my breast whatever griefs remain,
What anxious sorrows for a Saviour slain,
Disperse at once; and thro' my senses pour,
The grateful blessings of thy healing power!
Oh! give my heart that mighty bliss to prove,
Those joys, peculiar to the realms above,
Where copious torrents of delight abound,
And pleasures circle in eternal round.

Vertitur hinc rerum facies, hinc gaudia nostra
 Incipiunt: longè in melius versa omnia cerno.
 Jam Deus, ut sacros vates, et sancta piorum
 Concilia educens tenebris inferret Olympo,
 Corporeis liber vinclis concefferat imos
 Spiritus ad manes, animarum regna silentum,
 Per cæcos aditus, et præcipientes anfractus
 Solis inaccessos radiis, loca nocte perenni
 Obsita, terrificam cæcæ formidinis aulam.
 Hic stabulant, vivisque tenent impervia regna,
 Noctivagi fratres, superi quos ira parentis
 Cælo immane nefas animis excussit adortos,
 Tartareisque genus miserabile merfit in antris.
 Quando illos tenuit regnandi tanta cupido:
 Nunc miseros pœnis manes, miseri magis ipsi
 Exercent, vinctosque tenent nigrantibus oris.
 Interiora habitant barathrum irremeabile clausæ:
 Crudeles animæ, ad superos dum vita mane-
 bat;
 Nunc merita expendunt vasta fornace sepultæ:
 Supplicia, undantemque ferunt caligine fumum.
 Ignis ibi æternus, semper nova flamma renas-
 cens.

Innocuæ circum sedes, secretaque longè
 Atria circuitu longo: hinc incendia nulla,
 Nulli obfunt penitus flammis ulticibus ignes;
 Umbrarum sed iners requies, penitusque silentis
 Mundi temperies, secretæ his sedibus ævum
 Infantes degunt animæ, quibus haud sua
 damno
 Admissa: at primi scelus exitiale parentis
 Detinet hinc clausas, nostræ nil lucis egentes,
 Pœnarum prorsum expertes, nisi luce care-
 rent
 Jucunda, qua gens gaudet stellantis Olympi.
 Hic patres, sanctum genus, antiquissima proles,
 Qui vitam vinclo nullo, non legibus ullis
 Compositam

Here sorrows vanish, here our joys arise;
And brighter scenes unfold to human eyes.
Now, to convey from shades of endless night,
The pious spirits to Olympus' height,
Freed from the bondage of this earthly chain,
The God descended to th' infernal reign:
Thro' dreary tracks he pass'd, and midnight gloom,
And reach'd at length the deep Tartarean dome.
Here, in these dismal and obscure retreats,
Night's gloomy sons possess their darksome seats;
Whom, for enormous crimes, th' Almighty drove
To hell's deep dungeons, from the realms above:
Such doom was theirs, by mad ambition driv'n,
To stretch their sceptre o'er the courts of heav'n.
Now wretched souls they rack with tort'ring pains,
Themselves more wretched, and confide in chains.
Here lodg'd and guarded in the deepest cell
Of midnight Tartarus, for ever dwell
Those cruel spirits; who, while life remain'd,
With pride tyrannic o'er their brethren reign'd:
They feel the vengeance of th' Almighty's ire,
Plung'd in deep caverns of eternal fire.

Round these appear, stretch'd out in circuit wide,
The peaceful mansions where the blest'd reside.
No raging furnace with incessant heat,
No flames sulphureous blast this calm retreat;
But happy spirits pass their moments, blest'd
With temp'rate climates, and ambrosial rest.
Within the limits of this chosen place,
Dwell the pure souls of that innoxious race;
Who nor condemn'd for vices of their own,
But for their great forefathers guilt alone,
Are here detain'd; nor wish for life again,
Fenc'd from the reach of sorrows, care, and pain;
Yet sigh for pleasures that can never cloy,
Those endless glories which the blest'd enjoy.
Here dwell those sires, an ancient race and wise,
Who unrestrain'd by force of human ties,

Led

Compositam incultos primi degere per agros,
 Inter oves patrio tantum se more tenentes,
 Justitiæ memores ultro, rectumque colentes:
 Hic vatesque pii, qui quondam numine pleni
 Ventura intrepidè magnas cecinere per urbes,
 Quique dedere orbi leges, divina reperta,
 Quosque datis olim jovit parere volentes,
 Matronæ atque viri, vitæque in limine rapti.
 Omnibus unus amor, coelique arrecta cupido.

Et jam promissi memores tum fortè per umbras
 Secla recensabant tacitis volventia lustris,
 Ducebantque animis finem adventare malorum,
 Atque hæc inter se læti sermone ferebant:
 En tandem volvenda dies, en imminet illa,
 Cum lueem liceat, supera et convexa tueri.
 Hanc claro Pater omnipotens manifestus Olympo
 Ostendit nobis divino numine plenis:
 Nos aliis subito mortalibus ore canentes
 Optandam votis venienti liquimus ævo.
 Jamjam aderit lux nostra, Dei indubitata propa-
 go.

Ille erat, ille feri sub imagine sæpe leonis
 Ostensus nobis, oculos caligine pressis:
 Unus pro multis qui sese proderet ultro
 Morti, defensoresque daret nos hoste subactis.
 Vicit io tandem leo magni à sanguine Judæ
 Davidæ genus: ô passim gaudete beati
 Mortales, gaudete animæ jam corpore functæ.
 Jam vos æstra vocant: nunc, quæ tot clauditur an-
 nos,

Janua fiderei nobis aperitur Olympi.
 Jamque erit, ut nostris promissum vocibus olim,
 Lætitiæ exiliant montes, collesque resurgent
 Pampineis vincti formosa cacumina fertis:
 Quales creber agris aries, oviumque minores
 Subsiliunt foetus, mollique in gramine ludunt,
 Balatus matrum dum per iuga longa sequuntur.

Ipsi

Led harmless lives amidst their fleecy train,
That graz'd at large th' uncultivated plain:
To follow nature was their chief delight,
Just without laws, observant of the right.

Here bards; who to the world, with zeal inflam'd,
Their heav'n-directed prophecies proclaim'd.
Here those who founded laws; or who obey'd,
With pious reverence, laws already made:
Matrons and heroes; tender babes, from earth
Snatch'd by hard fate, the moment of their birth.
All these, with eager and impatient love,
Pant for the pleasures of the realms above.

And now, regardless of the promise made,
These captive spirits in the gloomy shade,
Measuring the circles of time's swift career,
Conceiv'd the period of their bondage near.
Then thus rejoicing 'midst themselves they say—
Behold, ye saints! behold th' expected day,
Comes hast'ning on; when we shall share the light
Of heav'nly mansions, blest'd with endless light:
The Sire reveal'd to us, in times of old,
And we to earth this blest'd event foretold.
Soon will He come; th' undoubted Heir of God,
And with his presence gild this drear abode.
He to our eyes was oft in dreams convey'd,
Beneath a lion's fiery form display'd;
Who by his death shou'd wound our mortal foe,
And rescue spirits from these shades below.
This mighty lion, sprung from Judah's blood,
Great seed of David! has the foe subdu'd.
Rejoice, ye mortal race, on earth who breathe,
Rejoice, ye spirits, in the world beneath!
Now heav'n invites; now, closely barr'd before,
Opes, to receive us, its unfolding door.
Now, as erst sung by our prophetic voice,
Mountains shall leap, and vine clad hills rejoice;
As joy on steepy rocks the sportive lambs,
That hear the bleatings of their anxious dams.

Let

Ipsi jam fontes, ipsa et vaga flumina passim
 Melle fluant, niveo passim vaga flumina lacte,
 Lacte mero, et dulci distillent nectare rupes.

Talia perstabant memorantes: cuncta fremebant
 Intus lætitia ingenti, plausuque secundo.
 Sicut ubi cives longa obsidione tenentur
 Urbem intra, et vallum, portarumque obice tu-

ti,
 Dum circum sonat, atque in muros arietat hostis:
 Tum si fortè acies procul auxiliaribus armis
 Adventare vident socias è turribus altis,
 Consurgant, animosque alacres spe ad sidera tol-
 lant.

Ecce autem foribus succedens maximus Ultor
 Haud cunctatus adest, divina luce coruscus.
 Porta ingens adversa manet centum ærea vastis
 Vestibus, æterni postes: hanc nulla neque igni
 Vincere vis valeat, neque duri robore ferri.
 Constitit hic Deus, ac dextra stridentia claustra
 Impulit: intremuit quo latè exterrita tellus
 Impulsu, vaga contremuerunt sidera mundi,
 Regiæque umbrosis immugiit atra cavernis.
 Ad sonitum horrifico adventu de vallibus imis
 Lucifugi raptim trepido adsunt agmine fratres
 Humana facie crurum tenus, inde dracones.
 Tum rudere insuetum, dirumque è faucibus ig-
 nem

Efflare, atque domum piceo omnem involvere fu-
 mo.

Continuò patuere fores: procul ecce repentè
 Sponte sua absiliunt convulsi à cardine postes.
 Apparet confusa intus domus, altaque circum
 Atria, rarefciunt tenebræ, et nox cæca recessit,
 Nam Deus haud secus obscuris conspectus in an-
 tris

Perstringens oculos divina luce resulget:

Quàm

Let liquid honey with a copious tide,
 From ev'ry fount in golden currents glide;
 Let streams of milk each winding valley fill,
 And balmy nectar from the rocks distill.

Thus the blest'd saints awhile discourse maintain,
 And sing their triumphs in exulting strain.
 So, when enclos'd within the circling lines,
 Some city's troops a tedious siege confines;
 Tho', while the works a safe defence maintain,
 They hear the thund'ring engines storm in vain,
 Yet if from far they view by lucky chance,
 Confed'rate armies to their aid advance;
 With brisker spirits to their task they rise,
 And shouts triumphant rend the echoing skies.

But now th' Avenger, cloath'd in heav'nly light,
 Descends impetuous to the gates of night,
 These his approach with hostile front oppose;
 An hundred brazen bars the portal close;
 Which barricado'd strong on ev'ry side,
 The force of flames, and temper'd steel defy'd.
 Here, arm'd with pow'r, the Godhead takes his stand,
 And bursts the thund'ring portals with his hand:
 Thrice as he struck, th' affrighted earth around,
 Heav'n's wand'ring planets trembled at the sound,
 And hell remurmur'd from her gulphs profound. }
 Forth from the deepest vales, a gloomy throng
 Of night's abhorr'd associates pour along:
 A dreadful crew; their upper parts in show
 Like men; but dragons from the waste below:
 Breathing thick flames, they bray with horrid sound,
 And clouds of smoke involve the dome around,
 Back fly the brazen gates without delay,
 And from their starting hinges burst away:
 The lofty courts appear reveal'd to sight,
 And instant vanish the dark shades of night.
 For thro' the dreary gloom his rays divine,
 With golden splendor more conspicuous shine,

Than

Quàm cum gemma ignes splendore imitata corusco
In noctern thalamis lucet regalibus, atraque
Exuperat tenebras, largo et loca lumine vestit,
Purpurea circum perfundens omnia luce.

Ut verò in mediis Divum penetralibus hostes
Videre, et faciem invisam agnovere per umbras
Ardentem radiis, ac mira luce coruscant:
Protinus aspectu subito terrentur, et imas
Conjiciunt sese in latebras, linguaque remulcent
Commixtas utero caudas, stratique tremendum
Nequicquam umbrosis in spelæis ololarunt.
Quales, quæ celsis habitantes Alpibus Euros
Semiferæ gentes semper patiuntur, et imbres,
Romanas si fortè procul fulgentibus armis
Ora exertantes antris videre phalangas:
Fumosa extemplo palantes tecta relinquunt,
Disperisque jugis, siqua altius exit in auras,
Rupe sedent, longeque duces mirantur euntes.

At casti circum manes fulgore repente
Lustrati, passas tendunt ad sidera palmas,
Lætitiæque fremunt subita, lacrymasque dedere,
Nec saturare queunt animos, oculosque tuendo,
Tum læto ulcorem propius clamore salutant,
Unâ omnes: Ut te, cœli lux clara sereni
Optatum aspiciamus! nec nos spes nostra fefellit,
Qui revehis mundo primo concessa parenti
Munera, et humanus genus omne in pristina reddis.
Ignotasque vias aperis ad sidera cœli?
Venisti, æthereæ facies tua lampadis instar
Diffulsit, tandemque oculis lux reddita nostris.
Sed quibus exhaustum ærumnis, quantisque procellis
Jactatum accipimus? (nigras ea fama sub oras
Detulit) indigno quis sanctum vulnere corpus
Fœdavit? quænam hasta tuo intepuisse cruore,
Quod ferrum tulit? an tantum mortalibus ullis
In terris licuit scelus? ô quæ clausa remotis
Aquora littoribus terrarum cingitis orbem,

Than the bright lustre that the gem displays;
 Whose vivid colours, like a fiery blaze,
 'Midst regal banquets sparkle thro' the night,
 And gild the mansion with a stream of light.

But when the foes the victor God survey'd,
 And knew his dreadful presence thro' the shade,
 Glitt'ring with rays, in beamy splendor bright;
 At once alarm'd, and trembling at the sight,
 Swift to their inmost dens confus'd they fled,
 And couchant bellow'd on their darksome bed.
 So when those savage nations, that sustain
 On Alpine rocks eternal storms and rain;
 If chance they view, in all the pomp of war,
 The Roman ensigns glitt'ring from afar;
 Sculk from their cells; and on some mountain's brow,
 Admire the splendor of the passing show.

But pious spirits in the realms of night,
 Around illumin'd with the sudden light,
 Spread their glad hands in transport to the skies,
 While streaming tears gush copious from their eyes;
 Their heart, their looks a silent joy express'd,
 At length th' avenging God they thus address'd:
 Our hopes fulfill'd, how gladly we survey
 Thy face, O Chief! more welcome than the day!
 Who, by thy gracious presence, do'st restore
 Those gifts divine, our sire enjoy'd of yore;
 Renew the grace on human kind bestow'd,
 And ope the portals of the bless'd abode!
 Thou com'st, refulgent like the morning ray,
 To chase the darkness from our eyes away.
 But from what perils, by what tempest tost,
 Does night receive thee on her gloomy coast?
 For fame ev'n here the dreadful news convey'd,
 What barb'rous hand these ghastly wounds has made?
 Oh! say, what hostile sword, what envious spear,
 What marble heart such impious deed cou'd dare?
 Ye distant seas, that with your liquid bound,
 Earth's spacious habitable globe surround;

Tell,

Quæ vos, quæ tenuere moræ? quibus abdita clau-
tris,

Leto opifex tam crudeli cum vester obiret?

Vos tum diluvio mortalia cuncta decebat

Obruere, et terras penitus delere nocentes.

Nosne per hæc, superi soboles certissima Regis

Vulnera servamur? non ô non præmia tanti,

Non tanti ipsa salus erat olim nostra: tua ingens

Hæc pietas: adeon' tibi curæ incommoda nostra,

O hominum dulcis requies, superûmque volup-
tas?

Nos patris averfi nostro irritavimus iras

Crimine: tu diras solvisti sanguine pœnas.

Talia per campos jactabant undique inanes.

Tum læti obscuro pariter se carcerē promunt,

Ultoremque Deum supera ad convexa sequun-
tur

Sedibus ut placidum degant stellantibus ævum:

Felices animæ, gens jam defuncta periclis

Humanis, secura operum, secreta laborum.

Primus it ipse hominum generis pater antè, nec
ora

Consciis antiquæ noxæ audet tollere cœlo:

Primores procerum inde alii non vana futuri

Pectora, quæis nivea velantur tempora vitta,

Ingemuere illi, quos ob commissa cremandos

Sorbet in abruptum, fundoque exercet in imo

Tartarus, eructansque incendia dira caminus,

Unde animis miseris nullo patet exitus æ-
vo.

Præcipuè rex ipse aulæ illætabilis alto

Cum fociis mœrens ducit suspiria corde,

Et fortunatis sedem, quam liquerat ipse,

Invidet ætheream, furils immanibus ac-
tus.

Illi iter ad cœli debentia regna tenebant,

Æra per tenerum læti, regemque caneant:

Felices

Tell, what unkind delay, what fatal force,
 Restrain'd your gen'rous waves vindictive course;
 When the great Lord, that to all nature gave
 Existence; sunk untimely to the grave?
 Zeal shou'd have bid your raging billows roll,
 And pour the deluge wide from pole to pole.
 Say, do we owe, illustrious Guide divine,
 Our hopes, our safety, to these wounds of thine?
 Oh! mean reward! man's lost and wretched state,
 Was ill recover'd at so dear a rate.

Cou'd human race so far excite thy love,
 Oh! health of earth! oh! joy of heav'n above!
 Our crimes alone provok'd the wrath divine,
 Thy cruel sufferings paid the deadly fine.

Thus sung the spirits lock'd in shades of night;
 Then from the dusky mansion wing'd their flight,
 With man's Redeemer, to the realms of light;
 There, lengths of circling ages to employ,
 In endless pleasures, and immortal joy;
 All human sorrows past, a happy train,
 Exempt from toils for ever, and from pain.
 First march'd the Father of the human race,
 Hiding, in conscious guilt, his blushing face:
 Next, holy seers the long procession led,
 The snowy veil adorn'd their sacred head.
 Loud groan'd the souls, whom doom'd to endless woe,
 Hell's dungeon swallow'd in her gulphs below.
 These, for their impious crimes, th' Almighty Sire
 Condemn'd to dwell in flames of penal fire;
 And barr'd for ever from the plains of light,
 In gloomy caverns of infernal night.
 But chief the monarch of the shades, express'd
 Indignant murmurs from his sullen breast;
 And rack'd with envy at their happier fate,
 Mourns the lost glories of his former state.
 Meanwhile the saints proceed; and joyous sing,
 Thro' heav'n's wide regions, their immortal King:

Felices animæ, quibus est in secula vitæ
 Jam nunc parta quies, præclusaque janua leti.
 Applaudunt volucres purum tranantibus auræ:
 Subsidunt Euri, fugere ex æthere nimbi,
 Arridetque procul clari liquidissima mundi
 Tempestas: cœlo arident rutila astra sereno,
 Assurgit matutinis aurora volucrum
 Cantibus: assurgit rubefacta vesper ab æthra.

Atque ea dum longè vastum per inane gerun-
 tur,

Jam lux Eois properabat tertia ab oris,
 Et Pater omnipotens Nato immortalia membra
 Illustrans, penitus divinum afflavit honorem:
 Quodque fuit mortale modò, et violabile cor-
 pus,

Immortale dedit: non tanta luce sereno
 Sidera clara polo, non aureus ipse nitet sol.
 Ceu qui per noctem imposito cinere obrutus ig-
 nis

Delitet, et nusquam tecto se lumine prodit,
 Si quis eum flabris exuscitet, arida circum
 Nutrimenta serens, subitis ad tecta favillis
 Emicet, et totas lustret splendoribus ædes.
 Talis, ubi turpe irrepsit senium, unicus ales,
 Congessitque sibi ramis felicibus altum
 Summo in colle rogum, posuitque in morte senec-
 tam,

Continuò novus exoritur, nitidusque juvena
 Effulget cristis, et versicoloribus alis,
 Innumeræ circum volucres mirantur euntem.
 Ille suos adit Æthiopas, Indosque revisit.

Jamque adèd in terris hominum miranda paven-
 tes

Terruerant animos visa: umbris orbe fugatis
 Sole recens orto mœstissima Magdalene
 Amissi desiderio perfixa Magistri

Cum

Thrice happy souls, whose destin'd toils are o'er,
 Condemn'd to pass the gates of death no more.
 Soft fanning zephyrs smooth their airy course,
 Back fly the clouds, the winds restrain their force;
 Indulgent seasons smile with airs benign,
 Heav'n's radiant orbs in brightest lustre shine:
 With choirs of birds glad morning cheers their way,
 And ev'ning hails them with her golden ray.

While these thro' spacious skies their flight pursue,
 At length the third bright morning rose to view:
 When now the Father of th'etherial race,
 Breathes on his Offspring's limbs coelestial grace;
 And what before was frail, nor free from wound,
 He made immortal and with glory crown'd.
 Not with such light the stars ethereal shone;
 Less bright the splendor of the golden sun.
 So, when beneath warm embers thro' the night,
 The fire lies hid, nor shines with wonted light;
 If some with blasts the latent sparkles blow,
 And wither'd fuel o'er the ashes flow,
 Swift to the roof it mounts, with glitt'ring rays,
 And round the mansion spreads the sudden blaze.
 Thus, when disgraceful age comes creeping on,
 The bird, for ever single and alone,
 Heaps on some mountain's top his funeral fires
 With gather'd boughs, and full of years expires;
 Then with new vigour from his ashes springs,
 All fresh in youth, and waves his painted wings:
 Unnumber'd birds assemble as he flies,
 And pleas'd admire his progress thro' the skies:
 To Ethiopia's tracts sublime he goes,
 And visits India where he first arose.

Now signs, and prodigies of wond'rous birth,
 Alarm the trembling nations of the earth.
 Scarce from her bed the blushing morn arose,
 When pensive Magdalene, oppress'd with woes,
 And sorrowing for her Lord, untimely slain,
 In sad procession with the female train,

Cum focilis ibant prima sub luce, ferentes
In gremiis molles patriæ felicitis odores,
Myrrhamque, et costum, spicæque unguenta Ci-
lissæ,

Supremum tumulo munus: varioque ferebant
Multa inter sese tristes sermone per agros:
Nos miseræ, quas non secum lachrymabilis He-
ros

Duxerit ad letum: vigiles quis fallere nobis
Custodes dabit? aut quis grandia saxa sepulcro
Evolveret clauso, ut saltem fungamur inani
Munere, deserto solventes debita busto?

Talia fundentes tumulum venerè sub ipsum,
Jactantesque oculos faciles huc plurimà, et illuc
Milite conspiciunt collem, et custode vacare,
Claustraque mirantur secum patefacta sepulcri.
Accedunt: at ubi tumulum conspexit inanem,
Naribus unde ingens fluctus se evoluit odorum,
Hoste putans clàm sublatum pulcherrima virgo
Flebat, inornatum vellensque à vertice crinem,
Et nemora, et montes gemitu, sylvasque reple-
bat,

Cui juvenis subitò effulgens in vestibus albis,
Aligerum genus, et cœli de gente: Quid, in-
quit,

Quæritis ò matres? longo jam parcite luctu,
Atque animis incesum tandem revocate timo-
rem,

Lætitiâ certa jam spe præsumite vestram:
Quandoquidem, quem vos adedò lugetis ademp-
tum,

Funestæque trabi fixum, ut scelus omne piaret,
Vestraque sponte sua deleret crimina mortè:
Unus pro cunctis Erebi jam rege subactò
Manibus ex imis has rursus lucis in oras
Victor iit, superaque etiam nunc vescitur au-
ra,

Corporis

March'd slowly on; e'er morn her light display'd,
 And balmy odours to the tomb convey'd.
 On various subjects much discourse they held,
 As slow they journey'd o'er the mournful field.
 Ah! wretched we; that here survive, they cried,
 When the great Lord of human nature died!
 How shall our skill the watchful guard deceive?
 Who from the cave th' enormous weight will heave?
 That love and duty may at least bestow,
 What to the dead in gratitude we owe.

Thus utt'ring pious thoughts, at length they come
 In solemn order to the sacred tomb:

Where, as they rais'd their weeping eyes, they found
 The hill deserted, and no guards around;
 And fill'd with deep astonishment, survey'd
 The cave's wide entrance to the view display'd.
 But when she spy'd the vacant tomb, from whence
 A gale of odours greets the ravish'd sense;
 The dame concluding, by vain fears betray'd,
 Some foes to distance had her Lord convey'd,
 Pour'd forth a flood of tears in deep despair;
 And wildly rending her dishevell'd hair,
 Fill'd all the neighbouring woods with rising groans,
 The woods and mountains echo to her moans.
 Sudden, a youth descending from the skies,
 In glitt'ring vesture stands before their eyes;
 And why, ye matrons! why this grief, he cries?
 Whom seek you here, with pious cares, in vain?
 Dismiss your sorrows, and your tears restrain:
 On happier prospects all your thoughts employ,
 And in your bosoms wake new scenes of joy.
 Since He, whom now your tender hearts bemoan,
 To all his friends so lately lost and gone;
 By foes extended on the fatal beam,
 Man's guilty race from ruin to redeem,
 One doom'd for all—Triumphant springs to light,
 Quell'd and subdu'd the tyrant of the night;

Corporis ablutus quaecunque obnoxia morti.

Hæc ait, et nubi volucer se immiscuit atræ.
Ipsa etiam res ecce oculis oblata repente
Firmavit dubiumque animum, tenebrasque resol-
vit.

Namque moræ impatiens, atque acri saucia a-
more

Dum virgo sedet, ac miratur inane sepulcrum,
Artificumque manus, videt ipso in marmore fic-
tum

Littus arenosum, porrectum in littore piscem,
Fluctivomum, ingentem, nant æquore qualia in
alto

Mole nova ignaros nautas terrentia cete:

Monstrum turpe, atrum, spacioli bellua ponti.

Cujus ab undivomo vates imperditus ore

Redditus, æreas rursus veniebat ad auras.

Tum secum: Superi nunc ô nunc visa secun-
dent

Præsentès, veterum agnosco non vana futuri

Signa, inquit: nempe, ut monstri deformis in a-
tro

Tres vates latuit luces, tres gutture noctes

Ingluviem passus, vastæque voraginis antrum:

Sic Heros multum ad superos defietus amicis,

Inclususque cavo saxo, terræque sepultus

Delituit, sæpe ut (memini) prædixerat ip-
se,

Ad cælum rediit, saxumque reliquit inane.

Talia versanti, subitò sub imagine falsa

Ignoti agricolæ sese Deus obtulit ipse,

Et tumulum juxta astat, mox fatier orsum

Virgo amens animi agnovit, conversæque
luce

Respicit, ecce, nova illustrem, radiisque corus-
cum.

Corruit,

Revisits earth, and draws this vital breath,
No more obnoxious to the darts of death.

He said; and instant from their sight withdrew—
When lo! a wonder rises to the view,
Which from their hearts, with doubtful errors blind,
Dispell'd the darkness, and confirm'd their mind.
For whilst the nymph, impatient of delay,
Sits on the ground all-pensive, to survey
The empty tomb, and scan its fabric o'er;
She sees depicted, a smooth sandy shore;
And on the shore a fish enormous laid,
(The marble tomb such images display'd)
Large as huge whales, that tempesting the main,
Affright the sailors on the wat'ry plain:
A dire, tremendous, formidable beast;
From whose vast gorge the seer at length releas'd,
When three long nights uninjur'd he had lain,
Return'd in safety to this air again.
Then thus the Virgin, deeply pond'ring said,
Ye gracious pow'rs! be present to my aid!
My mind acknowledges this dread portent,
This sign, predictive of some great event.
For, as three nights and days the prophet lay,
Within th' enormous monster of the sea;
So this great Hero, this celestial Lord,
By all his friends lamented, and deplor'd;
Who late, condemn'd by too severe a doom,
Was slain, and swallow'd in this marble tomb:
Rais'd from the grave, as oft himself foreshow'd,
Returns triumphant to the bless'd abode.

Whilst thus the maid pursu'd her joyful strain;
Clad in the habit of a rural swain,
Appearing to her wond'ring sight, the God
Beside the tomb, in silent posture stood.
But when to mix in converse he essay'd,
Struck with astonishment, the trembling maid
Confess'd her Lord; and turning at the sight,
Beheld him glitt'ring with celestial light.

Corruit, ac genua amplexans, fatis ora tueri
 Clara nequit, corpusque oculis obit omne volutis,
 Et moestum aspectu dulci saturavit amorem.
 Continuo tristi penitus de pectore moeror
 Omnis abit, rediitque decor suus ilicet ori
 Marmoreo: sed adhuc turgentibus humida gem-
 mis

Lumina, inornatique fluunt per colla capilli:
 Sic ubi rore madens pluvio rosa languida honestum
 Demisit caput, atque comam largo imbre grava-
 tam,

Tum si purpureo sol lumine vestiat arva,
 Et redeat madido facies innubila cœlo,
 Protinus attollens sese rursus illa resurgat,
 Puniceique sinûs divinum pandat honorem,
 Talis erat posito virgo pulcherrima luctu,
 Ardet amans ipsum affari Regemque, Deumque,
 Et coram solitas haurire ac promere voces.
 Dum trepidat, quæ prima hærens exordia sumat,
 Mortales visus adopertus nube reliquit.

Fama Palæstinas subito hæc impleverat urbes.
 Jamque sacerdotes trepidare, et quærere, siquæ
 Multiplici vulgi sermone occurrere possint,
 Rumoremque astu premere, atque extinguere fa-
 mam,

Custodes busti in primis, qui cuncta canebant,
 Muneribus superant, subiguntque haud vera pro-
 fari,

Sublatum furto intempesta nocte cadaver:
 Sed non ulla datur verum exuperare facultas.
 Quoque magis tendunt serpentem sistere famam,
 Amplius hoc volat illa, omnemque exuscitat q-
 ram.

Sunt etiam, qui se ore canant vidisse patentes
 Sponte sua tumulos, multosque exisse sepul-
 cris,

Quorum jampridem tellus acceperat ossa.

Interca

Then, whilst her pious hands his knees embrace,
She dwells in raptures on his radiant face;
O'er all his limbs her eyes insatiate rove,
And from his aspect drink excess of love.
Swift from her breast each abject sorrow fled,
And o'er her cheeks the bright vermilion spread:
Yet from each eye gush'd forth a crystal tear,
And in loose ringlets hung her flowing hair.
As some sweet rose, that charg'd with show'rs of rain,
Bows its fair head, and droops upon the plain;
If Sol, emerging with unclouded ray,
Pours o'er the vault of heav'n the golden day;
Sudden exalts the languid head on high,
And spreads its purple bosom to the sky:
Thus, all her grief remov'd, the maid appears
With brighter charms, and lovely from her tears.
She longs her Lord and Sov'reign to address,
And in a thousand words her zeal expresses.
But while she hesitates what first to say,
Wrapt in surrounding clouds he pass'd away.

Scarce had this news thro' Juda's cities spread;
When lo! the rulers, seiz'd with sudden dread,
To hush the story 'midst the vulgar aim,
And stifle in its birth the rising fame.
Hence, to secure their ends, they first o'ercome
With pow'rful gifts, the guardians of the tomb;
To spread report, that while asleep they lay,
Some hostile hand convey'd the corse away.
But nor their utmost malice, nor address,
Cou'd stop the rumour, or the truth suppress:
The more they strive to hide, still more resounds
The spreading fame, and fills th' extremest bounds.
Nay, some reported, that their eyes survey'd
The gloomy caverns of the tombs display'd;
And apparitions stalk the streets around,
Whose bones long since lay mould'ring in the
ground.

Meanwhile

Interea focii, quos in diversa paventes
Jamdudum terror longè disjecerat omnes,
Tabescunt mœsti: cœlo cecidisse videtur
Omnibus extinctum æterna caligine solem,
Et penitus mundo jucundum lumen ademptum.
Tandem conveniunt, et adhuc loca nota frequen-
tant,

Testaque, quæ vivo sibi quondam Rege fuissent
Dulcia, sed casu nunc desolata recenti.
Dux nusquam: miseris nusquam datur illa tueri
Ora, illosve oculos aspectu luce serena
Jucundos magis, aut cœlo radiantibus astris,
Et cunctis nomen dulce obversatur ad aures.
Ægrescunt mœsti: squalent circum omnia luctu.
Haud secus atque olim exemit cum subere pastor
Cœtea dona cavo, vacuumque alveare reliquit.
Tunc etiam, fumus quas longè dispulit ater,
Hinc illinc glomerantur apes, et inania frustra
Testa adeunt, denso volitantes agmine circum,
Direptosque favos ægræ, populataque passim
Mella vident, nequicquam hyemi congesta futu-
ræ.

Ecce viros autem tali mœrore sepultos,
Attonitæ miris matres rumoribus implent:
Vidisse aligeros cœli de gente ministros,
Regem ipsum vidisse novo fulgore micantem,
Et vacuum porro tumultum, vestesque relictas.
Protinus ergo alii montis petere ardua cursu
Contendunt rapido festini, ubi inane sepulcrum.
Ast aliis incredibile, ac mirabile visum,
Et primò ancipites, delusos credere matrum
Effigie pavitantum oculos, et imagine falsa:
Ut nobis sæpe in somnis spectare videmur
Absentum vultus, simulacraque luce caren-
tum:

Donec sera illis sub luce in tecta coactis
Ingrediens sese ostendit manifestius Heros,

Vocæ

Meanwhile his friends, whom grief and dire dismay
Had widely scatter'd from their homes away;
In silent sorrows waste each mournful day.
The sun seems falling from the skies, his light
Lost and absorpt in shades of endless night.
At length assembled, this desponding train
Meet, and frequent each noted place again;
Which, while his gracious presence it cou'd boast,
Was sweet; now desolate, their Master lost.
No more his face they view with fix'd delight,
His eyes, more chearful than the morning light,
Or stars ethereal; yet for ever dear,
His sacred name resounds in ev'ry ear.
With grief they pine away, and anxious care,
And ev'ry spot seems desolate and bare.
So when some shepherd of their stores deprives
The bees, and vacant leaves the straw-built hives;
Whom late the smoke dispers'd, the buzzing train
Condense, and gather round their cells again;
With grief behold the waste and naked coast,
And all the treasures of the winter lost.
But now the matrons to his friends declare,
His friends, deep sunk in anguish and despair,
That their glad eyes some winged youths survey'd;
Their Lord himself, in glitt'ring pomp array'd;
The tomb was vacant of its heav'nly guest,
And wrapt in order lay the linen vest.
Hence some, the place impatient to survey,
Swift to the mountain's summit bend their way:
Others, the whole a pious fiction deem,
And slight the story as an idle dream.
At first their thoughts suspending, they believ'd
The women's eyes with empty forms deceiv'd;
As oft, when wrapt in pleasing sleep we lie,
Thin, airy spectres dance before the eye:
Till, where his friends were met in dead of night,
The Chief appears in person to their sight;

His

Voce habituque Deum confessus imagine nota,
Divinum toto jaciens de corpore lumen.

Hinc Thomas aberat Didymus vicina pererrans
Oppida, quò metus impulerat duce nuper adempto.
Isque ubi dein rediens est sacræ redditus urbi,
Acceptusque domo, socios videt ecce recenti
Attonitos casu, ac cæco terrore silentes,
Quales aut templum, domini aut ubi divitis ædes
Marmoreas petit ruptis de nubibus ignis,
Terrificisque locum implevit splendoribus omnem:
Stant intus pavidì cives, quatit omnibus horror
Pectora, vix longo post tempore corda residunt.
Obstupuit visu ignarus, causamque requirit,
Et socios dictis Didymus demulcet amicis.
Quem senior Petrus amplexus, lacrymisque profusis
Menti caniciem humectans, sic denique fatur:
Vidimus (ò jam nos felices) vidimus ipsum,
Ut soliti, Regem spirantem, aurasque trahentem:
Coelicolùm Regem, qui nos modò morte reliquit.

Hæc ait: exultansque animo cœlum usque tuetur.
Ille autem: (neque enim narranti talia credit)
Ipsene rursus, ait, cœli hoc spirabile lumen
Aspicit? an potius simulacri apparuit umbra,
Atque oculos fallax vestros elusit imago?

Immo, ait, illum ipsum divino illa ipsa gerentem
Vulnera, et antiquam servantem corpore formam.
Vidimus, ac veros manibus tractavimus artus.
Vidi oculis, vidi ipse meis, et vulnera novi:
Vesper erat, clausæque fores, clausæque fenestras,
Nos intus pavidì latitare, et corpora victu
Curare, ac positis mœsti discumbere mensis.
Ecce autem tecti in mediis penetralibus ipse
Improvvisus adest, et inobservabilis Heros
Effulget clausis ingressus limina portis:
Improvvisus adest, inopinæque gaudia portat.
Continuò ad lucem visum tectum omne cremari.

BOOK VI.] THE CHRISTIAD. 365

His voice, his looks, his habit spoke the God,
And from his limbs divine effulgence flow'd.

Thomas, impell'd by fear (his Master slain)

By chance was absent from the social train:

But scarce return'd, his eyes beheld the rest

Thro' wonder silent, and with dread oppress'd.

So, when the light'ning with its fiery rays,

Wraps some rich dome or temple in a blaze,

And wide around the dismal gleam displays,

In wild affright the burghers stand aghast,

And scarce recover from their fears at last.

Surpris'd, his friends thus heartless to survey,

He ask'd the cause of this unknown dismay,

And anxious strove their sorrows to allay.

To whom with tears, his bosom closely press'd,

The hoary Peter thus his speech address'd:

Oh! bless'd event; this moment have we view'd

Our Lord, our King; to vital breath renew'd;

So lately lost in death—this said, his eyes

He rais'd with ardent transport to the skies.

Thomas rejoins, unwilling to believe,

Can He once more this breath of life receive?

Rather confess, some specious empty shade,

With vain delusions has your mind betray'd.

No; 'twas Himself we saw (the friend replies)

His very wounds were obvious to our eyes;

His limbs we touch'd; I saw the marks display'd,

Clear to our sight, the cruel nails had made.

'Twas eve; and now from hostile force to guard

Our train, the windows and the doors were barr'd;

Whilst in the dome, oppress'd with anxious care,

Trembling we sat our wonted meal to share.

Sudden and unobserv'd the Chief appears;

Coelestial splendor on his front he wears,

And with new joy our drooping bosoms cheers.

Strait, as with fire the roof appear'd to blaze,

Our hearts were seiz'd with terror and amaze.

But

Nos trépigare animis, subitoque horrescere visu
 Attoniti: verùm ille metus, vanumque timorem
 Increpitans, vetuit trepidos exurgere mensis.
 Ipse ego sum: pacem unanimes agitate, metusque
 Solvite: tentandosque dabat simul omnibus ar-

tus,

Vulneraque, insigni quæ corpore quina gerebat:
 Quinetiam parcis nobiscum accumbere mensis
 Non fugiens, solito est coràm de more loquutus,
 Ceu mortalis adhuc, quæ verba novissima nuper
 Ad mortem properans nobis memoranda reliquit:
 Tum demum liquidis abiens se immiscuit auris.
 Hæc senior, sociique eadem simul ore canebant.
 Nec dum finis erat verbis, cùm protinus ecce
 Cum clamore ruit Cleophas, fidissimus unus
 E multis, quos bis senis subjunxerat Heros,
 Atque hæc dicta dabat: Vos ô jam solvite luc-

tu:

Vivit, adhuc socii, leti jam lege solutus:
 Vivit adhuc, vidi his oculis, vidi ipse, Deique
 Auribus his hausi vocem, consuetaque verba.
 Audit hic etiam mecum, viditque loquentem,
 (Atque manu, nutuque propinquum Amaona sig-

nat)

Nam modò fortè animis mœsti dum incedimus am-

bo,

Quà se demissi incipiunt subducere montes,
 Extulit aëreas Emaus ubi turribus arces,
 Advena in ignota nobiscum veste profectus,
 Externosque gerens habitus comes additur ultro.
 Tædia dumque viæ vario sermone levaret,
 Interdum eruptis roramus fletibus ora,
 Et gemitus imis dolor exprimit ossibus ardens.
 Ille ægros dictis solari, et quærere causas
 Crebra resurgentis luctûs: nos ordine cuncta
 Pandimus, atque ducis letum crudele profa-

mur:

Quo moriente, simul perierunt gaudia nostra.

Ut

But He, these fears condemn'd and vain surprize,
 Forbade us trembling from the board to rise,
 Behold! 'tis I; among yourselves revere
 Mild peace, he cried; and banish abject fear.
 Then bid our eyes his naked limbs explore,
 And the five wounds his mangled body bore.
 Nay, not disdaining to become our guest,
 His friends, as wont, familiar he address'd;
 And as if mortal still, again imparts,
 What late he utter'd, to our joyful hearts:
 Then swift in air from human sight remov'd—
 Thus spoke the senior, and the rest approv'd.
 Scarce from his lips had this narration pass'd;
 When lo! sage Cleophas with noise and haste,
 Enters the room; whom late, for faith approv'd,
 Our Lord had number'd with the twelve he lov'd,
 Oh! friends! dismiss your fears, with joy he cried,
 He lives, he lives; our great illustrious Guide!
 Ris'n from the grave; I saw the Chief appear,
 And mark'd his words, familiar to my ear.
 This friend can witness to the truth; (his hand
 Then points Amaon to the social band.)
 For as, oppress'd with grief, our steps we bent,
 Where yonder hills with gradual descent,
 Slope their declining summits; where on high
 Proud Emaüs lifts her turrets to the sky:
 Some courteous stranger, in a garb unknown,
 Politely greets us as we journey'd on.
 But whilst he strives in converse to betray
 The hours, that wain'd so tedious on our way;
 Oft starting tears stood trembling in our eye,
 And from our bosoms heav'd the frequent sigh.
 Our grief he sooths, and kindly begs to know,
 Why on our cheeks appear'd such marks of woe?
 At this, the whole in order we relate,
 Explain with tears our Lord's untimely fate;
 That now all prospect of success was o'er,
 Our hopes defeated, and our joy no more;

His

Ut factis, verbisque animos spe arrexit ingens
 Ingenti: sed dehinc nos morte fefellerit omnes.
 Non tulit ulterius, contraque hæc reddidit ille:
 Non pudet ô semper cæcos, et lucis egentes?
 Nonne ducis vestri quondam crudelia vates
 Funera prædixere omnes, casusque nefandos
 Tot veterum monimenta docent, haud credita vo-
 bis?

Sponte sua leto caput obuius obtulit ipse,
 Unus pro multis, patrias quò flecteret iras,
 Atque iter ipse suo signaret ad astra cruore.
 Haud ita vos ille erudit: nam sæpe futura
 Hæc eadem de se longè antè retexit amictis.
 Atque equidem, memini, nuper media urbe cane-
 bat,

Obscura sed verborum rem ambage tegebat.
 Nunc autem manifesta patent, nunc omnia aperta,
 Nube palàm ablata: nec spes fovistis inanes.
 En Rex, qui positas conservarat ordine vites,
 Præterdens sepem infidiis hominumque, ferarum-
 que,

Omnibus immixtis incassum ex urbe ministris,
 Quos leto dedit infantes manus effera agrestum:
 Demum infelices natum ipsum misit in agros.
 Nam Pater omnipotens post tot ferà funera va-
 tum,

Ipse suum iussit natum descendere Olympo.
 Ecce Palæstini furiis immanibus acti
 Natum etiam hauserunt crudeli funere herilem.
 Haud impunè tamen: Rex urbe ultricibus armis
 Jamjam aderit, flammisque feros agitabit agres-
 tes,

Et pangenda aliis credet vineta colonis.
 Sic fatus, cœpit voces ex ordine vaturn
 Obscuras, veterumque evolvere facta paren-
 rum,

Cuncta docens letum Christo crudele minari,
 Quo mortale genus tenebris educeret atris.

Ut

His deeds, his words, great expectation gave,
But all was lost, and buried in his grave.
To this the stranger—Oh! what shame! to find
Such wretched darkness has o'erspread your mind!
Say, have not all heav'n's sacred bards of old,
Your Master's death with one consent foretold;
And ev'ry ancient record plac'd to view
These dire disasters, unbeliev'd by you?
As one for all mankind to slaughter led,
He freely offer'd his devoted head;
To calm his Father's wrath, and mark the road
To heav'n's bright regions, with his sacred blood.
Such truths as these the Chief full oft reveal'd,
While with his friends select discourse he held.
Nay, these in open streets he lately sung,
Yet veil'd in shadows from the vulgar throng:
But now, all cloud remov'd, th'event is plain,
The prospect brightens, nor your hopes are vain.
Behold the king; who planted in his ground
A vineyard, and with hedges fenc'd around;
Then sent, the usual produce to obtain,
His faithful servants; but he sent in vain;
These by the churlish hinds were rudely slain.
At length the king, resolv'd some fruit to share,
Forth to the fields dispatch'd his fav'rite heir:
For heav'n's great Sire, so many prophets, gone,
Dismiss'd his Offspring from Olympus' throne.
But lo! this daring Solymæan crew,
Ev'n him relentless in their anger slew.
Not long unpunish'd; for the vengeful king
Will soon his armies to their city bring;
Devouring flames these rebels shall destroy,
And the rich vineyard other tribes enjoy.
This said; the stranger each event explain'd;
Which bards foretold, or mystic types contain'd;
Taught how the whole Christ's bitter death foreshow'd,
To rescue sinners from the dark abode.

Ut clara antiquis portendi hæc omnia signis
 Monstrabat ratione, oculis caligine abacta?
 Ut nostros mira inflexit dulcedine sensus?
 Ut resoluta novo ardebant præcordia amore?
 Qualiter aut æris rigor acri solvitur æstu,
 Aut glacies concreta novo sub sole liquescit.
 Non illum tamen immemores agnovimus antè,
 Quàm ventum ad sedem, parvamque subivimus ur-
 bem.

Namque iter ulterius fingentem, seque ferentem
 Longè alias sedes petere, ambo oravimus, sîdem
 Nobiscum haud asper tectis succederet hospes.
 Id quoque præcipiti suadebat vesper Olympo,
 Jam piceo terras infuscans noctis amictu:
 Paruit, et mensas comitum est dignatus egenas.
 Ut primùm fruges tostas Cerealia liba
 Attigit, et solito fregit de more, repente
 Nox abiit, tandemque oculis lux addita nostris.
 Agnosco, et supplex manifestum numen ado-
 ro.

Sed subito volucres abiens ceu fumus in auras
 Respuit humanos visus, sensusque refugit.

Talia narrabat Cleophas, quæ credita cunctis
 Vera negat Thomas, et coeptis perstat in sîdem.
 Hæc mihi (dicam iterum) nemo persuaserit un-
 quam,

Illum ipsum his oculis clara nisi luce videndum
 Haulero, et his manibus nisi vulnere contrecta-
 ro.

Sic fatur: simul ecce Deus cum lumine largo
 Improvisus adest iterum, sociosque revisit:
 Et clausæ mansere fores, mansere fenestræ.
 Non aliter vitri, quod tectis summovet au-
 ras,

Lumine sol penetrat splendentes aureus or-
 bes,

Insertim radios jaciens in opaca domorum:

Nec

These truths divine how clearly he display'd,
 Our eyes no longer veil'd in midnight shade!
 What wond'rous sweetness thro' our senses drove!
 How flam'd our bosoms with unusual love!
 As brass, whose hardness melts by heat away,
 Or ice dissolving at the solar ray.
 Yet him, unthinkingly, we never knew,
 Till to the town our weary'd footsteps drew,
 For as he feign'd his destin'd journey lay
 Still further on; and turn'd his steps away,
 Charm'd with his sweet discourse, we jointly press'd
 The gen'rous stranger to become our guest,
 Ev'n night encourag'd this request, we said,
 O'er earth advancing with her awful shade.
 To this he yielded; and our frugal feast
 Well pleas'd, with humble condescension grac'd.
 But lo! no sooner had he touch'd the bread,
 And gently broke it, as his custom led,
 When in our minds arose a gleam of light,
 And from our eyeballs fled the shades of night.
 Suppliant the present Deity I own,
 And bow in prostrate adoration down:
 But swift, as smoke dissolves into the skies,
 At once he vanish'd from our longing eyes.

Thus Cleophas; his friends the tale believe,
 And all, but Thomas, with applause receive.
 But he persisting still the truth denies;
 None shall convince me of this fact, he cries;
 Unless Himself in person I survey,
 And in his bleeding wounds my fingers lay.
 Scarce had he said; when cloath'd in heav'nly light,
 Sudden appears, and stands before our sight,
 The God himself; the windows as before
 Were clos'd from all access, and barr'd the door.
 So thro' bright glass, that shuts all air away,
 The golden sun's quick penetrating ray,
 Darts its keen light with force into the room,
 And in a moment clears the sable gloom;

Nec tamen ulla vis apparent vestigia adacta
 Luce, sed illæso sæpe itque, reditque metallo.
 Sternunt sese omnes terras, genibusque salutant.
 Ut verò Didymus manifesto in lumine vidit
 Vulnera monstrantem, et se nomine compellan-

tem,
 Horruit, et prono confestim corruit ore,
 Multaque se incusans animo sic, denique satur:
 Vera mihi facies, verus Deus, omnia novi.
 Haud equidem (fateor) vivum te credere qui-

bat
 Post obitus, cœli hoc iterum spirabile lumen,
 Has auras haurire: animo tua dicta labanti
 Exciderant penitus, modò quæ suprema dedisti.
 Demens, qui te obita non posse huc morte re-

verti
 Crediderim, cùm quarta alios jam luce sepultos
 Ad superas ecœli nuper revocaveris oras:
 Et memini atque aderam: sed me mens læva tene-

bat.
 Forsan at hæc tamen haud vestro sine numine
 tanta

(Credo equidem) venit dementia: forsitan olim
 Proderit hic seris hæsisse nepotibus unum,
 Et manibus voluisse prius contingere corpus,
 Ne facies, aut vana oculos eluderet umbra,
 Talibus orantem Deus, et lux ipsa reliquit,
 Nunc hos, nunc adiens alios, et pectora fir-

mans.
 Nec prius evasit mundi mortalibus oris,
 Quàm quater exoriens dena sol luce rediret.

Fortè igitur Petrus, et socii vada salsa fecerant

Remigiis lembum subigentes, dum sibi victum
 Arte parant solita, piscesque in gurgite captant.
 Et jam per totam vano, quàm longa labore
 Defessi noctem frustra madefacta legebant

Retia,

BOOK VI] THE CHRISTIAD.

573

Yet pass the lucid beams, and oft repass
Unmark'd, nor injure the transparent glass.
All bend submissive, and embrace his knees;
But soon as Thomas with confusion sees,
The glorious God, with rays celestial crown'd,
Call on his name, and point to ev'ry wound;
Prone to the earth he bow'd his bashful head,
And pierc'd with anguish thus repentant said:
Thou com'st in person from the bless'd abode,
I own the truth; my Saviour! and my God!
I rashly deem'd, with sorrow I declare,
That Thou, once dead, cou'd'st breathe this vital air
Again no more; thy words not duly weigh'd,
Too slight impression on my senses made.
Fool that I was! not instant to surmise,
That Thou cou'd'st surely from the grave arise;
When late our friend belov'd, tho' longer dead,
Thy voice recover'd from the darksome shade:
Myself was present on that signal day,
But some ill omen snatch'd my pow'rs away.
Perhaps this fatal blindness of the mind,
By thy almighty suff'rance was design'd:
Perhaps posterity may not in vain
Rejoice, that one of thy associate train
Doubted the truth; and surest trial made,
Nor led to error by a specious shade.
While thus he spoke, the Godhead from his sight
Withdrew, and with him fled the rays of light.
Yet oft on these disciples, oft on those,
Strength'ning their minds, his counsel he bestows:
Nor from the earth pursu'd his heav'nly flight,
Till forty suns had cloath'd the world with light.

It chanc'd that Peter and the social train,
Had row'd their vessels on the neighbouring main;
To try their art, as usual, on the flood,
And gain by labour their accustom'd food.
Now thro' the tedious night, th' industrious crew
Had toil'd successless; when at length they view

Retia, cūm juvenem egregium videre liquentes
 Fluctifrago tractus è litore prospectantem.
 Nec primò agnovere Deum, divinaque membra,
 Quandoquidem se mortali celaverat ore.
 Ipse dehinc tali compellans voce natantes:
 Dextram, ait, affectate viri: huc appellite pup-
 pim:

Hàc dabitur vanum non effudisse laborem.
 Nec mora, praeceptis parent, dextraque per undas
 Detorquent alacres cursum, nodosaque lina
 Projiciunt: moti sonuit plaga caerulea ponti.
 Jamque senex tacito sociis Petrus innuit ore,
 Auxilioque vocat, nutuque, manuque silentes,
 Significans praedam innumeram: vix retia cuncti
 Plena trahunt: capti saliant per vincula pisces.
 Sensit Iōannes hic numen, et heus, prior in-
 quit,

O socii, non fallor, adest Deus, ille Magister,
 Ille quidem: agnosco divinos oris honores.
 Læticiam ut jactat vultuque, oculisque decoris?
 Quod simul accepit Petrus, haud cunctatus, ab
 ipsa

Defiliit rate, et æquoreas se jecit in undas,
 Quò regem falsos per fluctus primus adiret,
 Quamvis multa timens gliscentibus æquore ventis,
 Cætera deinde manus terræ advertuntur, et om-
 nes

Remivaga siccum cupidi tenuere carina.
 Tum victu ut vires revocent, Cerealìa mensis
 Dona onerant jussi, vivosque in litore pisces
 Unà omnes torrere parant, succensaque pru-
 na

Suggestitur circū: teter petit æthera nidor.
 Ut compressa fames, surgit Rex optimus ipse,
 Confessusque Deum sociis ita denique fatur:

Pacem optate, viri, pacem laudate quieti:
 Salvete æternūm socii, æternūmque valete.

Esto

A Youth of graceful mien advancing nigh
The shore, regard them with attentive eye,
At first the God, by human art conceal'd,
His sacred person from their sight withheld;
Then thus address'd them toiling on the deep—
Steer to the right, my friends! here ply the ship;
Here shall you soon the wish'd success obtain,
Nor find your labours, as of late, in vain.
This said, at once his precepts they obey,
And to the right rejoicing bear away.
Then in the deep their sounding nets they throw,
The parted billows foam and roar below.
Now Peter with his hand the signal made,
And strait his partners beck'ning to his aid,
Points to the mighty numbers from the ship;
Scarce cou'd they drag their nets along the deep;
The captive fishes in their prison leap. }
John first discern'd his Lord, the motion made,
And oh! my friends—no visionary shade
Deceives my mind; the God! the God! he cries;
I know the rays that sparkle from his eyes:
Mark how his limbs with grace celestial shine!
What radiant splendor cloaths his form divine!
This when the senior heard, without delay
Swift from the deck he plung'd into the sea,
To meet his Master first upon the shore;
Tho' much he trembles as the surges roar:
The rest their vessels row with speed, and land
With eager transport on the nearest strand.
Now to recruit their strength, large heaps of bread
With prompt obedience on the boards they spread;
Then with live coals to broil the fish prepare,
Widespread the fumes, and taint the neighbouring air.
Soon as the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The Godhead rising thus his friends address'd:
Be peace your care, the works of peace pursue;
Farewel my friends! receive this last adieu!

Estes mei memores: ego claro poseor Olympo:
 Jamque adeo duris animos aptate, ferendo
 Omnia, nec propius sævos adiisse tyrannos
 Sit timor, atque duces affari, et vera monere.
 Non vos majestas foliorum, aut sceptrum superba
 Terrificent Regum, lucis nil hujus egentes.
 Haud longè tum querendum, quæ tempora fandi;
 Quis modus aptus: ego præsens adero omnibus,

ora

Vestra regens: dabitur verborum copia cuique:
 Nec cœlo vires vos, et solamen ab alto
 Deficient: cum sol decimo jubar aureus ortu
 Extulerit, Pater affabit cœlestibus auris,
 Diffusumque animis numen divinitus addet:
 Præside quo freti Reges, rerumque potentes
 Nil veriti, nostrum vulgabit, undique nomen.
 Tum sanctum sese genus aurea tollet ad astra,
 Densus agens veluti laxis se palmes habenis
 Luxuriat, foliisque simul, fœtuque gravescit.
 Denique, cum suprema dies illuxerit orbi,
 Omniaque eliciam patefactis ossa sepulcris,
 Atque iterum in lucem emergent, quos terra tege-

bat,

Hanc vallem, densa hos implebunt agmina colles
 Matres atque viri, vixque hausta loce perempti:
 Ipse ego jura dabo, mediaque in valle sedebo
 Quæsit, vitas populorum et crimina pen-

dens.

Vos etiam mecum his senis sedibus ipsi
 Sublimes mortale genus censebitis una:
 Bis senæque tribus gentis tum vestra subibunt
 Arbitria, et vestros mirabitur orbis honores.
 Interea, Petre, te (nulli pietate secundum
 Novi etenim) his, rerum summam clavumque tes-

nentem

Præficimus cunctis, ultro qui nostra secuti
 Imperia: hoc te præcipuo insignimus honore.
 Tu regere, et populis parcens dare jura memento.

Summa

BOOK. VI.] THE CHRISTIAD.

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Of Me regardful and my words remain,
 I now am summon'd to th' etherial plain,
 The toils of life with patience learn to bear,
 Nor ev'n to kings your sacred censures spare.
 Let not the pomp of pow'r your hearts annoy,
 That aim no worldly honours to enjoy.
 Seek not with vain solicitude of mind,
 The fittest seasons of address to find;
 Each shall receive his gift, myself your guide,
 And all with copious language be supply'd.
 Nor yet shall pow'rs be wanting from on high;
 When the tenth sun shall mount the golden sky,
 Th' eternal Father will his spirit send,
 And thro' your minds th' etherial force extend.
 Hence shall your zeal, unaw'd by kings, proclaim
 Thro' earth's wide regions, my illustrious name.
 Then shall a sacred race exalt on high
 Its tow'ring head, and soar into the sky;
 As fertil vines their curling tendrils shoot,
 With leaves at once luxuriant, and with fruit.
 And when the grand decisive day shall come,
 That I, with pow'r, shall summon from the tomb
 All human race; and those to second birth
 Arise, whose bones lie mould'ring in the earth.
 Vast throngs, this valley and this rising hill,
 Of men, of matrons, and of babes shall fill.
 Myself here seated on that solemn day,
 Their faults and virtues will with justice weigh.
 Ye too with Me, amid th' etherial space,
 Sublime on thrones, shall censure human race;
 Your just decision all these tribes shall wait,
 And the whole world admire your envy'd state.
 Meanwhile on thee, oh Peter! (for I know
 Thy worth to none inferior) we bestow
 Imperial rule o'er all the rest that join
 Our standard; and to thee the keys consign.
 These marks of honour thou from us receive;
 Hence laws and precepts to our people give.

O'er

Summa tibi in gentes jam nunc concessa potestas.
 Jamque pios tege pace: voca sub signa rebelles.
 Quemcunque in terris scelus exitiale perosus,
 Admonitum frustra, justa devoveris ira,
 Colloquio absterrens hominum, coetuque pio-
 rum:

Idem erit invisus coelo: non ille beatis
 Sedibus aspiret, nisi tu placabilis idem
 Dignatus venia meliorem in pristina reddas.
 Jamque aded tibi concessum mortalibus aegris
 Claudere fiderei portas, ac pandere coeli.

Talia mandabat, terras hominesque relinquens,
 Sic natia moriturus oves, et ovilia pastor
 Commendans caris, furta, insidiasque luporum
 Edocet, et pecori contraria pascua monstrat.
 Sic fociis ævo jam fessus nauta biremem
 Credit, inexpertosque docet varias maris oras,
 Et breviam, et Syrtes, et navisfragas Sirenas.

His animadversis, totius lucida circum
 Palmiferi nubes collis capita ardua texit,
 Et curva æthereis fulserunt littora flammis.
 Interea totum exercent nova gaudia cœlum,
 Alituum coelestium acies, sanctique volucres
 Dant manibus plausus, et multicoloribus aliis,
 Instaurantque coros, fremitu ætheris atria fer-
 vent.

Pars pendent speculis, et propugnacula læti
 Cœli summa tenent, et mœnia celsa coronant.
 Obvia pars portis parat ire patentibus, et se
 Quisque auris credunt, ac pennis æthera obum-
 brant.

Hi plectro indulgent, fidibusque his tibia cantus
 Dat bifores: alii cava cornua flatibus implent,
 Raucisonasque tubas, et ahenea cymbala jac-
 tant.

Atque ubi ter Patris ad solum pernixe chorea
 Indulsere

O'er the wide world extend thy sov'reign reign,
 Protect the virtuous, and the bad restrain.
 Those, whom thy zeal from councils shall displace,
 Where saints assemble and the pious race;
 Shall never tread the bright ethereal plain,
 Till chang'd in mind thy favour they regain.
 Behold! to thee, for human race, is giv'n,
 To ope or close the sacred gates of heav'n.

Thus Christ, his bless'd ascension near at hand,
 Consign'd his precepts to th' associate band.
 So, at th' approach of death, some careful swain,
 His flocks confiding to his tender train,
 Warns them to shun the wolf with cautious heed,
 And points the pastures where they safe may feed.
 Thus, worn with age, the sailor o'er the deep
 Instructs his younger mates to guide the ship;
 Bids them beware, as smooth they sail along,
 The shelves, the quicksands, and the Siren's song.

This said; the mount with fertile olives crown'd,
 A cloud from heav'n descending, circled round;
 From whose bright surface stream'd incessant rays,
 The shores all glitter'd with th' ethereal blaze.
 Meanwhile new scenes of sacred joy arise,
 Amidst the bright assembly of the skies:
 Th' angelic hosts applauding wheel around
 In airy rings; their painted pinions sound,
 And heav'n's high courts with joyous shouts rebound.
 Part on the tow'rs and lofty bulwarks stand,
 Part line the ramparts, and the walls command.
 These from the gates to issue forth prepare;
 Swift as they mount, their wings obscure the air.
 Some with their breath the shrill-ton'd flute inspire,
 The cornet some; some sweep the sounding lyre:
 Some the hoarse trumpet to their lips apply,
 Some shake the brazen cymbals thro' the sky.
 When now the throne of heav'n's eternal King
 They thrice had circled, borne on rapid wing.

Thrice

Indulsero choris, ter fido lucida regna
 Lustravere, polique e vertice decurrere:
 Non aliter sunt ingressi volucris agmine contra
 Concentu vario, et multifono modulati,
 Quam prolapsa Remi cum nondum urbs alta jace-

ret,
 Tarpeiaque arces starent, lateque subactis
 Jura daret populis rerum pulcherrima Roma,
 Consul victor, ovens pugnatis undique bellis,
 Intrabat rediens, Capitoliaque alta subibat.
 Talis nubivago tendebat ad æthera gressu
 Vera Dei soboles: ut verò flectere quiret,
 Iratus quoties Genitor mortale pararet
 Exercere genus meritis ob crimina poenis,
 Omnia fert secum cædis monimenta nefandæ:
 In primis duplicemque trabem, infandamque co-

lumnam,
 Brachia cui vinctus tulit aspera verbera, et acres
 Virgarum fascies, infectaque sanguine lora,
 Hastamque, et calamo pendentia pocula levi,
 Tres deinde ingentes, et acuta cuspide vestes
 Cernere erat, quibus effossus palmasque, pedes-

que,
 Sertaque nexilibus vepribus conserta rigeant,
 Illic et longo Romani signa senatus
 Hastili suspensa, cavoque latentia cornu
 Lumina, quod superas abies tollebat ad auras:
 Quamque manu Rex pro sceptro gestavit arun-

do,
 Omnia quæ pueri cœlestes antè gerebant,
 Singula quisque, polique arcem per inane pete-

bant.
 Suspexere viri attoniti, acieque sequentes
 Alituum nubem, ac regem videre per auras
 Tollentemque manus, cœlique serena secantem,
 Cum subito rutila hæc venit vox reddita ab æ-

thra:
 Ne trepidate, quid hæretis supera alta tuentes?

Cum

Thrice sportive travers'd o'er the realms of light;
At length descended from th' Olympian height—
Nor with less pomp they wing'd their flight again;
With sounds melodious, to th' ethereal plain;
Than when the Consul, e'er a barb'rous foe
Had laid the walls of mighty Remus low;
Whilst yet Tarpeian tow'rs their strength display'd,
And Rome's proud laws the subject world obey'd;
Drove to the capitol his shining car,
Triumphant glitt'ring with the spoils of war.
Thus borne thro' ether to the bright abode;
Ascends in awful pomp the Son of God.
But to appease and calm the threaten'd ire,
Whene'er vindictive his eternal Sire,
Shou'd lift his arm the triple bolts to throw,
And hurl destruction thro' the world below;
Up to the court of heav'n, display'd before,
The dire memorials of his death he bore.
First, the vast cross; the pillar, where the band
Of furly ruffians bound each naked hand:
The spear, the scourges, and the leathern thong,
Dropping with blood; the moisten'd sponge, that hung
High on a reed; th' enormous nails that tore
His hands, and feet, distain'd with purple gore;
The thorny wreath his bleeding temples wore.
There too, suspended on a taper spear,
The Roman ensigns stream aloft in air;
With these, triumphant thro' the skies are borne
The lights, far glimm'ring thro' the lucid horn:
Last, for the golden sceptre of command,
The idle reed that mock'd his regal hand.
These, the bright hosts, as heav'n's ascent they gain;
Each youth his ensign, in their hands sustain.
The crowds observing with attentive eyes
The radiant choir; beheld in deep surprize,
Th' uplifted Monarch soaring to the skies.
When thus a voice from heav'n—Dismiss your fear;
Why stand ye trembling and astonish'd here?

Behold!

Cum Genitore Deus regnandum accepit Olympum.

Nec mora, carminibus coeli domus ardua
longè

Auditur resonare, modisque per astra canoris
Contra etiam plaufere, atque hæc alterna cane-
bant

Læta viri, cælumque oculis, animisque petebant:
Omnes ô plausu gentes, linguisque favete,
Atque Deum canite ascensu supera alta tenentem:
Quadrupedum, volucrumque genus, mutæque na-
tantes

Exultent, tractus terrarum ubicunque patentes:
Ipsi dent montes, ipsa et dent flumina vocem
Læta suam, et scatebris volventes flumina fontes,
Quodque ambit longis terras anfractibus æquor.
Cuncta suum agnoscant auctorem, et carmina di-
cant:

Semper ut idem ingens regnârit originis experts
Cum genitore Deo Deus, omnia numine complens.
Ut nullis mox principiis, aut semine nullo,
Omnia condiderit, cælum, terrasque, fretum-
que,

Quæque vago passim subsunt animantia cælo.
Ut terras ponto discluserit, æthera terris,
Luciferis coeli lustraverit atria flammis,
Tellurisque sinum variis appinxerit herbis:
Sufficiatque satis fruges, et vitibus alnum
Humorem: tu cuncta moves, tibi maximus æ-
ther,

Quique super latices concresecunt æthere, parent:
Nubila te, ventique timent: te vesper et or-
tus

Observant, obeuntque tuo sua munera nutu:
Et tibi monstriferi obsequitur plaga cærule pon-
ti.

Tu manibus validis terrarum pondera libras,
Atque gravem vacuo suspendis in ære molem,
Rerum

BOOK. VI.] THE CHRISTIAD. 383

Behold! your Saviour mounts th' Olympian plain,
In endless glories with his Sire to reign.

This said; with songs of joy heav'n's courts resound,
And airs melodious fill the region round.
Nor less, with eyes uplift, the pious train
Thus pour'd alternate their exulting strain:
Ye nations of the earth! rejoice, and sing
The bright ascension of your heav'nly King!
Rejoice ye beasts! that range the field or wood,
Ye birds of air! ye natives of the flood!
And all ye regions, that extended run,
Beneath the rising or the setting sun!
Let lofty mountains, and the streams that flow
With pleasing murmurs, thro' the vales below;
Let ev'ry fountain send a joyful sound,
And ocean, circling the vast globe around.
All nature's works confess your Sire, and raise
Harmonious accents to resound his praise!
Tell, that the Son with God his Father claim'd
Eternal Being, e'er the world was fram'd;
That from no seeds, no principles of birth,
His pow'r created ocean, air, and earth;
And all the various living species, found
Beneath yon azure vault's stupendous round.
That from the ether his almighty hand
This earth divided, ocean from the land;
Yon shining orbs in heav'n's bright regions plac'd,
With various flow'rs earth's fragrant bosom grac'd;
Bade furrow'd glebes the golden grain produce,
And swell'd the vine-tree with a gen'rous juice.
Thou rul'st all nature—Thee the spacious sky
Obeys; the crystal firmament on high:
Thee clouds and winds, Thee morn and setting day,
Their rounds performing as thou mark'st the way;
Thy pow'r controuls the monster-seeming sea:
Poising this pond'rous earth, suspends on high
Th' enormous fabric thro' the empty sky;

Bids

Rerum elementa locans aeterno foedere, ut omnia
 Concordi in medium tendant nitentia motu.
 Tu liquidas per inane vias is, nubibus actus,
 Aurarumque sedens veheris pernicious alis.
 Non tibi tempus equis fugit irrevocabile adactis.
 Semper idem ante tuos oculos, praesensque mora-

tur,
 Quodque est, quodque fuit, simul et quod deinde
 sequetur.

Ipsa etiam parens tibi coeli in vertice fixus
 Sol stetit: ipsa etiam surgens in cornua luna:
 Atque suos penitus requierunt sidera cursus.
 Te mandante suam vim saepe innoxius ignis
 Dediticit: pueri in mediis fornacibus astant
 Illaesi, jactantque tuas ad sidera laudes.
 Tu mare navigerum concreta dividis unda;
 Et populis medios das ire impune per aestus.
 Tu rapidos flectis ripis mirantibus amnes,
 Tu largam tactis e cautibus elicis undam:
 Idem largifluos fontes, et flumina sistens.
 Ipsa tuo tremit aspectu conterrita tellus,
 Quosque procul tangis fumant ad sidera montes:
 Assurgunt reges pavidi, tibi sceptrum, tibi arma
 Deponunt, longeque tremunt, et numen ado-

rant.
 Tu surdis aures, oculos tu lumine captis,
 Et vocem mutis, et vires sufficis aegris.
 Tu revocas in vitam obita jam morte sepultos,
 Et rursus potes amissos accendere sensus.
 Non te vis crudi perterruit horrida leti,
 Non Erebi confusa domus, loca foeta timoris:
 Te manes tremuere: plagae regnator opacae
 Umbrarum passim populantem immitia regna
 Non tulit, atque imis trepidus se condidit antris,
 Prostrataeque metu procul Eumenides latita-

runt,
 Dum superas praeda ingenti veheris ad arces:
 Nunc ubi jam victor regnas, superumque beato

Concilio

Bids nature's works observe their bounds, and all
 By laws eternal to the centre fall.
 Borne on the wings of air, thou speed'st thy flight,
 Thro' wond'ring ether, to the plains of light.
 Time ne'er from thee with rapid progress flies,
 But clear at once to thy discerning eyes,
 The past, the present, and the future rise.
 The sun himself thy sov'reign voice obey'd,
 High in the heav'n's his fervid car he stay'd;
 The moon for thee withheld her destin'd pace,
 And whirling planets check'd their rapid race.
 Ev'n fire, obedient to thy will divine,
 Rejoic'd its noxious nature to resign;
 Whilst youths, uninjur'd in the circling blaze,
 Forth from the flaming furnace hymn'd thy praise.
 Thou bid'st the deep an unknown path display,
 And lead'st thy people thro' the wat'ry way.
 Thou turn'st the rivers from their wond'ring shores,
 From the hard rock thou call'st the liquid stores:
 Again, subdu'd by thy superior force,
 The rushing torrents stop their headlong course.
 Pale earth affrighted trembles at thy look,
 Beneath thy touch the lofty mountains smoke:
 Ev'n kings to thee their sceptred pomp resign,
 And prostrate tremble at thy pow'r divine.
 Thou mak'st the blind to see, the lame to walk,
 The deaf to listen, and the dumb to talk.
 Thou bid'st the dead from Pluto's dark domain
 Arise, and breathe this vital air again.
 Not death's stern pow'r thy dauntless soul dismay'd,
 Nor all the terrors of the Stygian shade,
 Wasting the dark dominions of the dead,
 From thee the manes, thee the furies fled,
 And hell's grim tyrant veil'd his horrid head:
 Whilst thou, victorious from infernal night,
 Wast borne with Myriads to the plains of light.
 Where now, triumphant in the bless'd abode,
 Thou rul'st heav'n's councils with thy sov'reign nod,

Concilio imperitas, provisaque tempora longè
 Disponens reparas fugientia secula mundo,
 Nec requièssè finis solis volventia lustra.
 Salve, Opifex rerum, vastique salutaris orbis,
 Aspice nos propius, propius genus aspice nostrum;
 Morte tua patet ætherei cui janua Olympi,
 Et veteres tandem Pater obliviscitur iras.

Talia littorea læti sub rupe canebant
 Undeni proceres, omnisque effusa juvenus.
 Non tamen exuerant vanum inter tanta timorem
 Gaudia, nondum animos firmati numinis aura
 Ætherea, sed adhuc latebras, cavaque antra petebant.
 Sicut ubi accipiter celsa de sede columbam
 Sustulit apprensam, quam rostro evisceret unco:
 Diffugiunt alie huc illuc, mox turribus imis
 Conduunt se celeres, et inania murmura miscent.
 Haud illi secus attoniti post funera Regis,
 Inclusi tecto stabant, promissa Magistri
 Cœlo expectantes, venturum numen ab alto.

Jamque aderat promissa dies, deciesque tenebras
 Flammifera sol exorians face ab orbe fugarat,
 Cum Pater omnipotens cœli regione serena,
 Sidera purpureo reficit quæ purior æther
 Lumine, cœlicolùm in medio media arce sederet,
 Tempora dispensans, secretaque fœdera mundo.
 Cui se tum exutus moribundos filius artus
 Diffulgens radiis, ac mira luce coruscus
 Obtulit, et magno Genitorem affatus amore est:

O Pater, et locis tandem succurrere nostris
 Tempus, ait, quos amisso duce protinus omnes
 Acer agit timor huc illuc, atque omnia terrent
 Imbelles, quoniam mortali corpore cœti.
 Discute terrorem hunc animis, et pectora firma,
 Ne casus nequeant alacres procurrare in omnes.
 Illis me propter Solyme, Judæaque passim
 Infidias insensa odiis molitur iniquis:
 Tu tamen hos olim fore, qui præstantibus ausa
 Per gentes canerent nostrum indelebile nomen.

Quacunque

Bid'st thou bright orb perform his destin'd rounds,
And giv'st the seasons their appointed bounds.
Hail, great Creator! from thy throne on high,
Regard thy Offspring with benignant eye
For thee the Sire unfolds heav'n's golden door,
His anger satiate, and his wrath no more.

'Twas thus the chiefs, with all th' assembled train,
Beneath the mountains pour'd their raptur'd strain;
But had not yet, tho' brighter hopes appear,
Amidst their joys, dismiss'd each anxious fear:
Not yet encourag'd by celestial aid,
They fled to caverns and the secret shade.

As from her nest, when some fierce bird of prey,
To gorge its flesh, conveys the dove away,
The rest alarm'd to moss-grown turrets fly,
And plaintive murmur as conceal'd they lie.
So these, their Master slain, astonish'd stood,
And wait impatient for the promis'd God.

But now, the welkin streak'd with orient light,
The tenth expected morning rose to sight,
When, where the sky serener light displays,
And gilds the rolling orbs with purer rays;
Where sits the Sire amidst th' angelic train,
Dispensing laws, that nature's course sustain—
The Filial deity, all beamy bright,
In limbs that glitter'd with ethereal light,
Ascending glorious to the realms above,
Address'd the Father in these terms of love:

Our friends, O Sire! by various fears dismay'd,
'Tis time to succour with thy pow'rful aid;
Their Master's loss, so frail is human kind,
Dejects their spirits, and unnerves their mind:
Thou from their breast dispel each abject fear,
And arm with courage, all events to bear.
The haughty rulers of the Jewish state,
For Me pursue them with relentless hate.
Yet these are persons who by deeds of fame,
Thro' the wide world shall spread my glorious name,

Quacunque Oceano terrarum clauditur orbis,
 Et populos nova conversos ad sacra vocarent,
 Pollicitus Genitor, tibi nec sententia nutat,
 Hos (quando cœli demum non abnuis arcem)
 Ipse ego, sæpe tua fretus pietate labantes
 Firmavi, implevique animis: siquidem affore O-
 lympi

Promissi auxilium subito, et tutamen ab arce,
 Quo freti reges, regumque minacia iussa
 Contemnant, alacresque ruant in funera læti
 Sponte sua veræ pro religionis amore.

Sic fatus, palmas ferro ostentabat acuto,
 Trajectosque pedes, et hians in pectore vulnus,
 Sertaque, et hamatos vepres, quos hostia gessit.
 Annuit oranti, delibansque oscula Nato
 Reddidit hæc Pater æterno devinctus amore:
 Jam concessa petis: dabitur tibi, Nate, quod op-

Promissa (ne tende manus) afflabimus aura,
 Quos vis, atque viros nostro flammabimus igni,
 Ut pro te blandæ projecto lucis amore
 Non ferrum, aut flammæ metuant, morsusve fera-

rum,
 Aut crinita rotis circum laniantibus haustra:
 Quique reformidant nunc omnes æris auras,
 Objicient certis alacres se sponte periculis
 Pugnando, et claras animas de corpore red-

dent,
 Contemptu necis et vera virtute superbi.
 Non illos æstus, non illos frigora sistunt,
 Letiferum aut campos cum sidus findit hylcos,
 Cærulea aut glacie cum nectit flumina bru-

ma.
 Verum ultra Gangem auditi, Baetra ultima su-
 pra,
 Ismara, Bistoniasque plagas, Serasque remotos
 Gadibus, et virides penetrabunt voce Britannos.

Implebunt

Wherever ocean girts yon whirling ball;
 And to new rites converted nations call.
 Such once thy promise; nor can ought incline
 To change the counsel of thy will divine.
 These, (since for them thou op'st heav'n's golden tow'r)
 I oft protected by my sov'reign pow'r;
 Confirm'd with promis'd succour from on high,
 The frowns of haughty tyrants to defy; [prove
 And urg'd their minds, thro' toils, thro' death, to
 For pure religion their unconquer'd love.

His hands and feet, thus saying, he display'd,
 Fresh with the prints the tort'ring nails had made;
 His temples with the thorny circle crown'd,
 And breast, still gaping with the ghastly wound.
 The Sire consented as submits he pray'd,
 Then kiss'd his Son, and thus paternal said:
 Forbear to make thy just petition known,
 With joy I grant thee thy request, my Son!
 These friends with promis'd aid we will inspire,
 And warm their bosoms with celestial fire:
 That for thy sake they shall no longer dread,
 To rush thro' flames, by gen'rous ardour led,
 To brave the lion's rage, the tyrant's steel,
 And all the tortures of the whirling wheel.
 They who now tremble at each gale that blows,
 Themselves to toils and dangers shall expose;
 In conscious virtue bold, resign their breath,
 And smile triumphant in the pangs of death.
 Not icy winter, when he chills the plain,
 Not summer's fierceness shall their zeal restrain;
 Tho' piercing frosts congeal the crystal streams,
 Tho' sultry Sirius darts his burning beams.
 Beyond the Ganges they shall spread thy fame,
 Bactra, and Ismarus shall hear thy name;
 And those who tread Bistonia's frozen plain,
 The Seres, far remov'd from distant Spain,
 And Britain, circled by the rolling main,

Implebunt terras moenibus, et cuncta novantes
 Tempia pererrato statuent tibi maxima mundo:
 Ad tua mutata properabunt nomina gentes,
 Divise penitus toto orbe per sequora gentes,
 Seclaque conversis procedent aurea rebus.
 Quae tibi saepe ego pollicitus, scisq[ue] omnia mo-

Nec tantum tua, Nate, piis haec vulnera Olympum
 Nunc pandi meruere, nigra quos nocte preme-

Infantes primi scelus exitiale parentis:
 Verum alios mox, atque alios per secula caelo
 Efficient dignos, sua quos commissa piacula
 Sidereis procul arcebant à sedibus olim.
 Tanta tuae merces, ea vis, ea gratia mortis:
 Atque addo, quodcunque homines ab origine re-

Admisere, aliis quicquid peccabitur annis,
 Huc coëat: satis illa tui pars parva, super-

Omnia diluere, prorsusque abolere cruoris.
 Quin etiam mox tempus erit, cum scilicet olim
 Ter centum propè lustra peregerit aethereus

Tum veri Graiùm obliti mendacia vates
 Funera per gentes referent tua carmine verso,
 Atque tuis omnes resonabunt laudibus urbes:
 Praesertim lætam Italiae felix ad oram,
 Addua ubi vagus, et muscoso Serius am-

Purior electro, tortoque simillimus angui,
 Quà Rex fluviorum Eridanus se turbidus in-

Moenia turrigeræ stringens malè tuta Cremonae,
 Ut sibi jam testis vix temperet unda caducis.

Illic tum nivei velut inter nubila cygni,
 Omnibus in ripis pueri, innuptæque puellæ

They with new rites shall fill the world, and raise
 Illustrious temples to thy future praise:
 Whole nations, from each other far disjoin'd,
 By their advice, to nobler thoughts inclin'd,
 Shall quit the idols which they serv'd before,
 And thy superior Deity adore:
 Whilst all mankind with joyful eyes behold
 O'er the bless'd earth another age of gold.
 Such, as thou know'st, is my supreme decree,
 For all my counsels I unfold to thee.
 Nor shall thy precious wounds alone obtain,
 A free admittance in the blissful plain,
 To those, whom banish'd from th' Olympian height,
 Primeval guilt detain'd in shades of night;
 But other sinners shall exalt on high,
 And place amidst the bright æth'ral sky,
 Whose own transgressions from the realms of bliss
 Excluding, doom'd them to the dark abyss.
 Such endless blessings, such distinguish'd grace,
 Thy death shall merit for a sinful race.
 Hence, for whatever crimes, since nature's birth,
 Have, or shall e'er pollute the sons of earth,
 Thy sacred blood shall full atonement pay,
 And one pure drop wash all their guilt away.
 And when near fifteen hundred times the sun,
 Around the globe his radiant course shall run;
 At length, forgetful of the Grecian strain,
 Inspir'd by heav'n, the true Parnassian train,
 To thee their songs, their joyful songs, shall raise,
 And ev'ry nation shall record thy praise.
 But chief, that favour'd coast shall sound thy name,
 Where winding Addua pours his silver stream,
 And mossy Serius' crystal waters flow;
 Where, with impetuous waves, the kingly Po
 Along the walls of old Cremona glides,
 And threats the turrets with his swelling tides.
 There, pure as swans ascending on the wing,
 Unmarried nymphs and blooming youths shall sing

Cœmina casta canent, mixtique in gramine molli
 Laudibus incipient certatim assuescere nostris,
 Et teneri prima cœtus te voce sonabunt.
 Hæc tibi certa manent, hæc vis movet ordine nulla.
 Sic fatus, dulcem Nato inspiravit amorem.

Interea scelus infandum pellacis Iudæ
 Multa exécrantes socii, se ad iussa parabant
 Munera, diversas fortiti protinus oras
 Quas peterent, moresque novos nova sacra docerent.
 Quove autem patribus bis senis cœtera, ut antè,
 Pareret pubes, numerum, sanctumque senatum,
 Quod superest, suppleant: sociisque ex omnibus unus
 Sortitu gaudes tanto prælatus honore
 Matthia, obscurum gentis, et sine luce propago.

Tum cuncti inter se mœsti sic ore precari:
 Si nunc, si nobis auræ cœlitus almæ
 Halitus omnipotens patefacto aspîret Olympo.
 Quandoquidem toties nobis Deus omnibus illum
 Auxilio fore pollicitus: sanè omnia vera
 Prædixit, defuit veris hoc hæcenus unum.
 Talia suspensi secum ægra mente ferebant.

Ecce autem cœli ruere ardua visa repente,
 Et superum tonat ingenti domus alta fragore.
 Suspiciunt: nova lux oculis diffulsit, et ingens
 Visus ab æthereo descendere vertice nimbus
 Lucis inardescens maculis, testumque per omne
 Diversi rumpunt radii; tum innoxius ignis
 Omnibus extemplo supra caput astitit ingens.
 Et circum rutilis incanduit aura favillis:
 Stricturis veluti crebræ crepitantibus olim
 Dissiliunt scintillæ, acres dum incudibus ictus
 Alternant Chalybes, robustaque brachia tollunt,
 Candentem curva versantes forcipe massam.
 Nam Pater omnipotens, superaue æquævus ab arce
 Filius, aspirant unâ omnipotentibus auris,
 Infunduntque viris numen: Deus ecce repente,
 Ecce Deus: cunctis divinitus algida corda
 Incipiunt afflata calefcere: numine tacti

Implentur

Chast songs to thee; and o'er the moss-clad plains
To heav'n's high praises chaunt their earliest strains.
Such is my fix'd decree—This said, he shone
With rays benignant on his fav'rite Son.

Meanwhile the social train with zeal proceed,
Vex'd at the traytor's execrable deed,
Thro' earth's wide regions, each his lot assign'd,
To teach new rites and precepts to mankind.
But o'er the rest that twelve might still command,
One they select from forth th' associate band;
And thou, Matthias! born of humble race,
By lot art favour'd with this signal grace.

Then all dejected thus prefer their pray'r—
Oh! wou'd that breath divine of genial air
Inspire our souls! since heav'n so oft has made
A gracious promise of this needful aid.
In all the rest each sacred truth was shown
Exact; deficient in this point alone.

Thus they—But lo! descending from on high,
A radiant cloud rush'd sweeping thro' the sky;
Bright beams of light were wide diffus'd around,
And heav'n's high mansions rung with hollow sound.
Swift thro' the dome the rays disparting spread;
Then each, like flame, descending o'er their head,
Around their awful brows innoxious plays,
The air grew sultry with the quiv'ring blaze.
So the vex'd ore around its sparkles throws,
While on the anvil their repeated blows,
With lab'ring arm the brawny workmen deal,
And turn with crooked tongs the sputt'ring steel.
For now with breath divine, th' eternal Sire
And filial pow'r, their frozen hearts inspire:
Lo! from above a God, a God descends,
Swift thro' their breasts the genial warmth extends;
With sacred rage their swelling bosoms glow'd,
And felt the raptures of th' inspiring God.
No rest, no respite; thrice the quiv'ring rays
With dreadful splendor round their temples blaze;

Implentur propiore viri, sacrumque furorem
 Concepere, Deumque imis hausere medullis.
 Nec mora, nec requies: ter scintillantibus ignes
 Terrifico radius fulgore, ter alitis aura
 Turbine correpti, blando flammantur amore,
 Ignescuntque animis, atque exultantia cunctis
 Exercent acres stimulis præcordia motus.
 Diffugiunt animis terrores: mira loquuntur,
 Mira canunt: eadem variis (mirabile dictu!)
 Gentibus accipitur vox haud obscura, sibi-

que
 Quisque videbatur patrias haurire loquelas,
 Multi ut tunc ierant variis huc partibus orbis
 Sacrorum studio, visendæque urbis amore,
 Solennem quæ luce illa celebrabat honorem
 Quinquaginta actis post orgia prima diebus,
 Orgia, cum mensis epulandum apponimus agnum.
 Hic sua verba audit tellure Libyside cretus,
 Hic Galli sua, Romulidæ, Parthique, Scythæ-

que,
 Nec non subjecti glaciale sidere Thraces,
 Africæ, Cretæque, Phrygumque è gente profecti,
 Atque Indi, atque Arabes, et arenivagi Garaman-

tes,
 Mirantur cuncti cirem, mirantur et ipsi.
 Namque hominem velut exuri, moribundaque mem-

bra,
 Mente domos cœli peragrans, atque æthera aper-

tum
 Intenti, et superum taciti sermone fruuntur,
 Jamque canunt ventura, animis Deus expulit a-

tram
 Lustrans corda intus nubem, quæ corpora circum
 Caligatque, hebetatque humanas humida mentes.
 Quosque modò duræ mortis formidine turpi
 Speluncis atris terreabant omnia clausos,
 Liberius nunc luce palam, atque licentius audent
 Terrorum expertes: nec jam mortalia curant.

Non

Thrice in the whirlwind rapt, celestial love
With warmth extatic thro' their bosoms drove:
The kindling gust with rapid motion rolls
Thro' ev'ry breast, and fires their inmost souls.
And now, all dread remov'd, the pious train
Pour forth their accents in unusual strain.
Wond'rous to tell, the same great truths appear
Plain and distinct, to ev'ry foreign ear;
Each startled stranger, 'midst th' assembled throng,
Hears and admires them in his native tongue.
For numbers sped from various parts, to pay
Their vows and off'rings on that solemn day;
When ancient custom and the laws invite
Our social tribes to share the genial rite;
That rite, which falls, when fifty days are past
From the fam'd season of the paschal feast.
Here those, who march from Libya's burning sands,
The tribes from Roman, Parthian, Scythian lands,
From Gallic regions, and the hardy race,
Who roam the barren wilds of icy Thrace;
From Affric, Crete, from Phrygia who appear,
All these with wonder their own language hear:
Indians, and those from rich Arabia's plain,
And Garamantes, a wild wand'ring train.
All gaze astonish'd, ev'n themselves admire,
The strange effects of this ethereal fire.
For winging, as it were, their flight away,
From the dark mansions of this earthly clay,
Their raptur'd minds thro' heav'nly regions rove,
And share the converse of the bless'd above.
And now they sing of great events to come;
For heav'nly light dispell'd the vap'ry gloom,
That on their clouded minds incumbent lay,
And chas'd the darkness from their eyes away.
Hence those, who late oppress'd by servile dread,
To dens and caverns for protection fled;
Now all their actions, void of fear, display,
Clear as the light, and open as the day.

Non ferrum, aut flammam metuunt, morsusve ferarum,

Sed Regem vulgò testantur morte peremptum

Immerita, genus æthereo deducere Olympo:

Jamque pudet metuisse omnes, animosaque leti

Spes magis atque magis viget acris numinis haustu.

Haud secus ac crebris cùm rimis terra dehiscit,

Cùm sitit omnis ager: tum quæ morientia languent

Gramina, cæruleus si cœlo venerit imber,

Continuò attollant rursus capita, arvaque ponant

Squalorem, redeatque decor suus omnibus agris.

Ergo abeunt varias longè lateque per oras

Diversi, laudesque canunt, atque inclita vulgo

Facta ducis: jamque (ut vates cecinere futurum Antiqui) illorum vox fines exit in omnes.

Audiit et siquem medio ardens æthere iniquo

Sidere desertis plaga dividit invia terris,

Quique orbem extremo circumsonat æquore pontus.

Continuò ponunt leges, moremque sacrorum

Urbibus: infectum genti lustralibus undis

Eluitur scelus, et veteris contagia culpæ,

Religioque novas nova passim exuscitat aras:

Protinus hinc populos Christi de nomine dicunt

Christiadas: toto surgit gens aurea mundo,

Seclorumque oritur longè pulcherrimus ordo.

9 DE 63

F I N I S

No more fierce flames, the tyrant's frown severe,
 The lion's fury, or the sword they fear;
 But viewing with disdain all earthly things,
 With courage witness at the throne of kings;
 That He, their Master, who so late was slain,
 Deriv'd his lineage from th' ethereal plain.

And now, asham'd that once they dreaded death,
 All pant impatient to resign their breath.
 So when the thirsty soil wide chinks displays,
 Its moisture drain'd by Phoebus' sultry rays,
 And herbs now wither on the languid plain;
 If chance from heav'n descend the copious rain,
 The fields rejoicing lift their blooming heads,
 And native verdure cloaths the smiling meads.

Hence wand'ring far to distant lands, they sing
 With zeal the praises of their heav'nly King;
 And thus their voice, as bards foretold, resounds
 Thro' earth; and reaches her extremest bounds.
 Ev'n they, who burn beneath the sultry line,
 With joy and wonder heard these truths divine;
 And those, where ocean's distant billows roll,
 Far as the confines of the northern pole.
 Now laws they found, and sacred rites ordain;
 In water's holy streams that ancient stain,
 Which guilt infus'd, at length is cleans'd away;
 A new religion glad mankind obey, }
 And at new altars their devotions pay.
 Hence from their master Christ, his faithful train
 The name of Christians thro' the world obtain;
 An age of gold o'er all the earth appears,
 And beauteous order crowns the circling years.

The END.

Book VI] THE CHRISTIAN.

No more heart's flame, the word they say,
The flow's fast, or the word they say,
For now with distant all earthly things,
With ocean's winds at the shores of long,
That flow from Father, who to late was slain,
Dart'd his message from the eternal plain,
And now, ah! that once they should hear,
All pain impatient to resign their breath,
So when the truly soul with chords divine,
The moisture dews'd by Pity's rays,
And now, now wither on the languid plain,
If chance from heav'n's soft, the regions rain,
The fields rejoicing in their blooming heads,
And native verdure clothe the smiling meads,
I have wand'ring far to distant lands, they say,
With all the graces of their heav'nly King,
And thus their voice, as birds to old, records
Thro' earth, and reaches far beyond bounds,
Ev'n they, who but beneath the living sea,
Whisper and breathe their silent songs,
And those, where ocean's billows roll,
Far as the confines of the northern pole,
Now have they found, and sacred rites obtain,
In water a holy, fragrant, ancient stain,
Which guilt stain'd, at length is cleans'd away,
A new religion glad mankind obey,
And at new altars their devotion pay,
Hence from their mother's billows, has sailing train,
The name of Christians thro' the world obtain,
An age of gold o'er all the earth appears,
And numerous order crowns the ceding years.

